

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2584.—VOL. XCIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1888.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



THE EMPRESS FREDERICK LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A MAUSOLEUM FOR THE LATE EMPEROR AT POTSDAM.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A well-known Professor of the healing art has been giving a lecture to medical youth upon the value of attention. Many, he says, who plead their "bad memory" as an excuse for ignorance, do so on false grounds; they have not forgotten, but, through inattention, have never learnt. This is admirably true, and what he goes on to say about the same fault when they have ceased to be medical students and have become practitioners is, doubtless, true also—only to us laymen much more alarming. It seems that it is by no means uncommon for our medical adviser to visit us with a preoccupied mind; while we are telling him about our symptoms, and eloquent upon the size and colour of our great toe, he may be thinking about the next Derby, or the hue of the new dado in his dining-room. This, says the Professor, is very dangerous—that is, for the doctor, of course. "All men are thought-readers, and our patients more so than any others." It is not necessary for the doctor to mechanically murmur "It ought to be green," to convince an intelligent patient that he is not thinking about his toe. Again, what is called "a nervous operator," remarks the Professor, "is simply one who cannot bring his attention to bear upon a difficulty that suddenly arises." Instead of cutting one's leg off, for example, the lilt of some grand old song, I suppose, beloved in infancy, may vaguely float into his mind, and his knife become, as it were, a tuning-fork. Being under chloroform, the patient would, of course, be unconscious of this distraction of the surgeon's mind; but it is just possible it might interfere with the success of the operation.

If the Professor were not as honest as he is scientific he might have given us some hints as to the simulation of attention, which would be invaluable to his fellow-creatures, whether they belong to the medical profession or otherwise. How difficult it is to listen to a bore with any semblance of interest, however important it may be for us to do so! He may be the father of the girl we want to marry, or we may owe him money, or he may be the editor of the magazine to which we wish to contribute, and yet as he bores on and on we are conscious that our eyes are growing lack-lustre, and reveal the palsy that is attacking our vitals. If this good Professor would give us something to make us look bright and pleased under an infliction of this kind for twenty minutes at a stretch, that would be a prescription, indeed. Somebody advertises his pills, "No more disease or death; well worth five shillings a box"; but pills that could be conscientiously trade-marked, "No more necessity for counterfeiting attention" would be worth any money. They would have to be taken on the sly, of course, as people take dinner-pills; but who would have scruples about duplicity when under the harrow of an art critic or a china maniac? Even Emperors experience the need of some anodyne (or, rather, anæsthetic) of this kind. The most amusing incident in the late progress of the Emperor of Germany is the account of his being shown the objects of art and antiquity (for which he doesn't care sixpence) in the Museum and Basilica at Rome. The poor young fellow, we are told, rushed through the halls and through the church, repeating always, "I shall return; I shall return," in a loud voice; but adding to himself softly, we may be sure, "Not if I know it," or "If I do I'm a Dutchman"—or, more probably, "a Frenchman." The alternative suggestion that he meant, "I shall return and take them" (as another Emperor did who had a greater turn for bric-à-brac) offered by a cynical friend is one I am thankful to say that could never have entered into my head.

Everyone (I hope) remembers how the vulgar persons who ventured to express a doubt that because a thing was written in Greek and two or three thousand years ago, it was not on that account necessarily worth reading, were put to the rout by the publication of a volume called "Greek Wit": a striking example indeed of how a very small thing can put some people down. The quotations were all assigned to their proper author (including the oft cited "Ibid") so that the most ignorant of us learnt to whom he was indebted for each sparkling sally. Sometimes, quite a galaxy of great names were included in a single illustration, when the brilliancy of the story was, of course, proportionably dazzling. As, for example: "Antagoras the poet was cooking a conger eel, and holding the pan himself, when Antigonous came behind him and asked, 'Do you suppose Homer, when he was writing Agamemnon's deeds, cooked a conger?' 'Sir,' replied the other, 'do you suppose Agamemnon, the doer of such deeds, troubled himself to inquire whether any of his men cooked congers in camp?'" Of course, "Greek Wit" is not always of this side-splitting description. Human nature could not have stood it, but must have burst blood-vessels in its mirth; some of the humour is quite of a material kind (though full of philosophy), and—to compare great things with small—has an affinity with our humble "practical jokes." Alcibiades, having bought a remarkably handsome dog for a large sum, cut off its tail. "This I do," said he, "that the Athenians may talk about it, and not concern themselves with any other acts of mine." Even a person who has not received a classical education will be able to appreciate the vigorous drollery of the above anecdote; but there are other stories in the collection of much greater subtlety, the full aroma of which perhaps demands for its conveyance the unrivalled faculty of expression of the Greek aorist. For example: "Philip once gave a favourite a horse that had been badly wounded. The man sold him, and on being asked some time afterwards by the generous Monarch 'Where's your horse?' he replied, 'He is sold of his wound.'" Admirable as this is, as it stands, something seems to have escaped in translation. The following, however, one of the many charming stories from Plutarch, is perfectly intelligible (and only to think that it might have been burnt or mislaid, like the Sibylline Books and other works of antiquity, and never come down to us!):—

"Alcibiades, going to school, asked for Homer's 'Iliad.' 'We don't keep Homer here,' said the schoolmaster. Alcibiades knocked him down, and went on." To extract more beauties from "Greek Wit" would be to rob the dead—or, rather, the Immortals. There are positively none in the collection (which seems exhaustive) much inferior to those I have ventured to quote.

Having performed this good office to classical wit—so far as the Greek prose writers were concerned—the English editor has now favoured the unlearned public with selections from the Greek comic poets. We read how everybody (who is anybody) roars over the Westminster Play ("The Frogs," you know, and so on—not "The Boys and the Frogs," but the other), and why, says this good fellow to himself, should not the poor people who have been brought up in the "modern" schools, and even commercial academies, learn to appreciate what their betters enjoy so? Everyone has heard of Menander, but only a favoured few have hitherto been in a position to relish his amazing wit:—

That wine of yours to queer sensations leads,
I thought this morning I had got four heads.

This, it is true, is the very best of the poet's witticisms, but how excellent! And, of course, how new! These authors were not like the miserable wits of to-day, who can never hit on anything novel; they had all the world (of subjects) before them where to choose, so that (if a word of detraction is permissible) their complete success is not, perhaps, after all, so wonderful. Long before the *Daily Telegraph* exploited the topic, Menander wrote of wedlock:—

Marriage, if truth be told (of this be sure),
An evil is—but one we must endure.

What must have enhanced the charm of these ancient utterances is that they are almost all longer in Greek—the linked sweetness more drawn out—than they are in English. Many persons I trust, for his name is in the Scriptures, have heard of Philemon; but that was not the Philemon who wrote the following epigram:—

"Hail, father!" when a crab was served, Aygrrhus said; and rather
Than such a prize should wasted be, preferred to eat his father.

This witticism, with which I conclude, reminds one of what Cheirisophus said to his patron Dionysius when asked why he laughed at a joke, when he was too far off to catch it. "Well, I saw you laughing at it, and trusted to you for the joke being a good one." Similarly, we have now and then to trust to the English editor for the goodness of his Greek jokes. There is no question, as I understand, among scholars but that he has rendered them admirably. And notwithstanding our boasted march of intellect, and all the rest of it, I doubt whether the contents of either volume can be much surpassed by the wit of the first Shakespearean clown in any travelling circus in the United Kingdom. If the Wisdom of the ancient Greeks is on a par with their Wit, or anything like it—but the English Editor has probably got that in hand by this time, and I will not anticipate the treat he must needs have in store for us!

If the horror of the Whitechapel murders should have the effect, as I am in some slender hope it may have, of calling public attention to the growing brutality of our roughs, they will not have happened in vain. Our Judges and our Magistrates have so persistently shut their eyes to it, or treated it as a natural outgrowth of poverty and vice, that the whole community—save those who suffered from it—were beginning to take the same view. Only here and there has astonishment been expressed that, while crimes against property have been punished with rigour, those which make the lives of thousands of women and children intolerable, and death their only sanctuary, meet with comparative impunity. The moan of the mother, the cry of the children, goes up to Heaven in vain. Nothing short of murder seems to rouse Justice from her apathy—a sort of Justice nearly allied in its partiality to what used to be called "Justices' Justice," and so dull that she does not recognise a noxious weed till it grows to its full height. Even so early a lesson as Hogarth's "Stages of Cruelty" seems to have been forgotten, if she ever learnt it. She is shocked at a murder like that at Tunbridge Wells, for instance, when a man has a bullet put in his head and is dead in an instant; but to the slow torture of innocent and helpless persons at the hands of miscreants ten times worse than murderers, she blinks (I had almost said "winks"), and murmurs, "Forty shillings, or a month." A young ruffian is standing in the street, and a cat "rubs itself affectionately against his legs"; whereupon he seizes it, throws it thirty feet in the air, and laughs to see it come down with its spine broken. Another fiend burns a lame pony with a hot poker to make it "travel" faster. If the punishment for these acts seems adequate—three weeks' imprisonment in the one case and a month in the other—it only shows how callous (notwithstanding its milk-and-water fears of brutalising those who are brutes already) the public mind has become to such crimes. I am ignorant enough, Heaven knows, but I do claim to know something of human nature; and in letting these villains off with so light a punishment, I maintain the law has practically said, "It is nothing to me that you should grow up bad fathers, bad husbands, and bad citizens; it will be time for me to take you in hand when you have murdered somebody." One is almost tempted to add (save that it is the law rather than its administrators which is to blame) that it would be only poetical justice if they selected such Justices for their victims.

We have had some curious information dug up lately as to the prices that used to be paid for subjects for dissection; but the advertising enterprise of the body-snatching days has been strangely neglected. Here is a notice from a public company, started not so much, as usual, "to supply an obvious void" as to prevent a void only too likely to take place in the family sarcophagus. "Body-stealing has commenced. The dissecting lectures will require more than two hundred bodies every week to be dragged from the wood coffins. Several persons have

been deterred—which they have lamented at our manufactory—from adopting the only means of safety by iron coffins, by interested persons stating they would not be received at the burial-grounds. We are informed at the Bishop of London's Office they cannot be refused." I think that "which they have lamented at our manufactory"—their going to the wholesale offices of the company to do it—is a pretty touch.

A correspondent, touched by my reference the other week to "Nick of the Woods," inquires after "Horse-Shoe Robinson," another favourite of his boyhood, as of mine. I fancy we must have been both indebted for it to *The Novel News-paper*, a work which attracted my attention at that epoch more, perhaps, than it should have done. A year or two ago, when publishers thought to make their fortunes by selling books for sixpence—as authors have since thought to do by selling them for a shilling—"Horse-Shoe Robinson" made its appearance. I bought it at once, as I always do buy any literary favourite of my schooldays, to see whether I have quite outgrown them: if the terrible situations, or the perilous adventures, have still their charms—"If it be I, as I do hope it be"—I am gratified; if not, I attribute the change to the fastidiousness of a too-cultured intelligence. I do not like to think the fault can lie in the books that once seemed so delightful. I confess, however, I found "Horse-Shoe Robinson" dull.

This was not at all the case with another and much more widely known American favourite that I happened, after forty years of absence, to come across the other day, Cooper's "Pathfinder." It had not only all the interest of old, but a merit I had never suspected in it, and which I fancy few readers have recognised: an original spring of humour. "Pathfinder," who is not only the best shot but the greatest moralist in the settlement, is explaining to "Cap" how right it is to be honest and just in our dealings even with Indians. "Once I came suddenly upon a camp of six Mingoes asleep in the woods with their guns and horns piled in such a manner that I could have got the whole of them without waking a miscreant of them all. If the 'Serpent' had been there he would have had their scalps at his girdle in less time than it takes me to tell you. . . . But a white man can no more attack an unarmed than a sleeping enemy. No, no; I did myself, and my colour, and my religion too, greater justice. I waited till their nap was over, and they well on their war-path again; and by ambushing them here and flanking them there, I peppered the blackguards so intrinsically" (Pathfinder occasionally caught a fine word from his associates, and used it a little vaguely) "that only one ever got back to his village, and he came into his wigwag limping. Luckily, as it turned out, the great Delaware had only halted to jerk some venison, and was following on my trail; and when he got up he had five of the scoundrel's scalps hanging where they ought to be; so, you see, nothing was lost by doing right, either in the way of honour or in that of profit." This is surely true humour, and (what seems rather curious now-a-days) though written by an American author it has nothing in common with American humour.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

The illustrious lady, recently widowed, who has our cordial and respectful sympathy—the Empress Frederick of Germany and Queen of Prussia, Princess Royal of Great Britain—laid the foundation-stone of a Mausoleum for her lamented husband on Thursday, Oct. 18, which was his birthday. Its site is in the Royal Park of Sans Souci at Potsdam, behind the Friedenskirche, where his funeral took place in June, in a spot shaded by fine oak and beech trees. There will be a circular building, 25 ft. in diameter, with a rotunda above, surmounted by a high cupola, lantern, and gilt cross. Her Majesty had that morning, at the palace, received a deputation from the Berlin Municipality with an address of condolence. In performing the ceremony in the park, she was accompanied by the Hereditary Prince and Princess of Meiningen, the three younger Princesses her daughters, Princess Frederick Charles and Prince Leopold, the Crown Prince of Greece, Count Seckendorf, and her Ladies-in-Waiting. As the stone was lowered, the 126th Psalm was sung by the choir. Short addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Windel and the Rev. Dr. Persius, Court Chaplains, followed by singing a hymn.

RUSSIAN OPERA.

The performances of the Russian National Opera Company at the little theatre formerly called the Novelty, and now entitled the Jodrell, have already been briefly referred to in anticipation. The opening of the series was announced for Oct. 17, and then suddenly postponed to Oct. 18; having again been deferred to the following Monday, Oct. 22. The production of Rubinstein's opera, "The Demon"—a work of the grand romantic class, requiring elaborate stage effects and scenic splendour—would have been a questionable step under any circumstances in a tiny theatre best adapted for vaudevilles and pieces of a similar description; and as the opera just named has been given in an Italian version at our Covent-Garden opera house with great solo vocalists and especial stage and scenic advantages, the recent experiment on a much smaller scale was somewhat risky. It is gratifying, therefore, to be able to record that the experiment met with an amount of success that will probably be enhanced when the performances become better known to the public. The representation of "The Demon" now referred to included a masterly performance, both vocally and dramatically, of the title-character by M. Winogradow, a young baritone whose declamation and action were alike admirable. Mdlle. Ivanowa sang agreeably, if not very powerfully, as the Angel of Light, as did Mdlle. Wieber, as Tamara; and M. Jumaschew, as Prince Sinodal, in the little tenor music assigned to that character; the part of Prince Gudal having been efficiently maintained by M. Weisschoff. The choral passages were excellently rendered by the Moscow choir, and a select orchestra did its best with the elaborate and difficult instrumentation of the score. Signor Truffi conducted ably.

A memorial statue of Sir Hugh Owen, late Secretary of the Local Government Board, was unveiled at Carnarvon on Oct. 22 in the presence of a large and representative assembly.

The Bishop of Pretoria has again sailed for his distant diocese. He has taken with him a set of plans for his cathedral of St. Albans, designed by Mr. William White, F.S.A.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ITALY.

The visit of the Emperor William II., King of Prussia, to King Humbert I. of Italy, sojourning at Rome from Oct. 11 to Oct. 16, then proceeding to Naples, whence their Majesties returned to Rome on the 18th, the Emperor departing next day to Germany, was everywhere attended with gratifying expressions of welcome on the part of the Italian nation. His arrival at the railway station of Rome, near the Piazza delle Terme, where he was met by the King of Italy and the Royal Princes, and his passage from the railway station to the Quirinal Palace, were described in our last, but are the subjects of two additional Illustrations.

The review, on Saturday the 13th, of thirty thousand troops

of first rank. The fourth line was formed by a number of second-rate ironclads, transport, and service vessels.

The operations for the launch were begun as soon as the Emperor and the Royal party had arrived. The Bishop of Castellamare, in full canonicals, attended by his clergy, pronounced a benediction on the great ship; the christening with a bottle of Italian wine was duly effected; and then the Ré Umberto began her descent into the water amid tumultuous cheering from thousands of spectators, the Emperor taking off his hat and waving it in salutation.

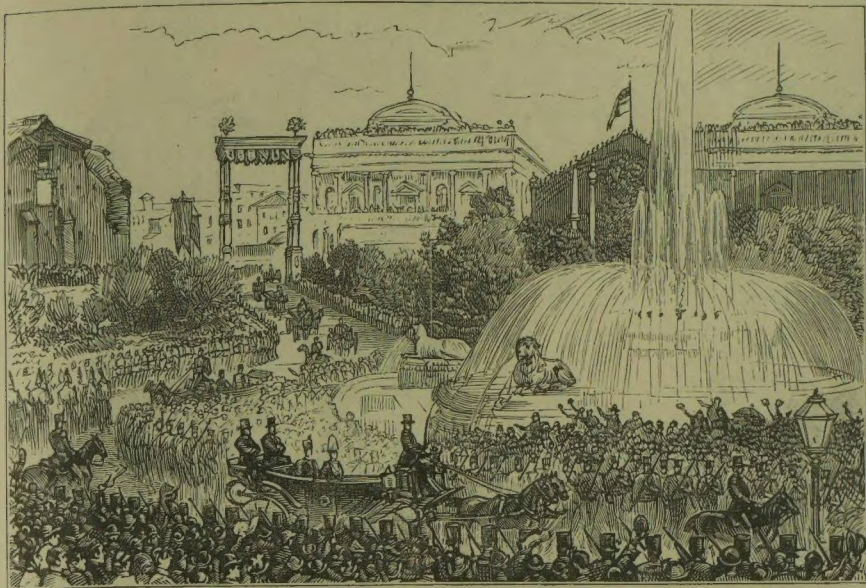
When the ceremony was finished, the two Monarchs went on board the Royal yacht Savoia, where they were received by Admiral Acton. After the Royal party had partaken of luncheon, the Savoia weighed anchor and put

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

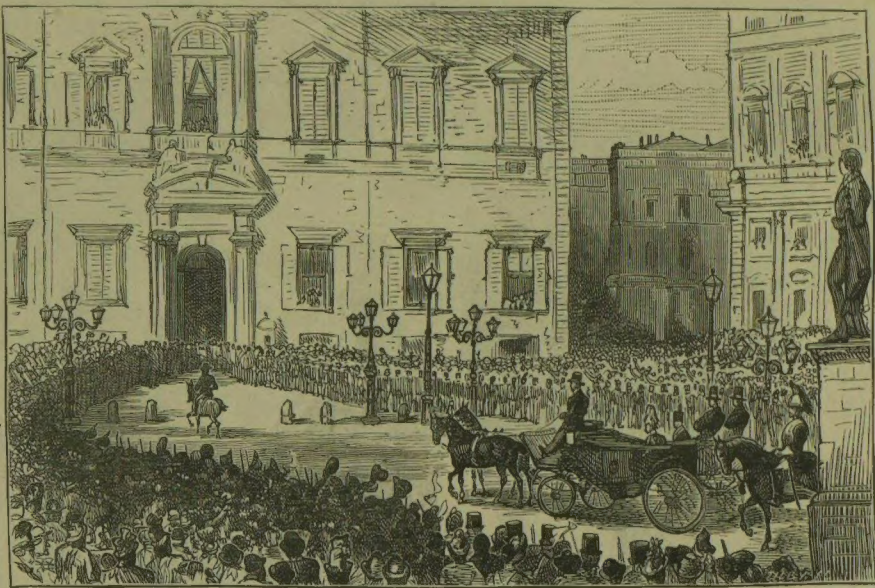
PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 23.

The political record of the week is an inextricable labyrinth of financial complications. The Budget of 1889 has come on for discussion, and, like the Budgets of 1888 and 1887, it has to struggle against a terrible deficit. The Republic outlives its income, year in and year out, to the tune of some four hundred millions, and within ten years has borrowed about four milliards. The discussion seems likely to centre on the enormity of this deficit, which, in view of the forthcoming elections, the Republicans will try to conceal and the Conservatives to expose, all of which will tell in favour of Boulanger



THE PIAZZA DELLE TERME, ROME, AT THE EMPEROR'S ARRIVAL.

Sketch by our Special Artist.



ARRIVAL AT THE QUIRINAL PALACE, ROME.

Sketch by our Special Artist.

of all arms by the Emperor and King at Centocelle, seems to have been a brilliant success. The camp of Centocelle, well known to members of the Roman Hunt, is about seven kilometres distant from Rome. The troops began to arrive on the ground so early as five o'clock, and before eight all the positions were taken up in good order. Queen Margherita drove up, followed by the Duchess of Aosta and Genoa. At half-past ten the Emperor and the King came on the ground. The Emperor wore the white uniform of the Imperial Guards, with a silver helmet, and the Grand Cordon of the Military Order of Savoy, which the King had conferred on him the day before. His Imperial Majesty rode a magnificent black horse. King Humbert, in the uniform of an Italian General, was on a handsome bright bay charger. The two Sovereigns, followed by a staff of two hundred officers, among whom were twelve Italian Generals, rode at a gallop to the Royal stand, where they saluted the Queen, with whom the Emperor exchanged a few words. The bands played the German National Anthem when the Sovereigns first came on the ground, and afterwards the Italian Royal March.

The review commenced immediately. The Emperor, with the King, passed slowly along the lines, inspecting the troops with keen attention. They then took up positions on the Queen's right for the march past. The force consisted of Carabineers, Grenadiers, Regiments of the Line, Bersaglieri, Foot and Horse Artillery, Alpine troops, Mountain Artillery on the backs of mules, and Lancers, being thoroughly representative of the Italian army. The Bersaglieri went by at a run, keeping the line admirably; and the trot past and gallop past of the Field Artillery were splendidly executed, a left wheel being afterwards made as if the men, horses, and guns were a solid mass. The Emperor was much pleased with the appearance of the Alpine troops: the majority of them were light-haired, like the German soldiers. He greatly admired the Bersaglieri, and asked how long they could hold out that pace, observing at the same time that he did not think the German soldiers were elastic enough to maintain such a speed.

In the evening of the same day, their Majesties attended a reception given by the Syndic and Municipality of Rome, at the Capitol, in honour of the German Emperor.

The visit of the Emperor to the Pope, at the Vatican Palace, which we have mentioned, was so managed as to avoid the recognition of his Majesty being the guest of the King of Italy, with whom his Holiness still refuses to entertain courteous and neighbourly relations, denying the right of the Italian nation to make Rome its political capital. The Emperor therefore went, in a German State carriage, with German attendants, from the residence of the German Envoy accredited to the Pontifical Court. The scenes in the streets on his Majesty's way to the Vatican are shown in some of our Artist's Sketches.

At Naples, on the Tuesday following, the Emperor and the King of Italy were greeted with immense demonstrations of popular enthusiasm. They went next day to Castellamare, on the shore of the Bay of Naples, where are the new docks in which the latest addition to the Italian Navy, the great ship Ré Umberto, has been built. This ship, one of the largest war-ships in the world, is 400 ft. long, 76 ft. 9 in. broad, draws 28 ft. 8 in. of water, and has a displacement of 13,298 tons; she has no side armour, but the deck armour, curving up from below the water-line, is of steel plate, and she is divided into 150 water-tight compartments; she carries four 104-ton Armstrong guns of seventeen-inch calibre, mounted on two barbets defended by very strong armour, and many smaller guns; she has twin-screw propellers, with engines of great power, to attain a speed of eighteen knots an hour. The Italia and the Lepanto are ships of equal dimensions.

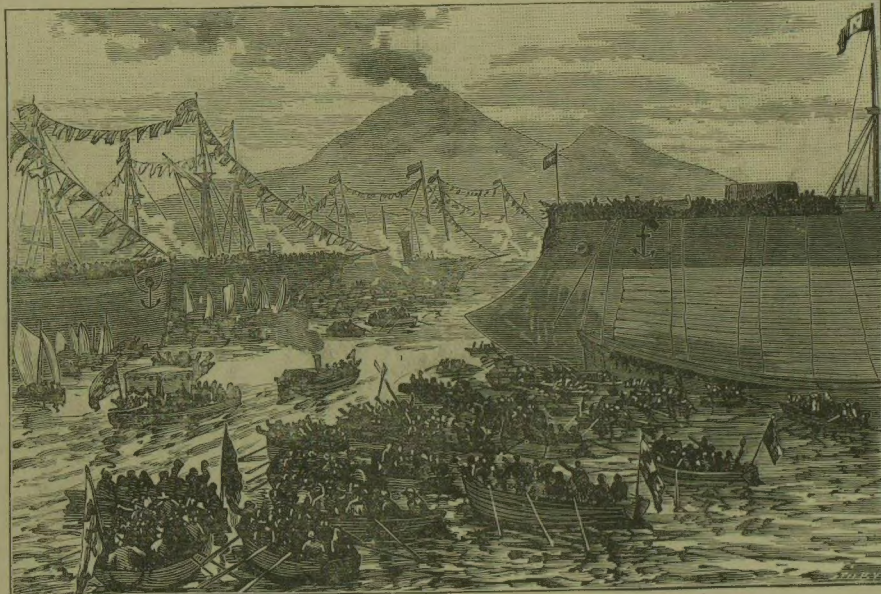
The Emperor, the King, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa, on reaching Castellamare, found all ready for their reception. The Italian Fleet was at anchor in the bay, drawn up in four lines facing the shore. Nearest the land was a line of torpedo-boats, next lay some more torpedo-boats, with despatch-vessels and one cruiser, and behind them, in the third line, appeared the majestic hulls of the ironclads

further out to sea, where they could witness the succeeding evolutions.

All the ships of the fleet began to move, and forming lines, passed to the right and left of the Savoia, steaming towards Naples. Near Cape Posilipo they made a long counter-movement, and, turning, took up fresh positions to defile past the Savoia. Sixteen torpedo-boats led the way, followed on the right by the ironclads Lepanto, Dandolo, Duilio, and Affondatore and the cruisers Galileo, Tripoli, Saetta, Sparviero, and Nibbio, the left line consisting of the cruisers Etna, Bausan, Stromboli, and Vesuvio. After these came the screw despatch-vessels Staffetta and Colonna, and the torpedo cruisers Goito, Folgore, Aquila, and Avoltoio. The rest of the fleet had remained at their stations as an escort to the Savoia.

The spectacle from the shore of the Bay of Naples was most imposing. Ship after ship passed the Royal yacht, each saluting as it steamed by, with yards manned. The two Monarchs remained on the bridge three hours, the Emperor expressing his admiration.

The illumination on Thursday night of the ruins of Ancient Rome, and of the view stretching from the Capitol to the Coliseum, was one of the most interesting spectacles offered to the German Emperor. A Royal stand, surmounting two others for specially invited guests, was erected on the highest point of the Palatine Hill, facing the Temple of Peace, and thence the Emperor and the Royal party commanded the whole view. The Forum and the Via Sacra were kept quite clear, and every stone was visible, as now the electric light, anon red, white, or green fires, shed strong reflections on the mighty ruined buildings. The Coliseum was illuminated from within. Many coloured lights came and went, transfiguring the Capitol, the Arch of Titus, the Temple of Peace, the Arch of Septimius Severus, and the surrounding churches with magical effect. Sheaves of fiery rockets darted upwards from the ruins, dissolving in multicoloured stars. When the last rocket had been fired, there suddenly shone out from the



LAUNCH OF THE RE UMBERTO AT CASTELLAMARE, BAY OF NAPLES

Sketch by our Special Artist.

summit of the Capitol an immense star in a pure white light, symbolising the Hope of Italy.

Next morning the Emperor and the King witnessed some manoeuvres by the Third Regiment of Bersaglieri, on the parade-ground of the Cavalry Barracks, the German Emperor having expressed a great desire to see more of their peculiar mode of marching. At three o'clock the Emperor left Rome, passing to the station by the King's side. They were heartily cheered. The Emperor travelled direct to Berlin.

The Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. Gurudas Banerjee, Pleader of the High Court at Calcutta, to be a Judge of that Court.

and the malcontents. To make their electoral prospects worse the Ministers have revived the hated question of an income-tax, to be levied independently of the existing taxes, which apply to various kinds of revenue. There is every probability that the Chamber will reject the Ministerial Bill, which decidedly opens a door for spying of all kinds.

The event of the day about which there is most talk is the publication of another violent anti-Semitic pamphlet of five hundred pages, by M. Edouard Drumont, author of "La France Juive." The present work, called "La Fin d'un Monde," is a social and psychological study of the different classes of French society since the Revolution—the aristocracy, the middle classes, the people, the world of politics, finance, law, Socialism, &c.—the whole from the point of view of a militant Catholic, whose mania it is to see Jews everywhere. M. Drumont depicts modern France as being full of rottenness and corruption—a decadent nation, devoured and dominated by the Jews and the Freemasons, who are masters of its finances, its commerce, its justice, and its government. The only remedy, he thinks, would be the revision of the Revolution for the advantage of all; and, in order to accomplish this, he proposes to arrest some three hundred persons, Jews or Christians by birth, but who have acquired their wealth by the Jewish system—that is to say, by speculation and financial operations—and to force these persons to restore to the nation the millions which they have managed to monopolise. Although M. Drumont makes frequent appeals to violence and bloodshed, he considers that this Revolution could be made peacefully by resorting to the methods of the Middle Ages and of the old Monarchy—namely, the convocation of a Chamber of Justice.

The Chamber of Deputies nominated to-day a Commission to report finally on the projected maritime canal between Paris and Rouen, one of the most important Bills that the present Legislature has had to consider. The object of making Paris a seaport is to enable it to get possession of the transit business which now goes through Antwerp. The maritime canal,

by facilitating the provisioning and defence of Paris, would have great strategic importance. The projected canal would be 112 miles long, twenty feet deep, and half as broad again as the Suez Canal. There is a strong movement in favour of the creation of this canal, of which the estimated cost is £4,800,000. The Paris Seaport Company asks no State subvention; and amongst the politicians it is believed that the Bill will be voted authorising the execution of the scheme.

The horrible agglomeration of sheds which have long encumbered the Place du Carrousel, serving as a temporary post-office, are at last being removed, and soon the space will be clear, leaving visible the long perspective of the Tuileries gardens and the Champs Elysées, terminating at one end with the Arc de Triomphe and at the other with the Gambetta monument. This perspective is certainly grandiose, but the contrast of its two extreme points, Napoleon I. and Gambetta, is curious, not to say comic. The space is to be converted into a garden. It is suggested, however, that a vast winter garden, a democratic Crystal Palace, might be built there for the joy of the children, who could play there in the cold months, while their parents listen, as usual, to the military band.

M. Paschal Grousset, taking advantage of experience gained in England, has been making a journalistic campaign in *Le Temps* in favour of physical education and athletic sports. The consequence is the formation of a Ligue Nationale de l'Education Physique, presided over by M. Berthelot, of the Academies of Science and of Medicine, and the projected foundation at Paris of an Ecole Normale des Jeux Scolaires by means of private subscriptions. The matter is attracting much attention, and strong propagandist efforts are being made.

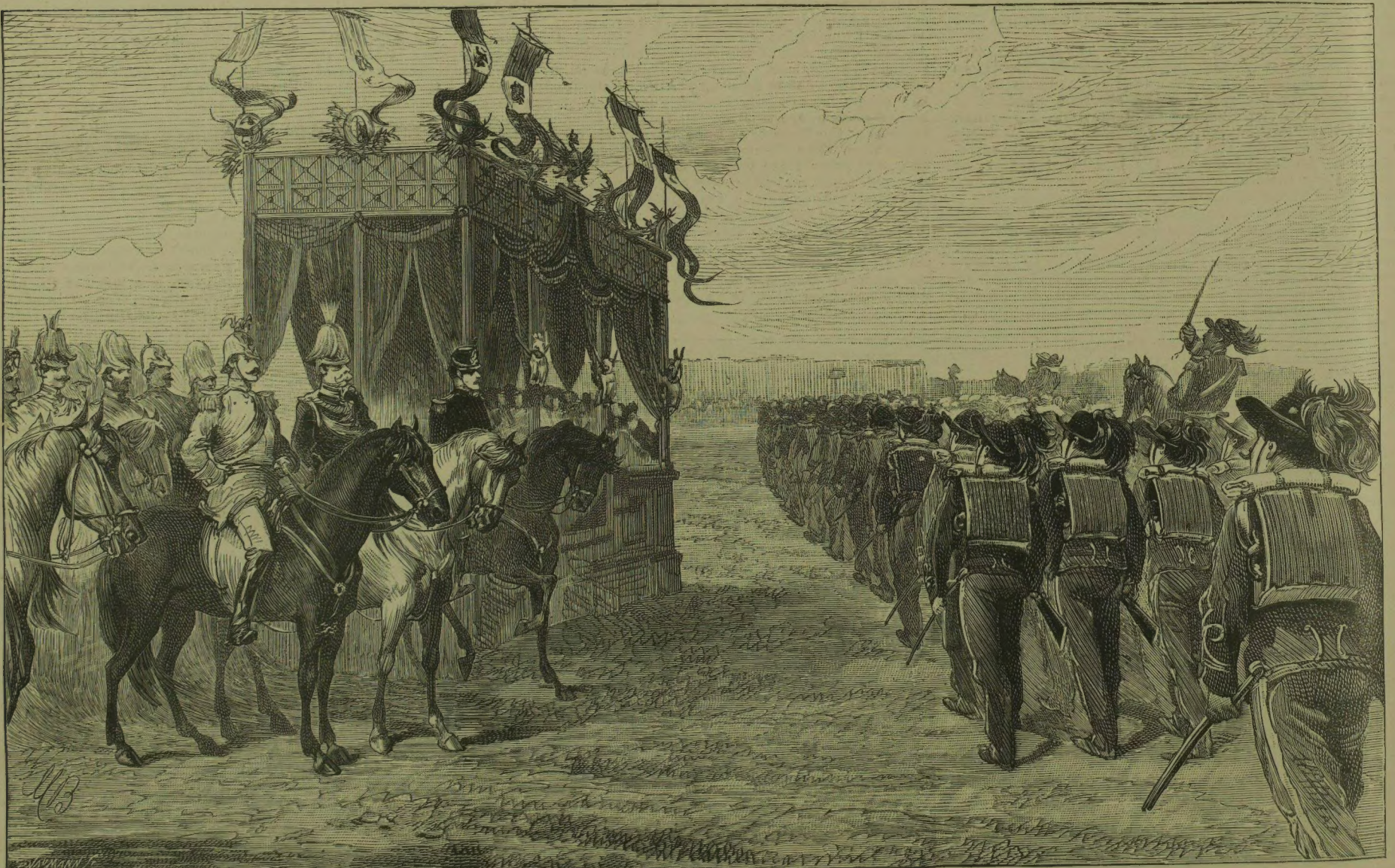
The Municipal Council decided last December to erect a monument to Danton at the corner of the Boulevard Saint Germain and the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, near the former dwelling of the famous member of the Convention. A concours was opened, and no less than seventy French sculptors have sent in models, which are now on exhibition at the Hôtel de Ville. To the execution of the model finally selected, the Municipal Council has devoted the sum of 60,000 f. T. C.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ITALY: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

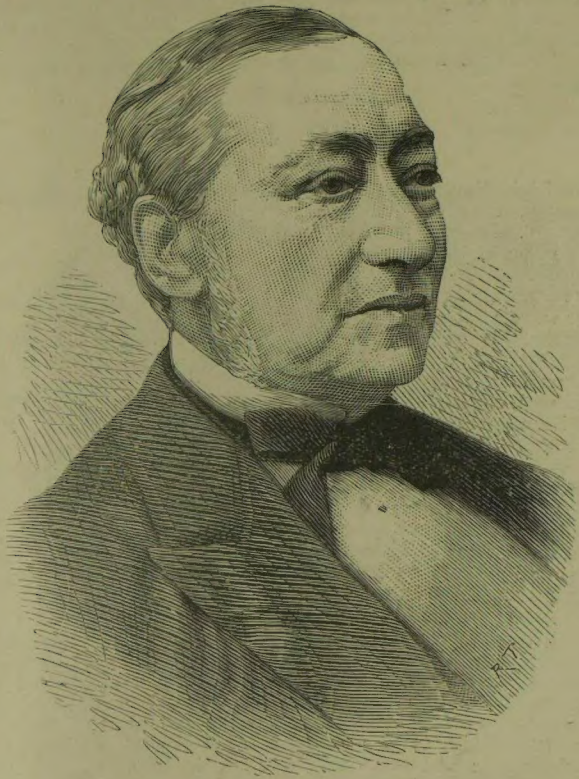


1. Emperor's Carriage. 2. Swiss Guard. 3. Gendarme. 4. Papal Macebearer. 5. Palatine Guard. 6. Cardinals.

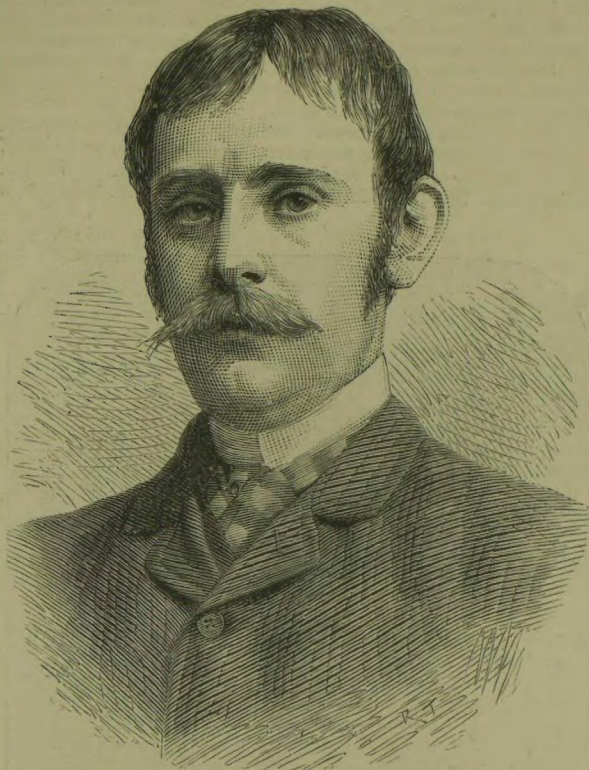
THE EMPEROR ARRIVING AT THE VATICAN: SKETCHES IN THE CROWD.



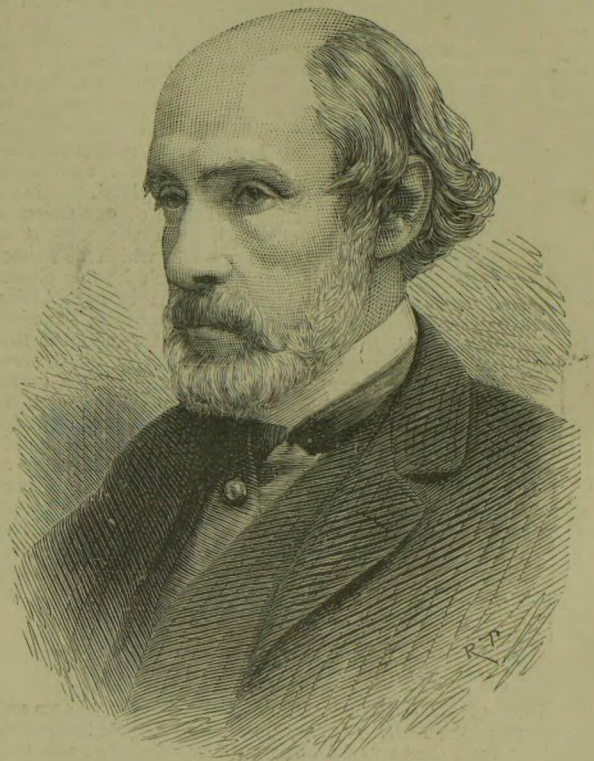
THE EMPEROR AND THE KING OF ITALY AT THE REVIEW AT CENTOCELLE, NEAR ROME.



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH M. LEVY.

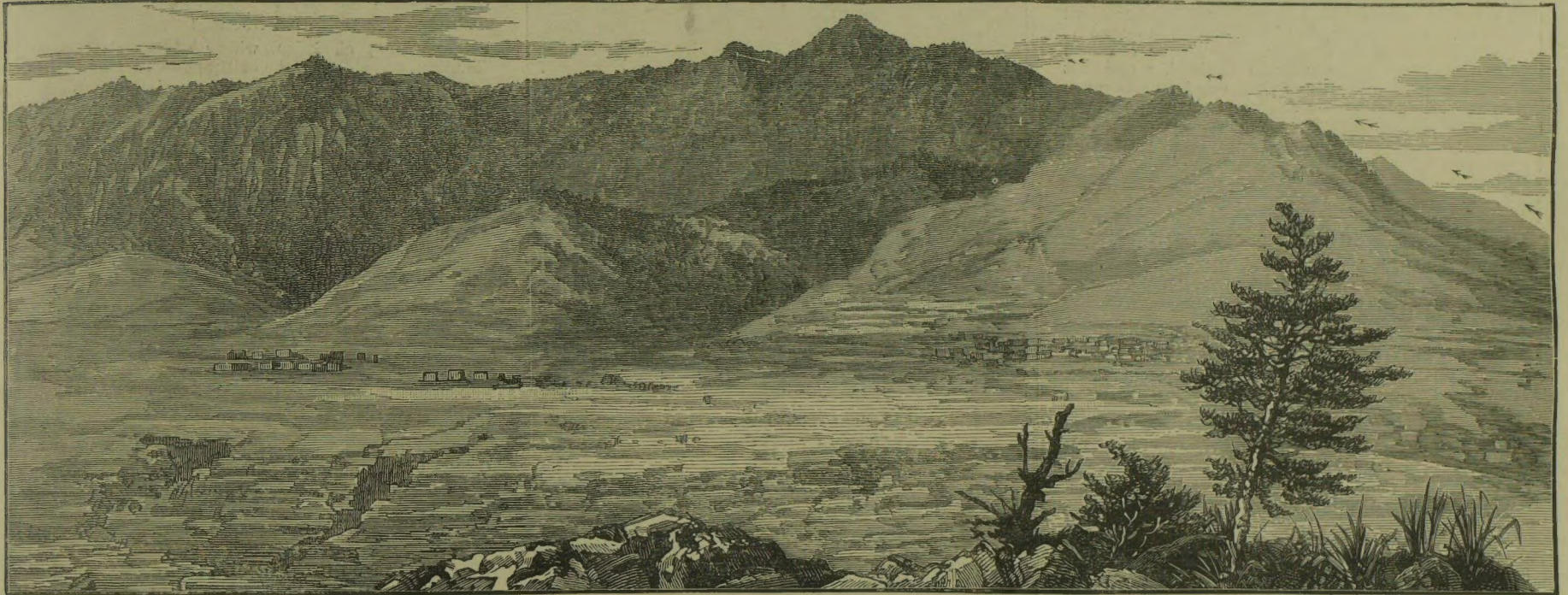


DR. CARL PETERS,
COMMANDER OF THE GERMAN EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

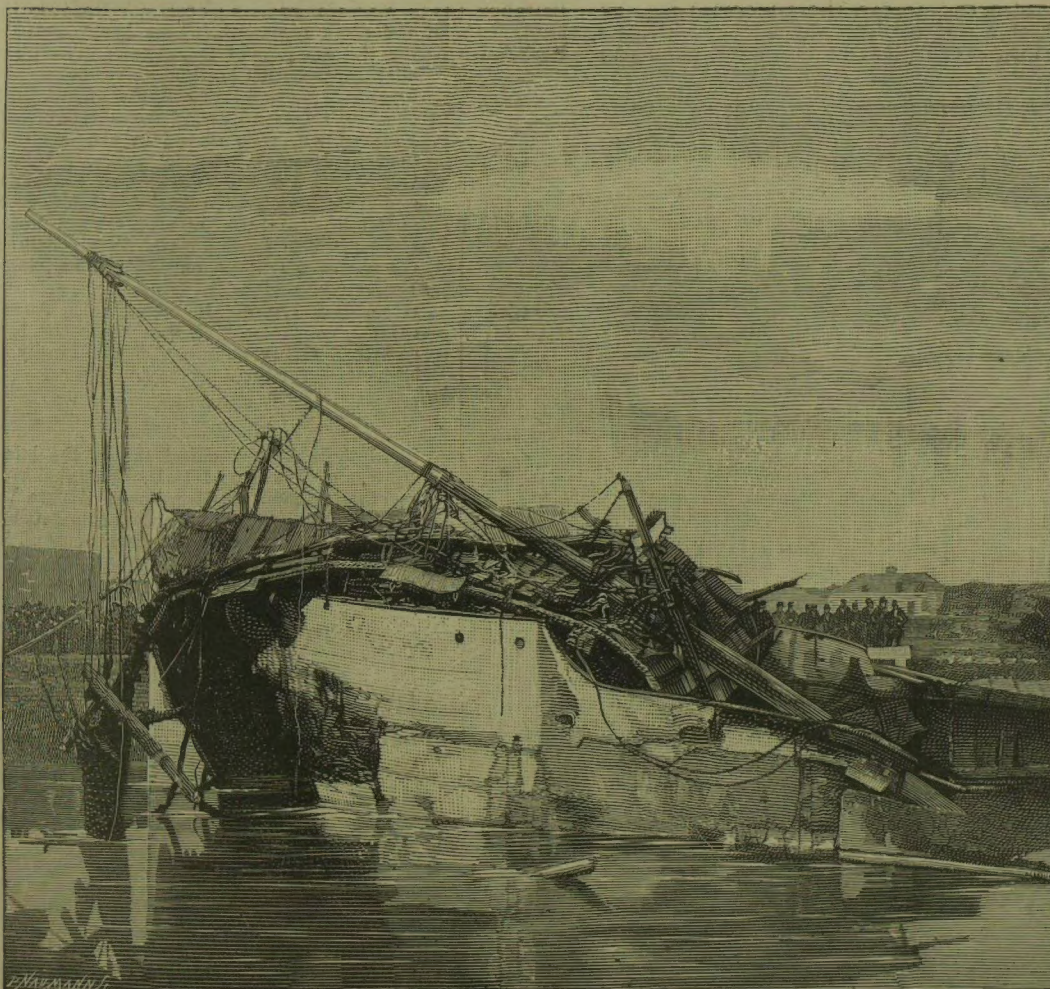


THE LATE LORD MOUNT-TEMPLE.

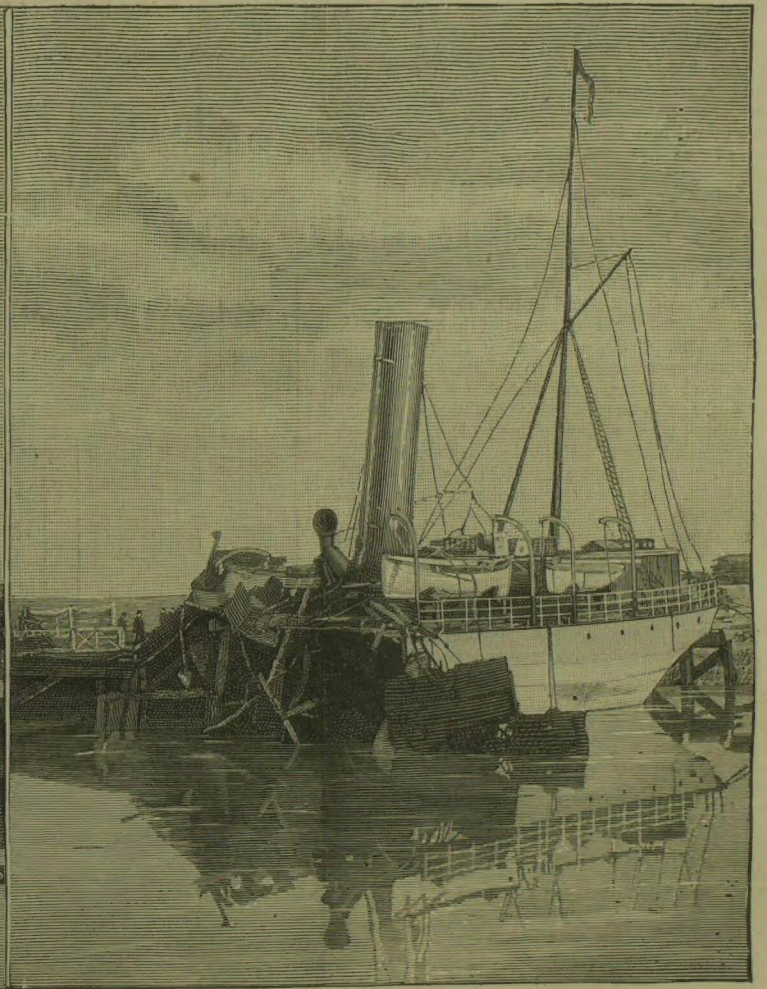
The arrows show the route of the 1st Column of the Hazara Field-Force ascending the mountain range.



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN, VIEW LOOKING WEST FROM BAGRWAN.



FORE PART.



AFTER PART.

THE PETROLEUM EXPLOSION AT CALAIS. THE WRECKED VESSEL.

GERMAN EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

The apprehended failure of Mr. H. M. Stanley's expedition to relieve Emin Pasha, who is a German physician and man of science, from his embarrassed position on the Upper Nile, has caused the Germans to subscribe ample funds to send out a new expedition, the Commander of which is to be Dr. Carl Peters. He is thirty-two years of age, a native of Neuhaus, on the Elbe, and was educated at Ilfeld, and at Göttingen, Tübingen, and Berlin, studying law, history, geography, and national economy; and graduating in the Berlin University. From 1881 to 1884, Dr. Peters resided in England, gaining a thorough knowledge of the history and state of our Colonies. Having returned home, he obtained, with the support of Prince Bismarck, an Imperial charter, under which he formed the German East African Company, of which he was elected President. He dispatched sundry expeditions to East Africa, in order to take possession of the territory opposite Zanzibar. In September, 1886, Dr. Peters convened at Berlin the first German Colonial Congress. In the following spring, he went to Zanzibar with his executive staff, and concluded a treaty with the late Sultan Said Burghash. Since his return to Europe, Dr. Peters has initiated in Germany the movement for a relief expedition to aid his countryman, Emin Pasha, and is President of the committee. He is also presiding Director of the German East African Company, Chairman of the German East African Plantation Company, joint President, with Prince Hohenlohe, of the German Colonial Society, and President of the General German Colonial Alliance. He is author of several works on colonisation. Lieutenant Wissmann, the well-known African traveller, will be associated with Dr. Peters in the command of the German Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH LEVY.

The death of Mr. J. M. Levy, one of the chief proprietors and managers of the *Daily Telegraph*, not, indeed, from its foundation, but from the early period at which it was put on a footing that rendered it a most successful London newspaper, took place on Oct. 12, at his seaside residence, Florence Cottage, Ramsgate, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He was born in London, in 1812, and was partly educated at Bruce Castle School, Tottenham, the well-known establishment of Mr. Hill, father of Sir Rowland Hill, where the late Right Hon. W. E. Forster and other sons of the Nonconformist families, several of them destined to public eminence, received their education. Mr. Levy finished his education in Germany, and engaged in commercial business. He was an esteemed member of the Jewish Community in England, a steadfast Liberal, and a man of enlightened views; and he took much interest in musical and dramatic art, while his private virtues were known to his family and many personal friends. His funeral, in the Ball's Pond Cemetery, performed by the Rev. A. Löwy, was attended by Mr. Edward Lawson, Mr. H. W. Lawson, M.P., Sir Edwin Arnold, and the members of the *Daily Telegraph* editorial staff.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

The military expedition commanded by General M'Queen in the hill country on the Hazara frontier of the Punjab seems, within ten days of its starting for the Black Mountain, to have effected the complete defeat of the Hasanzais and the Akozais. These hostile tribes have been summoned to pay a fine in money, and to surrender the leaders of the attack on Major Battye's detachment of the Punjab Frontier Force at midsummer last. Their villages and the towers of their chiefs have been destroyed to enforce submission. Some fighting took place on Oct. 10, when a force which had crossed the Indus to reconnoitre Palosi was on its return march. The fourth column was still advancing northward, and occupied Kunhar on Oct. 11, having cut a road through the forest. We have received from Captain Francis C. Carter, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, with the first column, a sketch of the view of the Black Mountain looking west from the Bagrwan post, near Dilbori, where this portion of the Hazara Field-Force was on Sept. 27. The highest peak, in the centre of the background, is that of Chittabut, which was reached by General M'Queen in the first week of October.

PETROLEUM-SHIP EXPLOSION AT CALAIS.

An alarming disaster, by which four persons were killed, took place on Tuesday, Oct. 16, at seven o'clock in the evening, in the dock basin at Calais. A vessel of 1100 tons, called the *Ville de Calais*, which had brought a cargo of petroleum from America, blew up from an explosion of petroleum gas, and was broken into two pieces; the fore part continued burning all night. The cargo of oil had been discharged, as the ship was to leave the port next day, but the wood-work partitions were saturated with that liquid, which had generated an immense quantity of inflammable gas; and this, mixing with the air, became highly explosive, and was ignited by some accident. The sound was tremendous; houses in that part of the town were shaken as by an earthquake, and hundreds of windows were shattered by the concussion of the air. Huge beams, spars, and other fragments of the vessel were hurled to a great distance. The second officer, Lieutenant Clinquant, of Gravelines; the third engineer, a Breton named Kervouasou; a sailor named Derrien, and another, lost their lives by this disaster. Captain Blondel, who was lying down in his cabin; M. Souvignon, the chief engineer, and one or two other persons on board, were unhurt, but the stoker had a leg broken. Several ships in the dock were more or less damaged. The explosion was felt and heard at Boulogne.

The Fishmongers' Company have given £250 to the funds of the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association.

Arrangements have been made with the Great Western Railway Company for the despatch of a special train from Paddington at 8.55 a.m. on Saturday, Oct. 27, for the conveyance of passengers to be embarked by the Orient, leaving Plymouth the same afternoon for Gibraltar, Naples, Suez, Albany, Melbourne, and Sydney.

The new school-room at the High School for Girls, at Bromley, Kent, was opened on Oct. 22 by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir John and Lady Lubbock being present.

The Marchioness of Salisbury has given another proof of her sympathy with women's work by opening the premises taken, in Brook-street, by Miss Charlotte Robinson (Home-Arts Decorator to her Majesty) for the decorative work done in her London and Manchester studios.

THE PARIS STATUE OF SHAKSPEARE.

The bronze statue of Shakspeare presented to the city of Paris by Mr. William Knighton, vice-president of the International Literary Association, is erected at the junction of the Avenue de Messina with the Boulevard Haussmann. The sculptor, M. Paul Fournier, has represented our great dramatic poet in an Elizabethan costume, with a cloak hanging over his left arm, and in a meditative posture. An ornamental stone pedestal supports the statue. At the unveiling ceremony, on Sunday, Oct. 14, speeches were made by Mr. Knighton, M. Darlot, President of the Paris Municipal Council, and M. Mézières, a

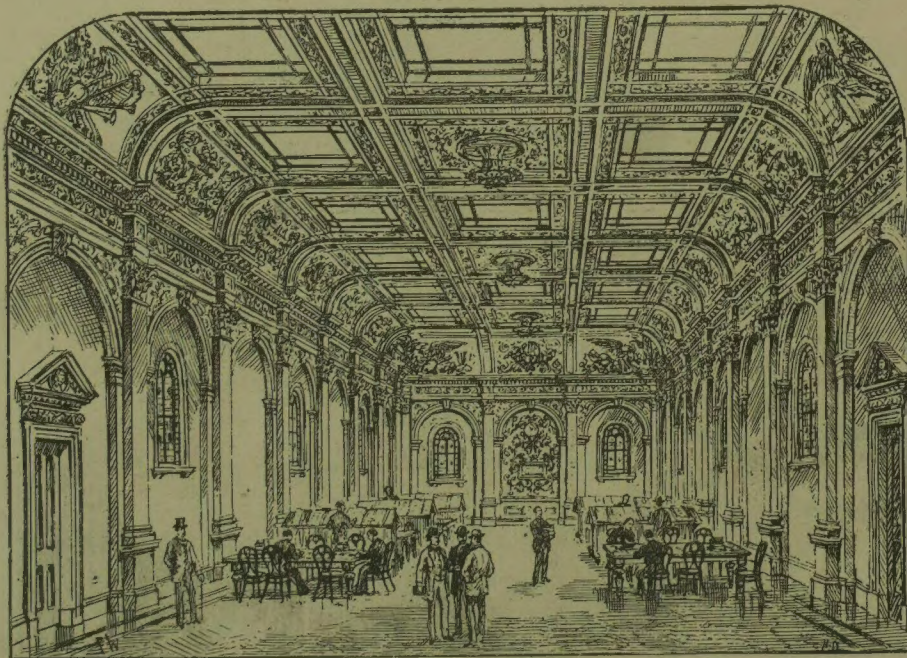


STATUE OF SHAKSPEARE IN THE BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN, PARIS, GIVEN BY MR. W. KNIGHTON.

member of the French Academy, and former lecturer at the Sorbonne on English literature. Several other persons of note, among whom were the Belgian and the Chinese Ambassador, were also present. The study of Shakspeare in France has not been despised or neglected during the past half-century, as it was in the times of Boileau and of Voltaire, having been favoured by the influence of the French romantic school and of Victor Hugo. The translation of Shakspeare by François Hugo is considered to have some merit.

THE FULHAM FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The Bishop of London, on Saturday, Oct. 20, opened the new building erected, at a cost of £6000, by the Commissioners appointed under the Act of Parliament to carry out the vote



THE NEW PUBLIC LIBRARY AT FULHAM.

of the parishioners of Fulham, at their polling in December, 1886, for the establishment of a free public library. The votes in favour of this institution were 3788; against it, 1324. The sum mentioned has been raised by a loan to be paid off in thirty years, secured by a penny rate which brings in £1300 a year. The new building is on the main road to Putney and Richmond, in the centre of Fulham. Mr. J. G. Hall is the architect, and Mr. Charles Wall, of Chelsea, the builder. The reading-room is 70 ft. long, 30 ft. wide, and in height 22 ft. The ceiling is beautifully decorated by Messrs. Merolda and

Casanova, Italian artists, from the Italian Exhibition. In the front of the building are the lending and reference libraries, the ladies' reading-room, and the Commissioners' room, on the first floor; the remainder being occupied by Mr. H. Burns, the librarian. There are seven thousand volumes of books.

OBITUARY.

LORD MOUNT-TEMPLE.

The Right Hon. William Francis Cowper-Temple, Baron Mount-Temple, died on Oct. 16. He was born Dec. 13, 1811, the second son of the fifth Earl Cowper by Amelia, his wife, daughter of Viscount Melbourne. He was educated at Eton, and was formerly Brevet-Major Royal Horse Guards.

He sat in the House of Commons for Hertford, 1834 to 1868, and for South Hampshire, 1868 to 1880, holding at various periods several Ministerial appointments—viz., a Lord of the Admiralty, 1846 to 1852; Under-Secretary of State, 1855; President of the Board of Health and Vice-President of the Educational Department, 1855 to 1858; Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Paymaster-General, 1859 to 1860; and Chief Commissioner of Public Works, 1860 to 1866. He was private secretary to Lord Melbourne when Premier, and was sworn of the Privy Council in 1855. He assumed, by Royal license in 1869, the additional surname and arms of Temple on succeeding to the estate of his stepfather, Viscount Palmerston; and was created a Peer in 1880. He married, first, June 24, 1843, Harriet Alicia, daughter of Mr. Daniel Gurney, of North Runcton, Norfolk, which lady died in the August following; and secondly, Nov. 22, 1848, Georgiana, daughter of Admiral J. R. D. Tollemache. As Lord Mount-Temple has died without issue, the title becomes extinct.

Our Portrait of the late Lord Mount-Temple is from a photograph by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of 230, Regent-street.

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

Princess Mary of Baden, widow of the eleventh Duke of Hamilton and eighth Duke of Brandon, died on Oct. 18. Her Grace was born Oct. 11, 1817, the younger daughter of Charles Louis Frederick, Grand Duke of Baden, by his wife, Princess Stephanie, Vicomtesse de Beauharnais, adopted daughter of the Emperor Napoleon I. The issue of the marriage consisted of two sons and one daughter—viz., William Alexander Louis Stephen, the present Duke of Hamilton and Brandon; Lord Charles George Archibald Douglas Hamilton, who died in 1886; and Lady Mary Victoria, married, first, to Prince Albert of Monaco, Duke of Valentinois, and secondly to Count Tassilo Festetics.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Count di Robilant, Italian Ambassador at the Court of St. James, at the Embassy in London, on Oct. 17, aged sixty-two.

The Rev. Thomas Agar Holland, Rector of Poynings, suddenly on Oct. 18, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

Captain H. V. Pennefather, late of 22nd and 41st Regiments, at Pietermaritzburg, Natal, South Africa, on Aug. 9, aged fifty-nine years.

Mr. J. W. De Longueville Giffard, Judge of the Exeter County Court, and brother of the Lord Chancellor, on Oct. 23, at his residence near Exeter. He was appointed Judge of the Huddersfield circuit in March, 1875, and was transferred to Exeter a few years ago.

COLONEL SIR B. P. BROMHEAD.

Sir Benjamin P. Bromhead, Bart., Lieutenant-Colonel Bengal Staff Corps, and Commandant of the 32nd Pioneers, who lost his right hand in the action with the Thibetans, saw service in Afghanistan, where he took part in both the Bazar Valley expeditions, comes of a family of soldiers. He is brother of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Bromhead, commanding 2nd Battalion South Wales Borderers; of Major Gonville Bromhead, V.C., of the same regiment, whose heroic defence of Rorke's Drift after the massacre of Isandlwana, in conjunction with Lieutenant Chard, will ever be one of the brightest pages in our Army annals; and of the late Captain Edward Bromhead, of the 4th King's Own, who served in the Crimea, and died in Burma. Their father, Sir Edward Gonville Bromhead, Bart., was a Peninsular and Waterloo officer, who led the forlorn hope at Cambray, and was present, then a Major, at the capture of Paris; while their grandfather, the son of a gallant officer who had been at Louisburg, and with Wolfe at Quebec, distinguished himself in the North American campaigns, and obtained a baronetcy for his services. Other members of the family have been noted for their prowess.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Robert Piercy, eldest son of the late Mr. Piercy, of Marchwiel Hall, Denbighshire, was recently married to Margherita Alliata Vaglienti, only daughter of the Count and Countess Alliata Vaglienti, of the Palazzo Scotto, Pisa.

The church of St. Mary, Weldon, Northamptonshire, was crowded on Oct. 17 by a fashionable assembly to witness the marriage of Mr. Charles Vere Gunning, of the 68th (Durham) Light Infantry, son of Sir George Gunning, Bart., of Horton, with Miss Ethel Beatrice Finch-Hatton, daughter of the Rev. W. R. Finch-Hatton, Rector of Weldon. The bridesmaids were the Misses Finch-Hatton (the bride's sisters), the Misses Gunning (the bridegroom's sisters), Miss Maud Oxenden, Miss Monckton, and Miss S. Pratt. The best man was Mr. G. C.

ansel, of the 68th (Durham) Light Infantry, and Master Laud Robinson officiated as page.

The marriage of Dr. Edward Stewart and Lady Philippa Fitzalan Howard took place on Oct. 18 at St. John's Church, Heron's Ghyll. The bride was given away by her brother, the Duke of Norfolk, and was attended by her sister, Lady Margaret Howard, and Miss Stewart, sister of the bridegroom, as bridesmaids. Among those present were the Duke of Norfolk, Lady Mary Howard, Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot, Mr. James Hope, and Dr. Pasteur, who was the best man.

THE LATE LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, on Oct. 7, unveiled the statue of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, which has been placed in Westminster Abbey, near the western door. The statue is the work of Mr. Boehm, R.A., and was executed from a bust by the same artist which was finished from life a few years before Lord Shaftesbury's death. He is represented in the robes of the Garter, with his hands clasped in front. The statue is about



STATUE OF THE LATE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

8 ft. 6 in. high, and is placed upon a marble pedestal, which bears the inscription:—"Anthony Ashley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, K.G. Born April 28, 1801; died Oct. 1, 1885. Endured to his countrymen by a long life in the cause of the helpless and suffering. Love. Serve." The last two words are the family motto of the Shaftesburys. It is also intended to erect another memorial, probably in Piccadilly-circus, in the shape of a bronze drinking-fountain, which has been designed by Mr. A. Gilbert, A.R.A., and it is also hoped that funds will be forthcoming for the establishment of a seaside or country home for poor and convalescent children.

The Queen has conferred the dignity of a Marquisate on the Viceroy of India under the title of Marquis of Dufferin and Ava.

The Prince of Wales has appointed Colonel Robert N. Fitzhardinge Kingscote, C.B., Receiver-General of the Duchy of Cornwall, vice the late Right Hon. Sir John Rose, Bart.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

The Special Commissioners appointed to investigate the charges against the Parnellite members proceeded with their inquiry on Monday, Oct. 22. Little public interest was manifested in the proceedings or the personages engaged or concerned in the inquiry. When Sir J. Hannen, the President, and Justices Day and Smith took their seats, only a few of the members implicated in the charges besides Mr. Parnell were present, and the Court was not full; but the attendance increased during the day. Counsel for Mr. Parnell applied at the outset for an order for the release from prison of Mr. W. Redmond, M.P. The Commissioners consented to order his release on his undertaking to take no part in public proceedings during his release. These conditions being refused, no order was made. The Attorney-General, in opening the case for the *Times*, said he alleged that the acts which he should prove were done in furtherance of a concerted and preconceived conspiracy, with definite objects and aims, and with the knowledge or idea that the only way in which the organisation could do its work was by the commission of crimes. He proceeded to show the connection of individuals with various organisations, beginning with the formation of the Land League after the collapse of the Fenian movement, and stated that Mr. Parnell and others implicated in the charges were connected with the League, which derived its support from those in America who advocated dynamite and assassination. He read extracts from intimidating speeches made by members of the League, which were followed by murders and outrages, and had not finished this branch of the case when the Court adjourned. The Attorney-General, continuing his statement next day, reviewed the operations of the Land League between 1879 and 1882 in the counties of Kerry, Mayo, Cork, and Clare, with a view of showing that the institution of local branches and the holding of meetings at which violent speeches were made invariably resulted in murders and other outrages, as well as in intimidation and boycotting. The heads of the League were cognisant of the acts of their agents, and found the money for carrying on the organisation of crime. Some documents had come into the possession of the *Times* which would be produced to establish that contention. As to the letters alleged to have been written by Mr. Parnell, every information would be given to the Court as to their source. Impartial persons had had the opportunity of comparing them with undoubtedly genuine autographs of Mr. Parnell, and declared that they were in the same handwriting. Mr. Parnell came into court at the time the Attorney-General was referring to the letters which are alleged to have been written by him. The proceedings were continued on the 24th, when there was a considerable discussion about certain documents in a box marked "A," which it was ultimately agreed on should be handed over to the Commissioners to decide whether they were material to the inquiry or not. After a few more words the Attorney-General then resumed his address.

THE CANADIAN SHOEBOURNESS.

The Dominion Artillery Association of Canada, in September, held its annual meeting on Orleans Island, in the River St. Lawrence, near Quebec. It may be called "the Canadian Shoeburyness," and will be interesting to our Artillery Volunteers in England. Captain Imlah, of the Regiment of Canadian Artillery in Quebec Citadel, took some photographs, which have been sent us by Captain R. N. Rutherford. The meeting, which was a complete success, was attended by batteries from the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Some of the detachments had travelled over 800 miles to be present. It was expected that an English and a Scotch team would have been present; but this is hoped for next year. The last English team that came out for the meeting was in 1884. The Canadians sent a detachment to England in 1886.

TRAFALGAR-SQUARE STATUE OF GORDON.

The National Monument, for which money was voted by Parliament, in honour of the late Major-General Charles George Gordon, C.B., the hero of China and of Khartoum, is erected in the middle of Trafalgar-square. It is a bronze colossal statue, 10 ft. 6 in. high, standing on a pedestal of Derbyshire limestone, which is nearly 20 ft. high, with two granite steps. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., the sculptor, has

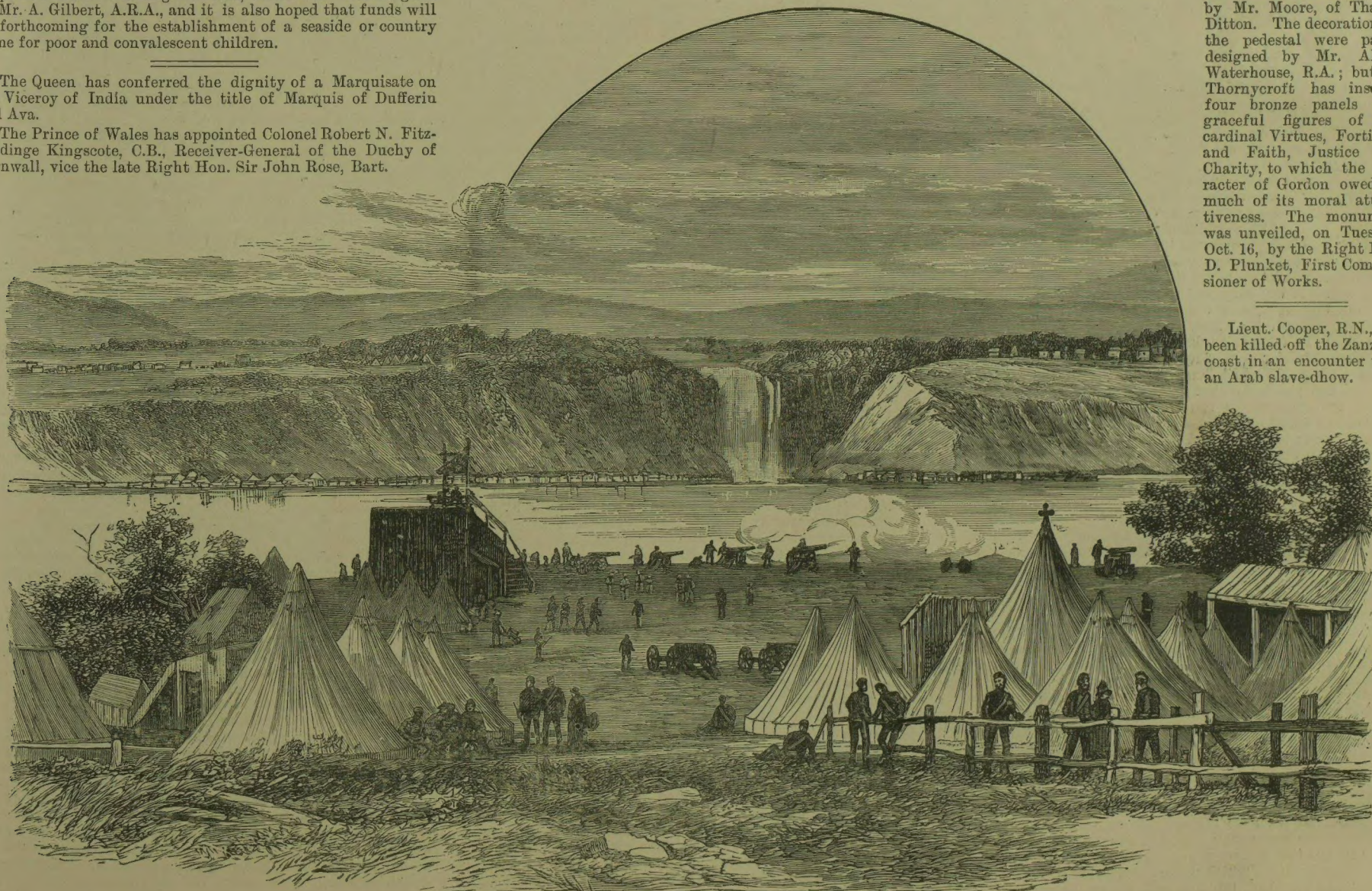


STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL C. G. GORDON IN TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.

produced an effective figure, looking perhaps more robust and athletic than Gordon seemed when living: the hero stands, bareheaded, in undress military uniform, with his left foot resting on a shattered cannon; a Bible is in his left hand, which also supports the head in an attitude of deep thought. A short cane, which he was accustomed to carry even on the

battle-field, is under his arm. The bronze was cast by Mr. Moore, of Thames Ditton. The decorations of the pedestal were partly designed by Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A.; but Mr. Thornycroft has inserted four bronze panels with graceful figures of the cardinal Virtues, Fortitude and Faith, Justice and Charity, to which the character of Gordon owed so much of its moral attractiveness. The monument was unveiled, on Tuesday, Oct. 16, by the Right Hon. D. Plunket, First Commissioner of Works.

Lieut. Cooper, R.N., has been killed off the Zanzibar coast in an encounter with an Arab slave-dhow.



THE CANADIAN SHOEBOURNESS: MEETING OF THE DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION AT ORLEANS ISLAND, NEAR QUEBEC.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE VISION OF CONSOLATION.



I ran so fast, being then young and strong, that Benjamin, I am sure, could not have overtaken me had he tried, because he was already gross of body and short of breath in consequence of his tippling. I have since heard that he did not follow me, nor did he dare to push aside his father. But he laughed and

said, "Let her run; let her run. I warrant I shall find her and bring her back," thinking, I suppose, that I had run from him as a girl in play runs from her companions. I ran also so long, fear lending me strength, that the sun was getting even into the afternoon before I ventured to stop. I looked round from time to time, but saw no one following me. I do not remember by what road, track, or path, I went: pasture fields and plantations I remember; twice I crossed a stream on stepping-stones, once I saw before me a village with a

church-tower; but this I avoided for fear of the people. When I ventured to stop, I was in a truly wild and desolate country—our county of Somerset hath in it many such wild places, given over to forests, fern, and heather. Presently I remembered the place, though one forest is much like another, and I knew that I had been in this part before, on that day when we rode from Lyme to Taunton, and again on the day when we walked prisoners with the soldiers to Ilminster. I was on the Black Down Hill again.

When, therefore, I understood where I was, I began to recover a little from the first horror which had driven me to fly like one possessed of an evil spirit; and seeing that no one was in pursuit, I began to collect my senses and to ask myself whither I was going, and what I should do. I was then near that ancient inclosure called Castle Ratch, from whose walls one looks down upon the broad vale of Taunton Dean. In the distance, I thought I could discern the great tower of St. Mary's Church: but perhaps that was only my imagination. I sat down, therefore, upon the turf under these ancient walls, and set myself to consider my condition, which was indeed forlorn.

First, I had no friends or protectors left in the whole world, because after what I had done I could never look upon Robin or even Humphrey again; nor could I importune Madam, because she would not anger her son (I represented him in my mind as most unforgiving); nor could I seek the help of Mr. Boscorel, because that might help his son to find me out, and everybody knows that a husband may command the obedience of his wife. And Sir Christopher was dead, and my father was dead, and my mother was dead, and I could not even weep beside their coffins or follow their bodies to the grave. A woman without friends in this world is like unto a traveller in a sandy desert without a bottle of water.

Yet was I so far better than some of these poor friendless creatures, because I had, concealed upon me, a bag containing all the money which Barnaby had given me—two hundred and fifty gold pieces—save a little which we had expended at Taunton, and Ilminster. This is a great sum, and by its help I could, I thought with satisfaction, live for a long time, perhaps all my life, if I could find some safe retreat among godly people.

No friends? Why, there was Susan Blake of Taunton; she who walked with the Maids when they gave Monmouth the Bible, the sword, and the flags. I resolved that I would go to her and tell her all that had happened. Out of her kindness she would take me in and help me to find some safe hiding-place and perhaps some honest way of living, so as to save his money against Barnaby's return from the Plantations.

Then I thought I would find out the valley where we had lived for a fortnight, and rest for one night in the hut, and in the early morning before daybreak walk down the comb and so into Taunton while as yet the town was still sleeping. And this I did. It was very easy to find the head of the comb and the source of the stream, where we had made our encampment. Close by, beneath the trees, was Barnaby's hut: no one had been there to disturb or destroy it; but the leaves upon the boughs which formed its sides were now dead. Within it the fern and the heath which had formed my bed were still dry. Outside, the pot hung over the black embers of our last fire; and, to my great joy, in the basket which had contained our provisions I found a large crust of bread. It was, to be sure, dry and hard; but I dipped it in the running water of the stream and made my supper with it. For dessert I had blackberries, which were by this time ripe, and are nowhere bigger or sweeter than on Black Down. There were also filberts and nuts, now ripe, of which I gathered a quantity, so that I had breakfast provided for me, as well as supper.

When I had done this, I was so tired and my head was so giddy with the terror of the day, that I lay down upon the fern in the hut and there fell fast asleep, and so continued until far into the night.

Now, in my sleep a strange thing happened unto me. For my own part, I account it nothing less than a Vision granted unto me by mercy and special grace of Heaven. Those who read of it may call it what they please. It was in this wise. There appeared before my sleeping eyes (but they seemed wide open), as it were, a broad and open campaign; presently there came running across the plain in great terror, shrieking and holding her hands aloft, a girl, whose face at first I could not see. She ran in this haste and terrible anguish of fear because there followed after her a troop of dogs, barking and yelping. Behind the dogs rode on horseback one whose face I saw not any more than that of the girl. He cursed and swore (I knew the voice, but could not tell, being in a dream, to whom it belonged), and cracked a horrid whip and encouraged the dogs, lashing the laggards. In his eyes (though his face was in some kind of shadow) there was such a look as I remembered in Benjamin's when he put the ring upon my finger—a look of resolute and hungry wickedness, which made me tremble and shake.

Now, as I looked, the dogs still gained upon her who ran, and yelped as if in a few moments they would spring upon her and tear her flesh from her bones. Then suddenly, between her who ran and those who pursued, there arose an

awful form. He was clad in white and in his hand he bore a sword, and he turned upon that hunter a face filled with wrath. Lightnings shot from his eyes and a cloud of thunder lay upon his brow. At the sight of that face the dogs stopped in their running, cowered, and fell dead. And at the dreadful aspect of that face the hunter's horse fell headlong, and his rider, falling also with a shriek of terror, broke his neck, and so lay prostrate and dead. Then this dreadful minister of God's wrath turned from him to the flying figure, and lo! his face was now transformed; his eyes became soft and full of love; he smiled graciously; a crown of glory was upon his head; white robes flowed downward to his feet; his fiery sword was a palm branch: he was the Angel of Consolation. "Have no more fear," he said, "though the waves of the sea rise up against thee and the winds threaten to drown thee in the deep. Among the ungodly and the violent thou shalt be safe; in all times of peril the Lord will uphold thee; earthly joy shall be thine. Be steadfast unto the end."

And then I looked again, those blessed words ringing in my ears; and behold! I saw then, which I had not seen before, that the flying figure was none other than myself; that he who cruelly hunted after with the dogs and the whip was none other than my husband; and that the Angel of Wrath, who became the Angel of Consolation, was none other than my father himself! But he was glorified! Oh! the face was his face—that anyone could see; but it was changed into something—I know not what—so far brighter and sweeter than the earthly face that I marvelled! Then the Vision disappeared, and I awoke.

So bright and clear had it been that I seemed to see it still though I was sitting up with my eyes open and it was night. Then it slowly vanished. Henceforth, however, I was assured of two things; first, that no harm would happen unto me, but that I should be protected from the malice of my enemies, whatever they might design (indeed, I had but one enemy—to wit, the man who had that morning sworn to love and cherish me); and next, that I had seen with mortal eyes what, indeed, hath been vouchsafed to few, the actual spiritual body—the glorified body, like to the earthly but changed—with which the souls of the Elect are clothed.

So I arose now without the least fear. It was night; but in the East there showed the first grey of the dawn, and the birds were already beginning to twitter as if they were dreaming of the day. The wind was fresh, and I was lightly clad, but the splendour of the Vision made me forget the cold. Oh! I had received a Voice from heaven! How could I henceforth fear anything? Nay, there was no room even for grief, though those terrible things had fallen upon me, and I was now alone and friendless, and the world is full of ungodly men.

It must have been about half-past four in the morning. It grew light quickly, so that not only the trees became visible, but the black depths between them changed into glades and underwood, and I could see my way down the comb beside the stream. Then, without waiting for the sun to rise (which he presently did in great warmth and splendour), I started, hoping to get into Taunton before the people were up and the streets became crowded. But I did not know the distance, which must have been seven miles at least, because it was nearly eight o'clock when I reached the town, having followed the course of the stream through three villages, which I have since learned must have been those of Pitminster, Troll, and Wilton.

It was market day, and the streets were full of country people—some of them farmers with bags of corn in their hands, going to the corn-market, and some with carts full of fresh fruit and other things. Their faces were heavy and sad, and they talked in whispers, as if they were afraid. They had, indeed, good cause for fear; for the prison held over five hundred unfortunate men waiting for their trial, and the terrible Judge was already on his way with his carts filled with more prisoners rumbling after him. Already Colonel Kirke had caused I know not how many to be hanged, and the reports of what had been done at Dorchester and Exeter sufficiently prepared the minds of the wretched prisoners at Taunton for what was about to be done there. Among them was the unfortunate Captain Hucker, the Serge-Maker, who had looked for a peerage, and was now to receive a halter. There was also among them, that poor man, Mr. Simon Hamlyn, who was hanged only for riding into Taunton in order to dissuade his son from joining Monmouth. This the Mayor of Taunton pointed out to the bloodthirsty Judge; but in vain. The whole five hundred prisoners were, in the end, sentenced to death; and one hundred and forty-five actually suffered, to the great indignation of those who looked on, even of the King's party. Nay, at one of the executions, when nineteen were hanged at the same time, and a great fire was made so that the sufferers might actually see before their death the fire that was to burn their bowels, the very soldiers wept, saying that it was so sad a thing they scarce knew how to bear it. Three years later, the hard heart of the King met with its proper punishment.

The soldiers were among the crowd, some leaning against bulkheads, some drinking at the ale-houses, some haggling for the fruit; some were also exercising upon Castle Green. They looked good-natured, and showed in their faces none of the cruelty and rage which belonged to their officers. But what a doleful change from the time when Monmouth's soldiers filled the town, and all hearts were full of joy and every face shone with happiness! What a change, indeed!

As I passed among the crowd, one caught me by the arm. It was a little old woman, her face all wrinkled and puckered. She was sitting on a stool beside a great basket full of apples and plums, and a short pipe of tobacco within her lips.

"Mistress," she whispered, taking the pipe from her mouth. "Thou wert with the Maids the day of the Flags: I remember thy pretty face. What dost thou here abroad among the people? The air of Taunton town is unwholesome! There may be others who will remember thee as well as I. Take an old woman's advice, and get thee gone. How fares it with thy father, the worthy Dr. Eykin?"

"Alas!" I said, "he died in Ilminster Jail."

"'Tis pity. But he was old and pious: he hath gone to Glory. Whither will those poor lads in the Clink go when they are hanged? Get thee gone, get thee gone! The air is already foul with dead men's bodies: they tell strange stories of what hath been done by women for the safety of their brothers. Get thee gone, pretty maid, lest something worse than prison happen to thee. And Judge Jeffreys is coming hither like the Devil, having much wrath."

I could not tell her that nothing would happen to me because I was protected by a Heavenly Guard.

"I was in the town forty years ago," the old woman went on, "when Blake defended it and we were wellnigh starved. But never have I seen such things as have been done here since the Duke was routed. Get thee gone!—haste away, as from the mouth of Hell!—get thee gone, poor child!"

So I left her and went on my way, hanging my head, in hopes that no one else would recognise me. Fortunately, no one did, though I saw many faces which I had seen in the town before. They were then tossing their caps and shouting for Monmouth, but were now gloomily whispering, as if every man feared that his own turn would come next. Over the

great gateway of the Castle was stuck up a high row of heads, arms, and legs of rebels blackened with pitch—a horrid sight. Unto this end had come those brave fellows who went forth to dethrone the King. No one noticed or accosted me, and I arrived safely at Susan's house. The door seemed shut, but when I pushed I found that it was open—the lock having been broken from its fastening. Barnaby did that, I remembered. I went in, shutting it after me. No doubt Susan was with her children in the school-room. Strange that she should not repair her lock, and that at a time when the town was full of soldiers, who always carry with them their riotous and lawless followers. 'Twas unlike her orderly housekeeping.

There was no one in the back parlour, where Susan commonly took her meals and conducted the morning and evening prayers. The dishes were on the table, as if of last night's supper or yesterday's dinner. This was, also, unlike a tidy housewife. I opened the door of the front parlour. Though it was already past the hour for school, there were no children in the room; the lesson-books and copying-books and slates lay about the floor. What did this untidy litter mean? Then I went up-stairs and into the bed-rooms, of which there were three—namely, two on the floor above, and one a garret. No one was in them, and the beds had not been made. There remained only the kitchen. No one was there. The house was quite empty; I observed also that the garden, which was wont to be kept with the greatest neatness, now looked neglected: the ripe plums were dropping from the branches trained upon the wall; the apples lay upon the grass; the flower-beds were cumbered with weeds; grass grew in the walks; the lawn, which had been so neat and trim, was covered with long grass.

What had happened? Where was Susan? Then I seemed to hear her voice above chanting God for the victory, as she had done when Barnaby burst in upon us; and methought I heard her singing a hymn with the children, as she had done while we all sat embroidering the Flags. Oh! the pretty Flags! And oh! the pretty sight of the innocents in white and blue carrying those Flags! The house was filled with the sounds of bygone happiness. Had I stayed another moment I am certain that I should have seen the ghosts of those who filled the rooms in the happy days when the army was in the town. But I did not stay. Not knowing what to do or whither to fly, I ran quickly out of the house, thinking only to get away from the mournful silence of the empty and deserted rooms. Then, as I stepped into the street, I met, face to face, none other than Mr. George Penne, the kind-hearted gentleman who had compassionated the prisoners at Ilminster.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MAN OF SAMARIA.

"'Tis no other than the Fair Maid of Ilminster!" said Mr. Penne, with surprise. "Madam, with submission, is it safe—is it prudent—for one who walked with the Maids of Taunton on a certain memorable day, to venture openly into the streets of this city at such a time? Judge Jeffreys doth approach to hold his Court. Thy friends are in prison or in hiding. The Maids are scattered all."

"I sought shelter," I said, "at the house of Susan Blake, the schoolmistress."

"How? You have not heard then? Miss Susan Blake is dead."

"She is dead?"

"She died in Dorchester Jail, whither she was sent, being specially exempted from any pardon. 'Twas fever carried her off. She is dead. Alas! the waste of good lives! She might have bought her freedom after a while, and then—but—well, 'tis useless to lament these mishaps."

"Alas! alas!" I cried, wringing my hands. "Then am I in evil plight; indeed! All, all are dead!—all my friends are dead!"

"Madam," he replied very kindly, "not all your friends, if I may say so. I have, I assure you, a most compassionate heart. I bleed for the sufferings of others; I cannot rest until I have brought relief. This is my way. Oh! I take not credit to myself therefore. It is that I am so constituted; I am not proud or uplifted on this account. Only tell me your case, entrust your safety to me. You may do so safely, if you reflect for one moment, because—see—one word from me and you would be taken to prison by your worthy clergyman, who is none other than the Rev. Mr. Walter Harte, the Rector of Taunton. No one is more active against the rebels, and he would rejoice in committing thee on the charge of having been among the Maids. A word from me would, I say, cause you to be hauled to jail; but, observe, I do not speak that word—God forbid that I should speak that word!"

"Oh, Sir!" I said, "this goodness overwhelms me."

"Then, Madam, for greater privacy, let us go back into the house and converse there."

So we went back into the empty house and sat in the back parlour.

"As for the nature of your trouble, Madam," he began, "I hope you have no dear brothers or cousins among those poor fellows in Taunton Jail."

"No, Sir; my only brother is at Ilminster, and my cousins are far away in New England."

"That is well. One who, like myself, is of a compassionate disposition, cannot but bewail the grievous waste in jail-fever, smallpox, scarlet fever, or putrid throat (to say nothing of the hangings) which now daily happens in the prison. What doth it avail to hang and quarter a man, when he might be usefully set to work upon his Majesty's plantations? It is a most sinful and foolish waste, I say"—he spoke with great sincerity and warmth—"and a robbing of the pockets of honest merchants."

"Indeed, Sir," I said, "your words prove the goodness of your heart."

"Let my deeds, rather than my words, prove that. How fare the prisoners with whom you are most concerned?"

"Alas! Sir Christopher is dead; and my father hath also died of his wound."

"So?—indeed? More waste! They are dead. More waste! But one was old: had Sir Christopher been sent to the plantations, his value would have been but small, though, indeed, a ransom—but he is dead; and your father, being wounded—but they are dead, and so no more need be said. There are, however, others, if I remember aright?"

"There is my brother, in Ilminster Prison, and"—

"Yes; the two young gentlemen—Challis is their name—in Exeter. I have seen them and conversed with them. Strong young men, especially one of them. 'Tis sad, indeed, to think that they may be cut off in the very bloom of their age when they would command so high a price in Jamaica or Barbadoes. I ventured to beg before their trial that they would immediately begin to use whatever interest they might be able to command in order to get their sentence (which was certain) commuted. Many will be suffered to go abroad—why not these young gentlemen? But they have no interest, they assured me; and therefore I fear that they will die. 'Tis most sad. They cannot hang all—that is quite true; but then these young gentlemen were officers in the army, and therefore an example will be made of them if they have no interest at Court."



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

As I passed among the crowd, one caught me by the arm. It was a little old woman, with a short pipe of tobacco within her lips.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

"Well, Sir," I told him, pleased to find him of such a kindly and thoughtful disposition, "you will be glad to hear that they are already pardoned, and have been presented by the King to a gentleman at Court."

"Aha! Sayest thou so?" His eyes glittered, and he rubbed his hands. "This is, indeed, joyful news. One of them, Mr. Robin Challis, is a goodly lad, like to whom there are few sent out to the plantations. He will certainly fetch a good price. The other, Mr. Humphrey, who is somewhat crooked, will go for less. Who hath obtained the gift of these young gentlemen?"

"It is a person named Mr. Nipho."

"Mr. Jerome Nipho. I know him well. He is a good Catholic—I mean a Papist—and is much about the Court. He is lucky in having had many prisoners given to him. And now, Madam, I hope you will command my services."

"In what way, Sir?"

"In this way. I am, as I have told you"—here he wagged his head and winked both eyes, and laughed pleasantly—"one of those foolish busybodies who love to be still doing good to their fellow-creatures. To do good is my whole delight. Unfortunately the opportunities are rare of conferring exemplary benefit upon my fellow-men. But here the way seems clear."

He rubbed his hands and laughed again, repeating that the way was clear before him, so that I believed myself fortunate in falling in with so virtuous a person.

"Oh, Sir," I cried, "would that the whole world would so live and so act!"

"Truly if it did, we should have the prisons cleared. There should be no more throwing away of good lives in hanging; no more waste of stout fellows and lusty wenches by fever and smallpox. All should go to the plantations—all. Now, Madam, to our business, which is the advantage of these young gentlemen. Know, therefore, that Mr. Jerome Nipho, with all those who have received presents of prisoners, straightway sells them to persons who engage to transport them across the seas to his Majesty's plantations in Jamaica, Virginia, or elsewhere. There they are bound to work for a certain term of years. Call it not work, however," he added, quickly; "say rather that they are invited every day to exercise themselves in the cotton and the sugar fields. The climate is delightful; the sky is seldom clouded; there are never any frosts or snows; it is always summer; the fruits are delicious; they have a kind of spirit distilled from the sugar-canes which is said to be finer and more wholesome than the best Nantz; the food is palatable and plentiful, though plain. The masters or employers (call them rather friends) are gentlemen of the highest humanity, and the society is composed of sober merchants, wealthy planters, and gentlemen, like your brother, who have had the misfortune to differ in opinions from the Government."

"Why, Sir," I said, "I have always understood that the transported prisoners are treated with the greatest inhumanity: forced to work in heat such as we never experience, driven with the lash, and half starved, so that none ever come back."

He shook his head gently. "See now," he said, "how prejudices arise! Who could have thought that the plantations should be thus regarded? 'Tis true that there are estates cultivated by convicts of another kind—I mean robbers, highwaymen, petty thieves, and the like. Bristol doth every year send away a shipload at least of such. Nay; 'tis reported that rather than hang murderers and the like the Bristol merchants buy them of the magistrates: but this is out of the kindness of their hearts. Madam," he thrust his hand into his bosom and looked me in the face, "I myself am sometimes engaged in that trade. I myself buy these unhappy prisoners and send them to estates where, I know, they will be treated with the greatest kindness. Do I look like a dishonest man, Madam? As for my name it is George Penne, and I am known to every man of credit in Bristol. Do I talk like one who would make money out of his neighbours' sufferings? Nay, if that is so, let us part at once and say no more. Madam, your humble servant—no harm is done: your humble servant, Madam." He put his hat under his arm, and made as if he would go; but I begged him to remain, and to advise me further in the matter.

Then I asked him if transported persons ever came home again.

"Surely," he replied, "some of them come home laden with gold. Some, possessed of places both of honour and of profit, who return to visit their friends, and then go back to the new country. It is a very Eldorado, or land of gold, to those who are willing to work; and for those who have money and choose to buy exemption from work, it is only an agreeable residence in cheerful society for a certain term of years. Have you, by chance, Madam, any friends who can influence Mr. Jerome Nipho?"

"No, Sir; I have none."

"Then will I myself communicate with that gentleman. Understand, Madam, that I shall have to pay him so much a head for every prisoner; that I shall be engaged to place every man on board ship; that the prisoners will then be taken across the seas and again sold. But in the case of those who have money, a ransom can be procured, by means of which they will not have to work."

So far, he had spoken in the belief that I was at Taunton on my brother's business, or that of my friends. I told him, therefore, that certain events had occurred which would prevent me from seeing the prisoners at Exeter. And because I could not forbear from weeping while I spoke, he very earnestly begged me to inform him fully in every particular as to my history, adding that his benevolence was not confined to the unhappy case of prisoners, but that it was ready to be extended in any other direction that happy chance might offer.

Therefore, being, as you have seen, so friendless and so ignorant, and so fearful of falling into my husband's hands, and, at the same time, so grateful to this good man for his kindly offers (indeed, I took him for an instrument provided by Heaven for the safety promised in my Vision of the night) that I told him everything exactly, concealing nothing. Nay, I even told him of the bag of gold which I had tied round my waist—a thing which I had hitherto concealed, because the money was not mine, but Barnaby's. But I told it to Mr. Penne.

While I related my history he interrupted me by frequent ejaculations, showing his abhorrence of the wickedness with which Benjamin compassed his design, and when I finished, he held up his hands in amazement.

"Good God!" he cried. "That such a wretch should live! That he should be allowed still to cumber the earth! What punishment were fitting for this devil in the shape of man? Madam, your case is, indeed, one that would move the heart of Nero himself. What is to be done?"

"Nay—that I know not. For if I go back to our village he will find me there: and if I find out some hiding-place he will seek me out and find me; I shall never know rest or peace again. For of one thing am I resolved—I will die—yea—I will, indeed, die—before I will become his wife more than I am at present."

"I cannot but commend that resolution, Madam. But, to be plain with you, there is no place in the world more unsafe

for you than Taunton at this time. Therefore, if you please, I will ride with you to Bristol without delay."

"Sir, I cannot ask this sacrifice of your business."

"My business lies at Bristol. I can do no more here until Judge Jeffreys hath got through his hangings, of which I fear there may be many, and so more sinful waste of good convicts. Let us, therefore, hasten away as quickly as may be; as for what shall be done afterwards, that we will consider on the way."

Did ever a woman in misfortune meet with so good a man? The Samaritan himself was not of better heart.

Well, to be brief, half an hour afterwards we mounted and rode to Bristol, by way of Bridgwater (this town was even more melancholy than Taunton), taking three days; the weather being now wet and rainy, so that the ways were bad. Now, as we rode along—Mr. Penne and I—side by side, and his servant behind, armed with a blunderbuss, our conversation was grave, turning chiefly on the imprudence of the people in following Monmouth, when they should have waited for the gentry to lead the way. I found my companion (whom I held to be my benefactor) sober in manners and in conversation; no drunkard; no user of profane oaths; and towards me, a woman whom he had (so to say) in his own power, he behaved always with the greatest ceremony and politeness. So that I hoped to have found in this good man a true protector.

When we reached Bristol he told me that for my better safety he would lodge me apart from his own house; and so took me to a house in Broad-street, near St. John's Gate, where there was a most respectable old lady of grave aspect, though red in the cheeks.

"I have brought you, Madam," he said, "to the house of a lady whose virtue and piety are well known."

"Sir," said the old lady, "this house is well known for the piety of those who use it. And everybody knows that you are all goodness."

"No," said Mr. Penne; "no man is good. We can but try our best. In this house, however, Madam, you will be safe. I beg and implore you not at present to stir abroad, for reasons which you very well know. This good woman has three or four daughters in the house, who are sometimes, I believe, merry."

"Sir," said the old lady, "children will be foolish."

"True—true," he replied laughing. "Take care, then, that they molest not Madam."

"No, Sir; they shall not."

"Then, Madam, for the moment I leave you. Rest and be easy in your mind. I have, I think, contrived a plan which will answer your case perfectly."

In the evening he returned and sent me word, very ceremoniously, that he desired the favour of a conversation with me. As if there could be anything in the world that I desired more!

"Madam," he said, "I have considered carefully your case, and I can find but one advice to give."

"What is it, Sir?"

"We might," he went on, "find a lodging for you in some quiet Welsh town across the Channel. At Chepstow, for instance, or at Newport, you might find a home for a while. But, the country being greatly inflamed with dissensions, there would everywhere be the danger of some fanatical busybody inquiring into your history—whence you came, why you left your friends—and so forth. And, again, in every town there are women (saving your presence, Madam) whose tongues tittle-tattle all day long. Short work they make of a stranger. So that I see not much safety in a small town. Then, again, you might find a farm-house where they would receive you; but your case is not that you wish to be hidden for a time, as one implicated in the Monmouth business. Not so; you desire to be hidden all your life, or for the whole life of the man who, if he finds you, may compel you to live with him, and to live for—how long? Sixty years, perhaps, in a dull

and dirty farm-house, among rude boors, would be intolerable to a person of your manners and accomplishments."

"Then, Sir, in the name of Heaven!"—for I began to be wearied with this lengthy setting up of plans only to pull them down again,— "what shall I do?"

"You might go to London. At first I thought that London offered the best hope of safe retreat. There are parts of London where the gentlemen of the robe are never seen, and where you might be safe. Thus, about the eastern parts of the City there are never any lawyers at all. There you might be safe. But yet—it would be a perpetual risk. Your face, Madam, if I may say so, is one which will not be quickly forgotten when it hath once been seen—you would be persecuted by would-be lovers; you would go in continual terror, knowing that one you fear was living only a mile away from you. You would have to make up some story, to maintain which would be troublesome; and presently the time would come when you would have no more money. What, then, would you do?"

"Pray, Sir, if you can, tell me what you think I should do, since there are so many things that I cannot do."

"Madam, I am going to submit to you a plan which seems to me at once the safest and the best. You have, you tell me, cousins in the town of Boston, which is in New England."

"Yes. I have heard my father speak of his cousins."

"I have myself visited that place, and have heard mention of certain Eykins as gentlemen of substance and reputation. I propose, Madam, that you should go to these cousins, and seek a home among them."

"Leave England? You would have me leave this country and go across the ocean to America?"

"That is my advice. Nay, Madam"—he assumed a most serious manner—"do not reject this advice suddenly; sleep upon it. You are not going among strangers, but among your own people, by whom the name of your pious and learned father is doubtless held in great honour. You are going from a life (at best) of danger and continual care to a place where you will be certainly free from persecution. Madam, sleep upon it."

(To be continued.)

Mrs. A. M. Herbert has borne the entire cost of rebuilding the church at Upper Helmsley, Yorkshire, and has placed a set of bells in the tower as a memento of the Queen's Jubilee.

Lord Aveland, in reply to a request from the labourers of Edenham, Lincolnshire, has granted them 25-acre allotments, at a rental of 25s. an acre, including rates.

The scholarships offered by the Council of Newnham College for competition in the Cambridge Higher Local Examination, held in June last, have been awarded as follows:—The Winkworth Scholarship, to Miss Windsor, Manchester High School; the Goldsmiths' Scholarship, to Miss M'Alay, Scarborough; the Clothworkers' Scholarship, to Miss Hall, Blackburn; the Drapers' Scholarship, to Miss Reddan, Notting-hill High School; and the Cobden Scholarship, to Miss Latter, Downham Market. Scholarships have also been awarded to Miss Tabor, Newnham College, and to Miss Vernon, Manchester High School.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

OCTOBER 27, 1888.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, *Twopence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, *Threepence*; THIN EDITION, *One Penny*. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, *Fourpence-halfpenny*; THIN EDITION, *Three-halfpenny*.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.

CALENDAR FOR NOVEMBER.

D. OF M.	P. OF W.	ANNIVERSARIES, FESTIVALS, OCCURRENCES, HISTORICAL NOTES, ETC.	SUN.			MOON.		DURATION OF MOONLIGHT.										HIGH WATER AT				Day of Year.			
			Rises.	Souths before Noon.	Sets.	Rises. Morn.	Sets Aftern.	Before Sunrise.					Moon's Age.	After Sunset.					London.		Bridge.		Liverpool Dock.		
								O'Clock.	0	2	4	6		8	O'Clock.	1	6	8	10	12	Morn.		Aftern.	Morn.	Aftern.
			H. M.	M. N.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.										H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.					
1	Th	All Saints' Day	6 56	16 20	4 31	3 0	3 53							27			11 42	—	8 37	9 7					306
2	F	Michaelmas Law Sittings begin	6 58	16 21	4 29	4 23	4 18							28			0 7	0 31	9 32	9 56					307
3	S	Battle of Hohenlinden, 1800	7 0	16 20	4 27	5 47	4 42							29			0 53	1 15	10 18	10 40					308
4	S	23RD SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	7 2	16 19	4 26	7 14	5 12							30			1 35	1 56	11 0	11 21					309
5	M	Gunpowder Plot, 1605	7 4	16 17	4 24	8 38	5 48							1			2 17	2 39	11 42	—					310
6	Th	Leonard, Confessor	7 6	16 14	4 22	9 59	6 33							2			3 1	3 24	0 4	0 26					311
7	W	Battle of Mooltan, 1848	7 7	16 10	4 21	11 12	7 27							3			3 45	4 9	0 49	1 10					312
8	Th	Milton died, 1674	7 8	16 6	4 19	Aftern.	8 29							4			4 32	4 56	1 34	1 57					313
9	F	Birth of Prince of Wales, 1841	7 10	16 0	4 18	1 1	9 39							5			5 19	5 46	2 21	2 44					314
10	S	Martin Luther born, 1483	7 11	15 54	4 16	1 40	10 50							6			6 14	6 45	3 11	3 39					315
11	S	24TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	7 13	15 47	4 14	2 8	Morn.							7			7 17	7 53	4 10	4 42					316
12	M	Charles Kemble died, 1854.	7 14	15 39	4 13	2 31	0 1							8			8 33	9 16	5 18	5 58					317
13	Th	Rev. A. McCaul died, 1863	7 16	15 30	4 11	2 52	1 12							9			9 58	10 33	6 41	7 23					318
14	W	Leibnitz died, 1716	7 18	15 20	4 10	3 11	2 22							10			11 7	11 38	7 58	8 32					319
15	Th	Machutus	7 20	15 10	4 9	3 30	3 29							11			—	0 2	9 3	9 27					320
16	F	Rubens born, 1577	7 22	14 59	4 7	3 49	4 34							12			0 25	0 46	9 50	10 11					321
17	S	Suez Canal opened, 1859	7 23	14 47	4 6	4 9	5 40							13			1 5	1 24	10 30	10 49					322
18	S	25TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	7 25	14 34	4 5	4 33	6 45							14			1 41	1 57	11 6	11 22					323
19	M	Battle of Navarino, 1827	7 27	14 20	4 4	5 0	7 50							15			2 13	2 28	11 38	11 53					324
20	Th	Earl of Elgin died, 1863	7 29	14 6	4 3	5 34	8 52							16			2 44	2 59	—	0 2					325
21	W	Princess Royal born, 1840	7 31	13 50	4 1	6 15	9 50							17			3 14	3 31	0 24	0 39					326
22	Th	St. Cecilia	7 32	13 34	4 0	7 4	10 43							18			3 47	4 3	0 56	1 12					327
23	F	St. Clement	7 34	13 17	3 59	7 59	11 28							19			4 20	4 37	1 28	1 45					328
24	S	John Knox died, 1572	7 35	12 59	3 58	9 2	Aftern.							20			4 55	5 14	2 2	2 20					329
25	S	26TH SUNDAY AFT. TRINITY	7 37	12 41	3 57	10 9	0 41							21			5 35	5 58	2 39	3 0					330
26	M	Marshal Soult died, 1851	7 39	12 22	3 56	11 22	1 7							22			6 23	6 52	3 23	3 48					331
27	Th	Princess Mary (of Teck) born, 1853	7 40	12 1	3 55	Morn.	1 32							23			7 23	7 57	4 17	4 48					332
28	W	Washington Irving died, 1859	7 41	11 41	3 54	0 36	1 55							24			8 33	9 13	5 22	5 58					333
29	Th	La Plata founded, 1874.	7 43	11 19	3 53	1 54	2 17							25			9 50	10 26	6 38	7 15					334
30	F	St. Andrew	7 44	10 57	3 53	3 14	2 41							26			10 58	11 28	7 51	8 23					335

ASTRONOMICAL OCCURRENCES FOR NOVEMBER.

The MOON is near Mercury on the 3rd; she is near, and to the right of, both Jupiter and Venus on the evening of the 5th, Jupiter being between Venus and the Moon, the Moon on this day sets at 5h 45m p.m. She is near, and to the right of, Mars on the evening of the 7th. The Moon is near Saturn on the mornings of the 25th and 26th, being right of the planet on the former and to the left on the latter morning. On the 25th the Moon will be on the meridian at 57 minutes after 4 a.m., and Saturn will be due south 36 minutes later; on the 26th Saturn will be on the meridian at 16 minutes after 5 a.m., and the Moon 35 minutes later. Her phases or times of change are:—

New Moon on the 3rd at 2 minutes after midnight.
First Quarter " 10th " 16 " 4 in the afternoon.
Full Moon " 18th " 16 " 3 " "
Last Quarter " 26th " 21 " 5 " "

She is nearest the Earth on the 4th, and most distant from it on the 19th.

MERCURY is a morning star rising on the 1st at 6h 52m a.m., or 4 minutes before sunrise; on the 5th at 6h 6m a.m., or 58 minutes before the Sun rises; on the 10th at 5h 30m a.m., or 1h 41m before sunrise; on the 15th at 5h 23m a.m., or 1h 57m before the Sun rises; on the 20th at 5h 33m a.m., or 1h 56m

before sunrise; on the 25th at 5h 53m a.m., or 1h 44m before the Sun rises; and on the 30th at 6h 16m a.m., or 1h 28m before sunrise. He is in ascending node on the 2nd; is near the Moon on the 3rd; at least distance from the Sun on the 6th; and at greatest western elongation (19 deg. 26 min.) on the 17th.

VENUS sets on the 1st at 5h 42m p.m., or 1h 11m after the Sun; on the 8th at 5h 41m p.m., or 1h 12m after sunset; on the 18th at 5h 47m p.m., or 1h 42m after the Sun; on the 28th at 6h 4m p.m., or 2h 10m after sunset; and on the 30th at 6h 9m p.m. She is near Jupiter on the 1st; near the Moon on the 6th; and at greatest distance from the Sun on the 13th.

MARS sets on the 1st at 7h 28m p.m., on the 9th at 7h 27m p.m., on the 19th at 7h 27m p.m., on the 29th at 7h 29m p.m. He is near the Moon on the 7th.

JUPITER sets on the 1st at 5h 52m p.m., or 1h 21m after sunset; on the 7th at 5h 33m p.m., or 1h 12m after the Sun sets; on the 18th at 4h 58m p.m., or 53 minutes after sunset; and on the 28th at 4h 25m p.m., or 31 minutes after sunset. He is near Venus on the 1st; and near the Moon on the 6th.

SATURN rises on the 1st at 11h 14m p.m., on the 7th at 10h 52m p.m., on the 17th at 11h 14m p.m., on the 27th at 9h 35m p.m. He is in quadrature with the Sun on the 11th; and near the Moon on the 25th.

THE LEEDS FINE ART GALLERY.

The new Fine Art Gallery erected by the Municipal Corporation of Leeds was opened by the Mayor of that great manufacturing town, Alderman Scarr, on Wednesday, Oct. 3, an event upon which the townspeople may be fairly congratulated. This addition to their flourishing public institutions has been the work, during two years past, of a special committee of the Town Council, whose zealous and active chairman is Colonel Harding, while Councillors Ambler and Tweedale have been useful members. The Free Library, supported by a special rate, affording a surplus of £800 a year, as it was largely stocked with books, £400 a year was to be set apart for interest on the fund raised to erect an Art Gallery, and there will be £400 a year for its working expenses; but £5171 of the Queen's Jubilee Fund last year has been devoted to this object. An Art Exhibition is now opened, the profits of which will also be applied to the purchase of pictures and sculpture and other works of art.

We give some illustrations, from photographs by Mr. T. D. Nettleton, of the interior of the Art Gallery, which forms part of the Leeds "Municipal Buildings," adjacent to the Townhall, with their principal front in Calverley-street. The main block of those buildings, constructed between 1878 and 1881, in the Italian Renaissance style, from designs by Mr. George Corson, architect, of Leeds, contains most of the administrative offices of the town, and the central library, reading-room, and

news-room. The library, for reference and lending, consists already of forty thousand volumes. The former reading-room, a noble apartment on the ground-floor, is now converted into a sculpture gallery; and an additional building, of which the architect is Mr. W. H. Thorp, of Albion-street, Leeds, has been erected at a cost not much exceeding £9000. This is entered from the sculpture gallery, which is 80 ft. long and 40 ft. wide, divided into nave and aisles by an arcade of six arches, resting on twelve pillars of polished granite, the ceiling decorated with coloured mosaic, and the walls covered with embossed diaper tiles of a greyish-green tint. Having windows only on the south side, it is proposed to use the electric light to show the sculpture in this gallery. The first apartment of the new building is the Queen's Room, a beautiful rectangular apartment with arches crossing its corners, which give the roof an octagonal character, with coved ceiling and lantern, and with clerestory lights through arcades with classic moulded pilasters; it has a fine frieze, designed by Mr. Thorp, and carried out by Mr. J. W. Appleyard, with panels bearing the names of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner, Past Grand Masters of the English school of painting. All the new rooms forming the Art Gallery are lighted from the roof, and their walls are coloured in maroon, of dead texture, which shows off the pictures and their gilt frames to the best effect, and which contrasts agreeably with the ivory white of the ceilings and lanterns. Most of the pictures will be placed on the walls of the four fine rooms on the upper floor. This is reached by a

noble double staircase, at the bottom of which rise two Ionic pillars where the inner balustrades commence, and two massive Doric pillars aiding to support the upper staircase and the lantern above. The Central Court, lighted from the roof, is surrounded with a lofty Doric arcade, with low segmental arches; and this arcade is used as a museum, except one portion screened off as a new reading-room. On the upper walls of the Central Court are studies for mosaics, from the old masters; in the centre is a pretty fountain of Burmantofts faience, with a pleasing collection of plants. Mr. George Birkett is curator of the Art Gallery.

The opening ceremony was attended by the Marquis of Ripon, the Bishop of Ripon, Mr. W. Beckett, M.P., Mr. J. Barran, M.P., Sir Edward Baines, Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, Director of the South Kensington Museum, and the eminent artist, Professor Herkomer, founder of the School of Art at Bushey, near Watford; besides the Lord Mayor of York and the Mayors of thirteen other towns in Yorkshire.

There has been an extension of the Homes for Working Girls in Queen's-road, Bayswater, which were founded ten years ago.

The Duchess of Westminster, on Oct. 17, presented the prizes at the annual exhibition of the Cheshire Dairy Association, and also distributed the certificates awarded to the pupils of the Cheshire Dairy Institute.



1. The Queen's Room.

2. The Central Court.

3. Vestibule and Staircase.

4. North Room.

5. Arcade in Central Court, with Fountain.

MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY AND MUSEUM, LEEDS.

THE CARPET MARKET AT CAIRO.

The part of Cairo which most completely retains its old characteristics as a Moslem city—Asiatic rather than African characteristics—and which differs greatly in the aspect of its buildings and inhabitants from the modern half-European quarter—is situated towards the eastern wall, between the gate called the Bab-el-Futuh and the citadel, a mile or two from the banks of the Nile. Here is a line of streets, called, in different parts the Souk-el-Nasin, or Coppermiths' Bazaar, the Ghoriyeh, and the Sukkariyeh, or Sugar Market, crossed by another, the Muskye, with numerous by-streets, alleys, and courts, many of which are occupied by particular classes of tradesmen. The Gemaliyeh, which is the north-eastern quarter, devoted to wholesale commerce, and the great Khan-el-Khalily, where the Red Sea trade is accommodated, occupy a good deal of space; there is also a separate market for goods from the Soudan, but this trade has of late years been much diminished. The principal kinds of retail shopkeeping find their allotted places in markets composed of narrow lanes or alleys, where on the ground-floor of almost every house, with its large arched doorway of massive stone, the front apartment is a shop, open all day, but closed by heavy wooden doors at night, and without any shop-windows. Divans and benches at the entrance, and within the shop, invite customers to lounge there, and to inspect the goods offered for sale. Such is the carpet-shop, of which our Artist made a sketch, where two European ladies and a gentleman who can speak Arabic, while their dragoman stands aside, and the ladies' female attendant sits closely veiled behind them, are examining a carpet held up for them to see, and are listening to the shrewd-looking bearded and turbaned master

of the shop, as he explains to them his reasons for asking a very moderate price. The progress of their bargaining is attentively watched by the dealer's friends waiting outside, who may even presume to put in a word in his favour, and may expect their reward in the event of his concluding a profitable sale. It is much the same in the armourers' bazaar, where fine scimitars and silver-mounted pistols, or muskets with inlaid ivory ornamental stocks, and other weapons of a decorative style, are to be purchased by curious collectors; also in the street of silversmiths and jewellers, in the bazaar of booksellers and collectors of manuscripts, and among the shops and stalls of other branches of trade.

The Duchess of Albany has become a patroness of the Bethnal-green Free Library.

A portrait of the late Sir Barrow Ellis has been unveiled in the Council Room of Jews' College, Tavistock-square, of which institution he had been chairman until his death last year.

Mr. Corney Grain has produced yet another of the musical sketches which have for so long formed the most attractive portion of the programme at St. George's Hall. The subject of Mr. Grain's new sketch is "John Bull Abroad"—a fitting sequel to its predecessor, "Mossoo in London." In "John Bull Abroad" Mr. Grain describes, in his own quaintly unctuous way, his impressions and experiences during a visit to the Italian lakes, keeping his audience in a simmer of laughter throughout. Mr. Grain's portion of the evening's entertainment is preceded by Mr. Watson's familiar comic operetta "Tally-Ho," in which Mr. Alfred German Reed, supported by his well-known company, is as thoroughly amusing as ever.

EARLY NAVIGATORS.

The sailing of a toy boat on any pond is a fascinating employment for youngsters. There is a mystery in the uncertain movements of the diminutive vessel between two elements, the air and the water, of which their unscientific minds have the vaguest notions; and, as they are ignorant both of the art of setting the sails and that of adjusting the rudder, not the slightest idea of controlling the course of the voyage, after giving one push at the moment of launching, can possibly be entertained. A child has indeed been observed, in frantic anxiety, blowing with all the force of his small lungs to send a favourable gale to his ship ten yards off the shore; and we have seen a boy throwing stones to assist the progress of his boat, which thereupon reeled in the eddy caused by the sinking pebble, turned round, and presently came home on a different tack. Where all sides of the pond are easily accessible, and there are no weeds, the children may feel tolerably sure of welcoming the return of their adventurous craft to land, in one direction or another; and they are quite indifferent to the chance of a port, having no cargo of merchandise or mails and passengers to deliver. This interesting play does not always meet with parental approval, and we should scarcely be inclined to permit it, on deep water, in the absence of older persons whose prudence and vigilance can be trusted. But there are many shallow ponds, with low shores, where it can be safely practised, and wet feet may be the only real danger.

The fish condemned during September at and near Billingsgate Market, and on board boats lying off that place, amounted to 59 tons 10 cwt. The weight of fish delivered at that market during the month was 13,368 tons.



EARLY NAVIGATORS.



CARPET MARKET, CAIRO.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XVI. COBHAM HALL.



1. The Entrance-Gate.

2. The Entrance, Side View.

3. The Right Wing, from the Private Gardens.

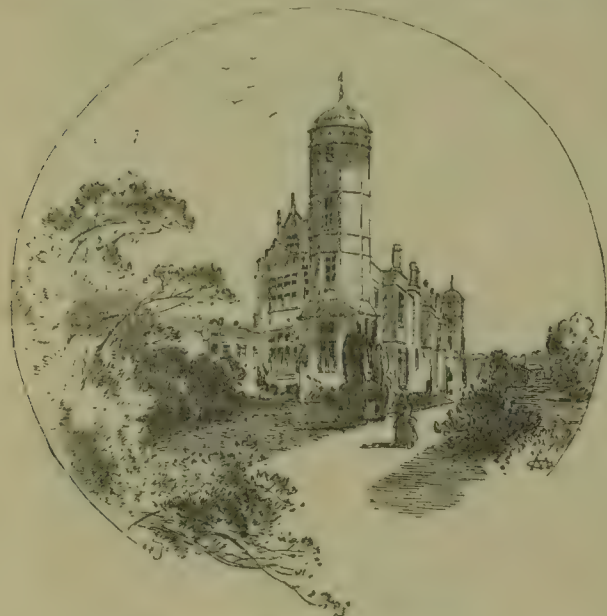
ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XVI.

Cobham Hall.

IN the north-western part of Kent—about half-way between the curious old town of Gravesend, with its houses slipping downhill into the river, and the immense mass of dingy brick-and-mortar known as Chatham, Rochester, and Strand—stands Cobham Hall, the famous seat of an ancient Kentish family.

The great houses of Kent are interesting in their uniqueness. Penshurst is a castle still, with its mighty hall five



SKETCH IN THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

centuries old; Knole is a congeries of countless picturesque old rooms; the family histories of both have their flavour of romance, are studded with famous or notorious names. Cobham wears its antiquity with a difference. The house is great and stately, but its main interest is to be found in its galleries of wonderful pictures. The history is that of an important English family—not of the very highest fame, like the Stanleys or the Cecils—but of a substantial influence, the leader of its county, sending every generation or so a great statesman to help to lead the nation: a family which held its place, estates and honours descending without a break from father to child, for some four hundred years.

Such a history, of a line unbroken from the days of John till those of James II., has a completeness, a continuity perhaps unrivalled; and they were sturdy English nobles, the Lords of Cobham—warriors and statesmen, living long and living vigorously, marrying their three or five times, leaving their families of fourteen or so, ruling their neighbours and adding to their lands. We have the records of their rise, of their long and on the whole little varied prosperity, of their decline and somewhat swift extinction. In Holinshed and many other of our old books of history, their doings are told; and, in the village that bears their name, the most complete and remarkable series of brasses to be found in England preserves for all churchgoers their features and their dates.

The family seems to have taken its name from the village, where in the twelfth century Serlo de Cobham held some property. His son Henry—said to have been one of the Crusaders who fought in the siege of Acre in 1191—obtained a grant of the manors of Cobham and Shorne from a Norman soldier known as William, Knight of the Four Seas ("Quatremer"). Henry was Lieutenant of Dover Castle, and died in the year 1225, leaving—as in the good old stories of "once upon a time" people always did—three sons to succeed him: John, known as the Elder, Henry "of Roundall" (in Shorne), and Reginald or Reinold "of Allington"; for the eldest son very properly made a division of the estates with his brothers. John reigned in Cobham for a full quarter of a century, apparently a prosperous gentleman—old records show him to have been Keeper of Rochester Castle, Sheriff of Kent, a Justice Itinerant (as were his two brothers), and a Justice of the Common Pleas; and moreover he added to his estates the manors of Cowling and West Chalk. He was twice married, and, like his father, left three sons.

John "the Younger" succeeded his father, and soon took a leading part in county politics. From 1258 to 1261 he was Sheriff of Kent; and in 1264 he aided Simon De Montfort at the siege of Rochester in the Barons' War. As one often sees in the history of the Cobhams, there was little rancour in these English civil wars. Within three years of this (unsuccessful) siege, the King had made his defeated opponent one of his Justices, both Itinerant and of the Common Pleas; and the next Monarch, Edward I., not only made him a Sergeant-at-Law, and, a little later, a Baron of the Exchequer, but actually appointed him, for life, Constable of that very Rochester Castle which he had tried to take from Henry III.—and which his executors, oddly enough, objected to deliver up to the Bishop of London. It is interesting to note that his yearly allowance for his expenses as Justice Itinerant was £40; and that the sturdy old gentleman marched to Scotland with the King against William Wallace when he was close upon his seventieth year. The army had, however, to return to England for want of provisions; and it is very likely that the hardships of the war hastened John de Cobham's end.

His eldest son and successor, Henry "the Younger" (so called to distinguish him from his father's brother, Henry "le Uncle," of Roundall) also fought in Scotland; and was knighted, with three others of the family, at the siege of Carlaverock. Henry was forty years old when his father died; he was the eldest son by that first wife, Joan de Septvans, whose memory is perpetuated by the earliest "brass" in the chancel of Cobham Church. Its inscription runs thus, in its old rhyming French:—

DAME JONE DE KOBEHAM GIST ISI
DEVS DE SA ALME EIT MERCI
KI KE PVR LE ALME PRIERA
QVARETE JOVRS DE PARDOVN AVERA.

"For her soul whoever prays, Shall have pardon forty days"—a common promise of indulgence at that time.

This Henry the Younger was the first to bear the title of Lord of Cobham, by which he was summoned to Parliament in 1313; he became one of the most noted of his house, in his long and busy life of seventy-nine years. Constable (like his father and his son) of the castle and city of Rochester, Constable of Dover and Canterbury Castles, Governor of the castle and honour of Tunbridge, Warden of the Cinque Ports, "Guardian of all the lands forfeited by the King's enemies in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex," he had many duties and many prisoners to look after. The most famous of the latter was Queen Elizabeth of Scotland, wife of Robert Bruce, and ancestress of those Lords of Darnley who, centuries later, came to bear rule at Cobham.

When the famous Order of the Templars was prosecuted and dissolved, Henry Lord Cobham was appointed custodian of their lands in Surrey and Sussex. He was a Justice, too, and a tried soldier; summoned to take his part against the Scotch; to raise troops and march to join the King against the Earl of Lancaster, at Coventry; to lead the Kentish detachment in a projected war with France; and, later, to block the shores of the Thames to prevent a landing of the French.

He died in 1339, at Stoke-under-Hamden, in Somerset. John, his eldest son and the next Baron, had already—seven-and-twenty years before—served as a Knight of the Shire. In those practical days, a member of Parliament was not expected to serve his country for nothing, and John received £26 16s. for his expenses in attending the House for sixty-seven days.

Like his forbears, John the third was a distinguished man in his way—which was not so much the way of law, like that of John the second, nor of the keeping of castles, like the second Henry's, but a naval way: he was indeed Admiral of the King's fleet "from the mouth of the Thames westward"—a title which to our ears savours somewhat of burlesque.

He was a brave soldier, too—made a Knight-banneret for service in the field—and a gentleman of great hospitality, if we may judge from the expression, *cortays viandour* (shall we say "courteous dinner-giver"?) on the brass, in some respects unique, which preserves his memory. The wayfarer in Cobham Church is asked to pray for the soul of the good Knight who "overcame his last enemies" on the morrow of St. Matthew, 1354:—

Vous qe passez icy entour
Priez pur l'alme le cortays viandour
Qe Johan de Cobham avoit a noun
Dieux luy face nerray pardoun
Qe trepassa lendemayn de seint Mathi
Le pulsant otre a demorer one [ly
En lan de] grace Mil CCC L quatre
Ces enemis mortels fist abatre.

Next comes John, third Baron, and last of this line; the best remembered of the Cobhams. "John the Founder" he was called, because he founded that ancient and picturesque college which, in the pretty village of Cobham, is still the most interesting thing, as it stands back behind the church, with its curious high chimneys, dull-red roof, and ivy-covered walls, yellow-grey with extreme old age. It is not a college now, but a hospital, whose ancient pensioners have something of the weather-worn look of those crumbling walls which shelter them.

Cobham Church was greatly rebuilt and adorned by this "pious Founder": who, moreover, built Cowling Castle, not far off, "for the defence of the country," and joined with Sir Robert Knollys in the construction of Rochester Bridge. A liberal-minded, patriotic, and a brave and independent man: too upright to hope for the favour of Kings. Gower, the poet (one of whose executors he was), described him, in the jingling Latin verse of the day:—

Unus erat dignus, patiens, plus atque benignus,
Providens, et justus, morum virtutibus robustus
Non erat obliquus, regni sed verus amicus
Hunc rex odit, in quo bona tanta seclit
Ut dicunt mille, dominus Cobham fuit ille.

During a life of, at all events, over four score and ten years—for he died at least seventy-four years after his marriage—he was constantly employed for the good of his country. Indeed, for many years he seems to have spent most of his time in France, either as a warrior or as a Commissioner to treat for peace. In the very year in which he succeeded his father, 1355, it seems most likely that he was in France (where a very energetic little war was just going on), since we find him paying his wife's father-in-law, Hugh, Earl of Devonshire, £15 6s. 8d. for her board and lodging for a year. Such payment hardly tallies with our ideas of the old English hospitality of a princely family in those days; but there is the Earl's receipt, in antiquated French, for "*quynze liures sys south, & oyet deniers pur le soïourn & autres necessaries Margaret de Cobham n're fyllle sa compaignie*" ("our daughter, his wife").

That same year he was summoned to Parliament as Baron of Cobham, and four years later made one of the brilliant army whose successful expedition into France, under Edward III. himself, was terminated the following autumn by the Treaty of Bretigny. By this treaty King John of France, at that time our prisoner, was allowed to return home, the Dukes of Orleans, Anjou, Berry, and Bourbon becoming hostages; but in 1363 the Duke of Anjou and others broke their knightly parole—another shock to the reader who had faith in those chivalrous days—Lord Cobham was sent to Calais as our King's representative, and King John had to return to his captivity.

Fighting in France and Scotland—and bravely, for he was made a banneret—defending our coasts against the French, and oftentimes an Ambassador to France, Sir John of Cobham passed many years of an active and honoured life. He was a much-trusted public servant; was placed on Committees "to inquire into the expenses of the King's household," "to investigate the complaints of piracy on the high seas," and many others; and was appointed to confer with the Commons on the grant of the franchise and the manumission of villeins.

So far, so good. But in the tenth year of the reign of the foolish young King, Richard II., he was chosen as one of the fourteen Lords, "Governors of the Realm," to inquire into the abuses which, later on, made possible the rebellion of Henry Bolingbroke. In 1388, the Commons impeached the King's Chancellor, the Archbishop of York, De Vere, "Duke of Ireland," and others; and the venerable John de Cobham was one of the Lords Appellants. On the day fixed for their meeting, however—as Mr. Waller tells us in his very full account of

"The Lords of Cobham" ("Archæologia Cantiana," vol. xi.)—"an armed ambuscade was placed at the mews, under the command of Nicholas Brembre, Lord Mayor of London, to waylay them on their route to Westminster. Being duly warned, they avoided the snare, and then demanded a safe-conduct under the King's own hand."

When the time came, it appeared that the Lords Appellants had a very comprehensive idea of their duties, and no intention to shrink from carrying them out. None of the accused put in an appearance; but the Barons declared at length their charges against them, and flung their gloves, as gages of their readiness to support these charges in person against the defendants, upon the floor of the House, before the King. Meanwhile, one of the accused, Sir Robert Tresillian, was arrested, in disguise, within the Abbey precincts, and brought before the Lords. He was by no means loth to decide the matter in single combat; but—despite the aforesaid bravery of his judges—this was not allowed. Both he and Sir Nicholas Brembre were drawn on hurdles to Tyburn and executed.

But when the King for a while got the upper hand again—by tampering with the elections, it is said—he lost no time in taking his revenge upon those subjects who had made him submit to such humiliation. Even the walls of a monastery did not protect the good Lord Cobham. Though he had taken refuge with the Carthusians, and renounced the world, he was dragged forth, sent to the Tower, tried, and doomed to death: the statesman of eighty was to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, and his estates confiscated to the Crown. But even Richard did not dare to carry out this sentence. Lord Cobham was banished to Jersey, and there remained till Henry Bolingbroke overthrew the King, against whom one of the heaviest charges was his treatment of the "Lords Appellants." The last public act of John the Founder's life was the signing of the entail of the Crown upon the sons of Henry IV.

The great statesman of Cobham left no child to succeed him. His daughter Joan, who was married to Sir John de la Pole, died some twenty years before her father; and as she again left no male heir, her daughter inherited the estate—a second Joan, whose husbands were, for their time, the Lords of Cobham.

I say husbands, for she had five. They were all Knights—Sir Robert, Sir Reginald, Sir Nicholas, Sir John, and again Sir John. Sir Robert Hemenhale, of a good Norfolk house, married her when she was quite a girl. There was one child, a boy, who died in infancy; and Sir Robert went to rest in Westminster Abbey in 1391. Joan was still under age when she married Sir Reginald Braybrooke, a man of distinguished family; and this union lasted for about a dozen years. Sir Reginald fought in Ireland in 1399, and died abroad, in Holland, in 1405. There were two sons and a daughter of this marriage; but it is curious how about this time there was fated to be no male heir to Cobham. Though the Lady Joan had (as appears by her brass in the church) ten children in all—only the last marriage being childless—yet one girl alone survived her parents; and Joan the grand-daughter, like Joan the daughter and Joan the mother, was heiress to the lands of Cobham.

Not more than a year after Sir Reginald Braybrooke's death his widow wedded one Sir Nicholas Hawberk, of whom little is known but that he was of no great family, but was a proper man of his hands, overthrowing, "horse and man," one Cokeborne, Esquire, of Scotland, in the jousts at Smithfield, in 1393. He was a widower when he married Joan. She was a widow again in a year or little more.

Three months after the death of Sir Nicholas, "John the Founder" died, and the thrice-wedded Joan succeeded him as ruler at Cobham. So wealthy a lady as she had now become was not likely to remain unwooed; and in about a year she married the most famous of her husbands—Sir John Oldcastle, whom some historians make a hero, and others the prototype of Falstaff. This latter charge, however, Shakspeare distinctly denies—"Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man"—and there seems no reason that we should not take the highest estimate of his character.

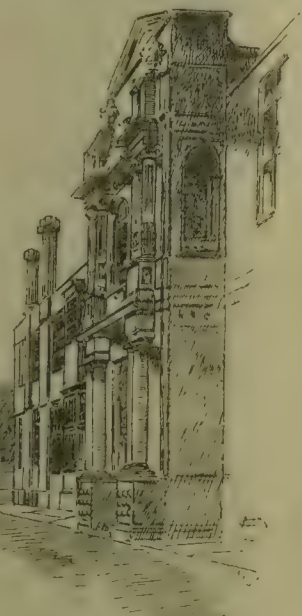
That he was a brave warrior there is no question; and his attitude as a protector of Lollards is little likely to do him harm in these days. In his own, however, it brought him to death. He was tried for heresy, excommunicated—which involved all the consequences of the more modern boycotting—and sent to the Tower. Hence, however, he escaped, and fled to Wales. A thousand marks were offered for his capture, dead or alive; he eluded pursuit for four years; but was then taken (grievously wounded), again condemned for heresy, and—on Christmas Day, 1417, in the presence of an immense crowd of orthodox holiday-makers—drawn on a hurdle through the city, and, in the new place of execution, at the gate of St. Giles's Hospital, "hung, and burnt hanging."

Joan's fifth husband—Sir John Harpenden, of the old Hertfordshire family—distinguished himself chiefly by outliving his wife four and twenty years. Joan was, indeed, despite her many marriages, by no means a very old woman when, in 1354, she died: as far as one can make out, only about sixty or sixty-one. The beautiful brass to her memory gives her a somewhat stately figure; its inscription, curiously enough, only describes her as the "wife of Sir Reginald Braybrooke."

Joan the third married a Somersetshire gentleman, Thomas Brooke, who was in Parliament as Knight of the Shire for Dorset, and afterwards for Somerset, and who received the dignity of knighthood about 1420. He died before the Lady Joan, leaving a family of fourteen children; and his eldest son, Edward, was summoned to Parliament by the title of Lord Cobham—which had been in abeyance for thirty-two years, since the time of Oldcastle. Sir Edward fought in the wars of the Roses and on the winning side—for though he married the daughter of the Lancastrian Lord Audley, he was a trusted friend of Richard, Duke of York, and (with John Bagenhall) commanded the Kentish forces in the battle of Northampton.

His son John, the next Baron, led the Royal forces to victory at the battle of Blackheath—which peaceful suburb is

ENTRANCE-DOOR, 1670.



now hardly to be imagined as a battlefield—and the commander of the rebels was his grandfather, the Lord Audley just named, who was captured and afterwards beheaded. Yet when Henry of Lancaster came to the throne Lord Cobham seems to have had no great difficulty in obtaining his friendship and his confidence, for the King employed him as an Ambassador to Flanders.

The sixth Baron, Thomas, son of John, was a distinguished soldier, and high in favour with Henry VIII. We find him attending the King at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and during the visit of the Emperor Charles V. to England; he was one of the twelve Barons who tried the unhappy Duke of Buckingham; and was a Commissioner for the levying of taxes in the county of Kent. These taxes were both illegal and oppressive—four shillings in the pound for the clergy, three-and-fourpence for the laity—and Lord Cobham's action shows that he, like the rest of the waning nobility, had lost, under the Tudors, the old sturdy independence of the great Barons.

His eldest son died in his lifetime, and the second, George, became his heir. George was made a Knight of the Garter by Henry VIII., and was the Lord Deputy of Calais. He was cast into prison by Mary, on suspicion of sharing the rebellion of Wyatt; though he had opposed Wyatt's entrance to his castle of Cowling.

With the next Baron, William, the fortunes of the House of Cobham stood high, before their final fall. He was a favourite of Elizabeth, and during a Royal progress in Kent entertained her at Cobham—where is a room called by her name, perhaps on no very high authority. He was employed as an ambassador, was made Knight of the Garter and a member of the Privy Council, and, like so many of his family, was Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Governor of Dover Castle. He endowed a new College on the site of that built by John the Founder, and died in 1596.

To him succeeded the weakest and worst of the Cobhams: Henry Brooke, whose confession—of a conspiracy against the Cecils—ruined the noble Raleigh. For this confession Henry received a pardon; but, with a characteristic meanness of cruelty, James I. had the three Lords—Cobham, Markham, and Grey—who were doomed to death, actually brought to the block and shrived by the priest before their pardon was announced.

All Lord Cobham's possessions were seized by the King, and he was himself confined to the Tower "during his Majesty's pleasure." "The miserable man was almost starved," says Weldon, "had not a trencher-scraper, some time his servant at Court, relieved him with scraps!"

He died in 1619, without issue. His brother, George Brooke, succeeded, was beheaded as a conspirator, and left a son who was made a Knight of the Bath; but the male line became extinct in 1651, with the death of Sir John Brooke, made Baron of Cobham in the twentieth year of Charles I.

So disappeared a great and representative English house; and the history of the later Lords of Cobham may be very briefly told. James II. granted the estates to his kinsman, Lodowick Stuart, Duke of Lenox; from him they descended for some four generations, then passed to a cousin germaine, Charles Stuart, Earl of Lichfield, and then became the subject of a very remarkable lawsuit which followed the death, in 1707, of their next owner, Sir Joseph Williamson. Sir Joseph—a very wealthy man, and the originator of the *London Gazette*—had married the sister and heiress of Lord Lichfield, and bought back Cobham Hall, which had been sold for debt; and he left two thirds of his estate to his widow, and one third to Mrs. Mary Hornsby, who had been his housekeeper. The suit was brought—in opposition to Mrs. Hornsby's claim—by John Bligh, the husband of the sister of the son of the daughter, by her first husband, of Sir Joseph Williamson's widow. This sounds sufficiently complex; but it will be seen that it is nothing to the complications which might have arisen among the five families of the Lady Joan. In the end, Mrs. Hornsby's suit was settled, in 1731, by the payment of £50,000 by Edward, second Lord Darnley. (The John Bligh above mentioned had been created first Earl of Darnley in 1725; and the earldom has remained in the family ever since, with the estate and the great house of Cobham.)

The house, as it now stands, was built by instalments, divided by two intervals of something less than a century apiece. It is a great rectangular building, in the shape of the letter H, only with the top half closed, so as to form a quadrangle, and an addition (of stables and coach-house) at the right-hand top corner. The H lies nearly east and west; and its lower limbs, called the north and south wings, were the first built—their builders being the two last Barons of Cobham, and their dates from 1584 to 1603. The crossbar of the H was built for the Duke of Lenox by Inigo Jones, partly on the remains of an earlier house; and from 1770 to 1818 the third and fourth Earls of Darnley added (or, as regards some portions, rebuilt) the "Kitchen-square," which forms the upper part of the H. By these two Earls—whose architects were James Wyatt and the Reptons—the interior of the house was entirely remodelled, and very greatly improved in comfort and convenience.

The finest view of Cobham Hall is, I think, from the near end of the great avenue, which was the ancient and noble approach to it. Here two sides of the house are seen—the south, long and low, of red brick like all the rest, varied and broken up with turrets, mullioned windows, high chimneys, and cupola-tower, and overlooking a little plain with stone-walled ponds and fountain; and the west front, with its great open quadrangle—if so Irish a figure may be admitted—formed by the stately Elizabethan wings and the more Classic centre. The warm red of the walls stands out against the trim grass and gravel at their feet; it is broken in the north wing by the great grey Tudor doorway, a stately work, built by William Lord Cobham of two hundred tons of stone from Caen, and bearing the date 1594, and the inscription *Deo Opt. Max.*

The chief entrance to the house is rather curiously placed, under an archway in a long covered corridor, projecting northwards from the middle of the north side (a continuation of the cross bar of the H, one might say). Passing inwards up the long Gothic entrance hall, beneath the arms of Elizabeth, and by the ancient fireplace, on which is blazoned the coat of William Brooke, Lord Cobham, a turning to the right brings

us to the Large Dining-Room, where hang some of the finest portraits in the house.

The room is fine, quiet, simply furnished; with woodwork of a soft brown, a brown ceiling fretted with gold, and much brightness of white marble—a statue at the end of the room, marble arches, a kind of marble fountain by the long, small-paned window, and (over the blazing fire of logs, piled on the massive fire-dogs) a high chimneypiece, of marbles, black and white. This reaches to the ceiling, and in its midst stands up a statue of Pomona—white against a black background—with



OLD TREE IN THE PARK.

great vases to the right and left; and a curious picture of Moses striking the rock is outlined on the black marble.

Among the most interesting portraits are the Mary Stuart, painted after her death, the execution shown in the background; the Charles I. of Mytens, with a face so noble that critics think it must be someone else; the fourth Duke of Lenox (by Vandyke), his hand on the head of his faithful dog; and the charming "Lady Frances Cole"—a lovely child—by Reynolds, said to be the last picture he finished.

When these, and many more, have been long studied, we may go—in half a dozen steps—to the room which was called by George IV. the finest he had ever seen. This is the lofty and brilliant Music-room, all flashing with white marble and gold tracery, light and rich, after the fashion of Louis Quinze. It is thirty-two feet in height, and at its ends are two galleries, upheld by yellow pillars of scagliola. Along the balustrade of the organ gallery is just one line of red—a crimson velvet cushion, there placed at the suggestion of Sir Edwin Landseer to add colour to the room. To the height of one storey the walls are entirely of white veined marble; from the ceiling—designed by Inigo Jones, rich with the arms and monograms, in gold on white, of Dukes of Lenox—there hangs a round gilded chandelier; and over the carved marble mantelpiece is the great Vandyke which shows us Lords John and Bernard Stuart—young "bucks" of that day—brave in their blue and

library should be. It is a very pretty room—or pair of rooms, rather, divided by little pillars, with two fireplaces, cheery and comforting; and the colouring is warm and (shall I say?) British, dotted and broken up into spaces of red, and green, and brown, and cream-colour, glimmering with mirrors, with family portraits looking down from the walls. Lord Darnley's grandfather—a good picture by Phillips—hangs in state above the quaint china on the chimneypiece; and there are two pretty pictures of the Queen, as a child and a young woman, by Fowler. Yet the famous rooms at Cobham—famous for their priceless contents—are of course the Picture Gallery and the Portrait Gallery. From the Music-Room one goes to them up the grand staircase—built of stone, cold, white, and broad, with solid railings of iron, curved and gilt. On the ceiling above are the arms of Lenox, with the motto, *Avant D'Arny*; and great game-pictures hang on the walls.

In the long Picture Gallery the ceiling is painted like the blue sky, but with a red border; and the walls are red. There are four fireplaces, of which the chief one is magnificently carved in white marble, and bears the date 1599—the time of that unhappy Lord Cobham of whose fall I have spoken, and who (as if by some strange prevision) had here placed as motto, "Sibi quisque naufragium facit."

The artist who did this and other marble-work—perhaps, indeed, all the sculpture in the buildings—was an unlucky Dutchman named Giles de Whitt, specially brought over from Holland by the noble owner, who had to be reminded (by a conscientious steward) of his duty to the poor fellow. "Yr. Lo: must resolve," wrote the steward, "what and how much you are pleased to have done by Giles de Whitt, either upon some newe Chymney piece, or upon my Lo: yor. father's tombe, that the poore man may have some worcke, to get wherewithall to maintaine and susteyne himself."

Among the painters at Cobham, the great master is Titian; and to some minds his finest picture will be the one first seen—a glorious portrait of Ariosto. The poet stands, his arms folded, wearing a plain, grey, heavy dress; and in the dark voluptuous beauty of his face one seems to read the man's whole character. The most famous Titian in the gallery, the Europa, is unrivalled in the luxurious beauty of its colouring, and the wonderful flesh-painting of the superb girl-figure; yet the greater "human interest"—the beauty which is more of insight than of technique—is in the portrait.

A tremendous picture by Rubens—"one of the most magnificent gallery-pictures in Europe," says Mr. F. G. Stephens, in his interesting paper on the masterpieces at Cobham—is that which shows us Thomyris, Queen of the Massagetæ, causing the head of Cyrus to be plunged into a vessel of blood. The picture is all strength and freshness, with a curious realism in the faces and figures of the lookers-on.

A companion-picture, for its strength, is the gloomy and splendid "Death of Regulus," by Salvator Rosa. The unlucky Roman is being vigorously rolled down-hill, and the whole scene is alive with action.

Then there are other Titians: a jolly little Rubens, of Cupids: a curious Carlo Dolci—a picture within a picture, the inner one being a very large portrait of their founder which the Virgin is handing down to the Dominicans. And—in that room adjoining this Gallery, which is called, on no known authority, Queen Elizabeth's—are four most curious and valuable allegorical pictures by Paolo Veronese.

The Portrait Gallery is a long, low, narrow corridor of pale grey-green, overlooking the plain buildings of the great servants' quadrangle; along its western side one sees the faces of almost all the greatest men of our history. Here is Shakspeare, and a very smooth, uninteresting person the painter has made him; while not far off is the presentment of Sir Philip Sidney, by just as much rougher than one has usually seen him. Locke's troubled, curious face is here; and Dryden, dismal, sleepy, and feminine. Several of the great men of the period when (as Thackeray says) all the great men were fat, are shown in their fullest fatness: the blue-cheeked, half-shaven Steele; the plump and piglike Swift; the substantial Bolingbroke; with, as the necessary exception, Pope's thin fretful face. Perhaps the face and forehead which strike one as the finest in all the gallery—solid, intellectual, manly—are those of Betterton, the great actor; and another big, powerful head is that of Sir Hugh Myddelton, who holds a picture of the New River. Royal people—Mary Stuart, Elizabeth, Catherine of Russia—there are, of course, in abundance.

Of the private rooms of Cobham I have not space to speak: of the charming gardens, the beautiful park, a very few words must be enough. Not thirty years ago, much of the private grounds—which, by-the-way, cover fifty-five acres—was a wilderness, but since that time they have been laid out carefully and with taste. Of the old avenues many have been cut down, but the Grand Avenue is still as magnificent a one as can be seen, with its four parallel rows, 1100 yards in length, of glorious limes.

The gate at the further end of this avenue is now closed to the public: on which slender foundation is built the legend that the stately walk is never used but at the funeral of an owner of Cobham—a story which Charles Dickens was not ashamed to tell to Cyrus Field, who trustfully printed it!

In the private grounds stands the pretty chalet, given to Dickens by Fechter, in which the great novelist wrote most of his later books. This is a little two-storey building of wood, the upper room being fitted up as a study, with hangings of the curious pea-green that Dickens loved. His family asked their father's old neighbour, the Earl of Darnley, to place it in his garden.

The park contains 700 acres, and is seven or eight miles round. There are fine sweeps of hill, sometimes bare, sometimes studded with great trees, standing single and in groups. There are woods, too, of noble trees, often knee-deep in bracken: a grand ash, whose gigantic widespread roots tell of a century of growth; immense sturdy oaks, and beautiful elms; fine old pollard chestnuts, and many noble ruins of great trees, blown down in recent gales—for there has been rough work of late years—where the green, broken trunk lies on the ground, and the dry hulk stands desolate.

The most famous tree of Cobham is, of course, the great chestnut known as the Four Sisters, one of whose stems was



OLD TREE AFTER A STORM.

amber satin, shadowed by no foreboding of their early deaths in battle for their King.

The room is further brightened, as all such rooms should be, with mirrors; and at its western end four windows above and four below look out towards the lawn.

Between this Music-Room and the Library comes the Vestibule, a kind of boudoir or snuggery: a quaint and happy little place in green and white, divided by an arch and pillars, behind which, in the dim background, is a round divan of Turkish luxuriance. Tall, grey-green vases adorn the little chamber; and a French window opens into the great quadrangle, just where, it is said, was formerly the grand entrance to the house (whence the room's name of Vestibule).

Then comes the Library, delightful, homely, cosy, as a

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XVI.



1. Front View. 2. In the Woods approaching the Park. 3. Entrance-Gate. 4. Left Wing, from the Park.

5. On the Road to Cobham Hall. 6. A Corner of the House, from the Park. 7. The Road approaching Cobham Hall.

COBHAM HALL, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

unfortunately blown down in April, 1887. Of this Lord Darnley kindly sends the following account:—

"This venerable relic of sylvan antiquity, although consisting of four distinct stems, had, until closely examined, the appearance of a single tree. It was probably the second Spanish chestnut-tree in this country in point of size, the celebrated Tortworth chestnut being the first. The measurement of the latter is given by Strutt as being fifty-two feet at five feet from the ground; that of the Four Sisters, twenty-nine feet at three feet and thirty-three feet at twelve feet from the ground."

By the public path from Rochester—trodden by the immortal feet of Pickwick and his companions, on their way to join the disconsolate Tupman at the Cobham Leather Bottle—there stands high up, as a landmark, a Mausoleum, which may be described as a Greek temple with a pyramid at top. Rumour says that it has never been used, as there was a difficulty about its consecration; and, further, that in it abides a hermit—indeed, the Earl of Darnley has often received applications for the post. Need it be said that the rumour is as wrong as usual?

From many points of the park one has a distant glimpse, across a wide slope of grass, of the long line of the great avenue, looking, through the haze of a winter day, like the dark battalions of an army on the march. Over the hillsides are dotted the small black and white Shetland cattle, with their roughish coats, no two marked alike; among the trees glance the great herds of deer; little rabbits dart and dip about; and the rooks caw, as they come in their long line over the great red house, which stands back, half-hidden by the ancient trees, where the long avenue ends. EDWARD ROSE.

MUSIC.

THE BRISTOL FESTIVAL.

The sixth of these triennial celebrations terminated on Oct. 19. The opening performance of "Elijah" (already briefly referred to) included, as principal vocalists, Madame Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The selection from Gluck's opera "Iphigénie en Tauride" (given at the evening concert of the same date) was an interesting example of the noble simplicity of style by which the composer redeemed the opera stage of his time from the prevailing Italian frivolities and inanities. Madame Albani's fine delivery of the soprano portion was an admirable feature of the performance. Her coadjutors were Miss M. Gane, Mr. W. Mills, and Mr. W. Thomas. As previously said, another specialty of this programme was Sir Charles Hallé's artistic rendering of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor. The concert also comprised interesting vocal and orchestral pieces that do not call for specific mention.

The morning performances of the other days of the festival week included Cherubini's fine fourth Mass (in C), followed by Dr. Mackenzie's dramatic cantata "The Rose of Sharon." The principal soloists in the Mass were Madame Albani, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. Santley, those in the cantata having been Mesdames Albani and Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd and Mr. Santley, and Mr. Worlock. Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" music (soloists, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley) and Sir Arthur Sullivan's dramatic cantata "The Golden Legend" (with Madame Albani, Madame Belle Cole, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. W. Thomas as solo vocalists) formed the morning programme of Oct. 18; "The Messiah" having closed the festival on Oct. 19. The solo vocalists on this last occasion were Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Worlock.

The second of the evening concerts opened with Berlioz's dramatic symphony "Romeo and Juliet"—a work that comprises much beautiful and effective music, together with some of that eccentricity which colours most of the composer's works. The solo vocalists were Madame Belle Cole, Mr. C. Banks, and Mr. W. Mills. Miscellaneous orchestral and vocal pieces completed this programme. The last of the evening concerts—on Oct. 18—comprised some effective orchestral and vocal performances of pieces too familiar to call for specific mention. It is much to be regretted that the continued indisposition of Madame Trebelli hindered her from fulfilling her engagement at the Bristol Festival, where she was readily replaced by Madame Belle Cole.

Sir Charles Hallé's fine band, with himself as conductor, a powerful and well-trained chorus, and the eminent solo singers already named, have combined to realise performances mostly worthy of the standard classical works of which the programmes have chiefly consisted. Mr. Rootham, as chorus-master, and Mr. Riseley, as organist, have rendered efficient services to the festival proceedings.

The opening of the thirty-third series of the Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts on Oct. 13 was duly recorded by us. At the second concert of the series, on Oct. 20, the programme comprised two works, given for the first time here—a symphony (No. 2) by Herr Goldmark, and a "Concerto Romantique" for violin, by M. Benjamin Godard. The symphony is a work of a similar class to one by the same composer, entitled "A Country Wedding," that has been given at these concerts and elsewhere with much success. The second symphony contains much effective writing, especially in the earlier portions, and may well find a second hearing. The violin piece contains many passages affording scope for executive display, which were brilliantly rendered by M. Johannes Wolf. Other portions of the concert require no mention beyond stating that vocal solos were successfully rendered by Madame Valleria and Mr. Braxton Smith.

Mr. William Carter will give the first of a new series of grand concerts at the Royal Albert Hall on Oct. 31, with a Scotch festival.

Mr. W. Nicholl is to begin a new series of his interesting chamber concerts at Prince's Hall on Nov. 1, when a varied and attractive programme of vocal and instrumental music will be offered.

Dr. Latham delivered the annual Harveian oration at the Royal College of Physicians on Oct. 18.

Sir Edward Watkin, Bart., M.P., was on Oct. 18 presented with an address from the electors of the Parliamentary borough of Hythe, on the occasion of his departure for India.

The Lord Mayor entertained at the Mansion House on Oct. 17 a large number of the Mayors and Provosts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

A deputation representing the ratepayers of Kensington waited upon Mr. James Heywood at his residence, Palace-gardens, on Oct. 20, to present him with a bust of himself, executed in white Carrara marble, by Mr. Adams Acton, in acknowledgment of his gift of a library, which is to form a nucleus for the new Free Library in Kensington.

The Wax-Chandlers' Company have enriched their hall in Gresham-street with a stained-glass window containing their arms, granted in the time of Richard III., surrounded by those of members of the Court. The whole has been carried out by Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, under the direction of Mr. Horatio Gregory, clerk of the Company.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

J. H. BLACKBURN.—Many thanks for the game and the information.
E. W. P. (Windsor).—Held over for want of space.
HERWARD.—There has been some confusion, which we cannot at the moment explain. The problem shall be re-examined with a view to publication.
E. R. E.—We do not publish self-mates; and as you send no solution of your position, we cannot offer an opinion on its merits.
JEFF ALLEN (Bomby).—We have a large number of two-movers yet to be published, and cannot, therefore, promise an early appearance of yours, even if it stands examination.
E. HALLIWELL (Bolton).—Your problem is marked for insertion, if sound.
J. ANYDALIS.—Thanks for problem, which shall not be overlooked.
F. HEALY, Carlisle W. Wood, Mrs. Baird, J. P. Taylor, W. T. Pierce, J. Pierce, B. G. Laws, Signor Aspa, W. Biddle, E. Halliwell, Hereward, J. Anydalis, A. Silveira, L. Desanges, and Columbus are severally thanked for the problems so courteously placed at our disposal.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2320 received from J. W. Shaw (Montreal), G. J. Veale, and J. Rutter; of No. 2322 from J. Sazo, A. W. Hamilton Gell, Alpha, Mermitt, J. Bryden, B. Reynolds, J. G. Hankin, Quidnunc, and W. H. D. (Woburn).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2323 received from Hereward, B. Reynolds, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), Howard A. E. Gasella (Paris), Martin F. Dwyer, A. Newnham, E. Lacey, W. Hillier, Jupiter Junior, G. J. Veale, E. Phillips, J. Bryden, R. F. N. Banks, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Peterhouse, Julia Short (Exeter), T. G. (Ware), T. Roberts (Hackney), Dr. Gustav Waltz (Heidelberg), Mrs. Kelly, D. McCoy (Galway), W. S. (Sheffield), E. Loudon, R. Warters (Canterbury), Columbus, W. R. Raitlen, R. H. Brooks, L. Desanges, Dr. F. St. E. Lucas, Percy Ewen, and J. Dixon (Colchester).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2321.

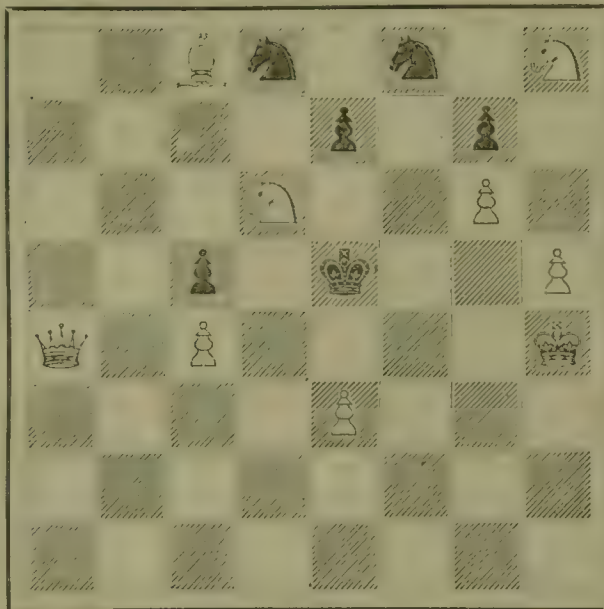
WHITE.
1. B to K 2nd
2. Kt to K 3rd
3. Kt Mates.
BLACK.
P takes P
K takes Kt

Numerous correspondents point out a solution in two moves by 1. Kt to B 6th.

PROBLEM No. 2325.

By L. DESANGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

BRITISH CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played between Mr. GUNSBURG and the Rev. J. OWEN.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Mr. O.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	15. P takes P	Kt takes Q P
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q B 3rd	16. Kt takes P	Kt (Q 4th) to K 5th
3. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th		
4. P to K 5th	Kt to Q R 3rd		
If B takes Kt Black answers with Q to R 4th (ch).			
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to B 2nd	Loss of time. The Knight is well posted, and should not have been moved. B to R 3rd, threatening a Pawn not easily defended, would have been better.	
6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	17. Kt to K 4th	
7. Castles	P to Kt 3rd	White's position is decidedly the better of the two.	
Black is constructing an elaborately defensive position, but this Pawn is moved from a post where it would presently prove useful to one in which the subsequent proceedings do not interest it.			
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q B 4th	17. B to Kt sq	B to K 2nd
9. Q to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd		Kt to Q 4th
10. B to K 2nd	B to Q Kt 2nd	A confession of the weakness of his 16th move.	
11. K to R sq	Q to Q 2nd	19. Kt to Q B 2nd	Castles (Q R)
12. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	20. Kt to K 3rd	Q to B 2nd
13. Q R to Q sq		Losing the exchange and the game, K R to B sq would have left Black with some fight; but he was, in any case, getting hard pressed. The remaining moves are merely a massacre of his forces.	
Black's game is strong only in appearance, and with true strategical instinct White detects the weakness of his opponent's centre, and acts accordingly.			
13. Kt to B 3rd		21. Kt to Q 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
14. P to B 4th		22. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
		23. Kt takes P	B to B 4th
		24. Kt takes K R	P to Q 5th
		25. Kt takes P	P takes Kt
		26. B takes Kt P	Kt to Kt 5th
		27. B to K 4th	B to Q B sq
		28. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q 6th
		29. Q to B 3rd	Kt to B 7th
		30. R takes P	
			and wins.

Mr. Blackburne, who is now starring the provinces, gave an exhibition of his skill at Trowbridge on the evenings of Oct. 10 and 11. On the first night he played thirty-six simultaneous games, of which he only lost two and drew three, winning the rest; and the following evening, when meeting eight opponents, blindfold, he won six, drew one, and lost one. His programme includes visits to Birmingham, Manchester, and Luton. On Nov. 3 he gives a blindfold performance at the British Chess Club.

At the Dover Chess Club, on Oct. 15, Mr. Bird played twenty simultaneous games, of which he won seventeen, drew two, and lost one. Some of the games were very spirited, being forced by the single player in characteristic style.

The match between the Athenæum and North London Chess Clubs, played at the rooms of the latter on Oct. 11, resulted in a victory for the Athenæum team by 9½ games to 5½.

"The Chess-Player's Pocket-Book and Manual of the Openings," by James Mortimer (Wyman and Sons).—Chess-players of all classes ought to be grateful to Mr. Mortimer for this excellent little work, which is so simple in idea that the wonder is no one has ever thought of it before. Within a compass permitting the book to be easily slipped into a breast-pocket, the author has managed to give the first ten moves of sixty-one different openings, including such novelties as the Pierce and the two Blackmar gambits, whilst an appendix provides further analyses of the leading attacks. The volume is, in fact, an exhaustive compendium of the labours of all the analysts, and contains as much real instruction in the openings as one ten times its size. There are, of course, no notes; but by an ingenious code of signs, the value of different lines of play, or of particular moves, is as fully indicated as in any of the ordinary text books. In each case the criticism is Mr. Mortimer's own; but his proved merits as a player necessarily command respect for his judgment as a commentator. We already owe to him some interesting variations in the most popular lines of play; but we consider that in this manual he has done still more for the game. So far as our examination has gone, we have discovered no defects of any kind, and great care has evidently been taken to avoid errors. The volume is daintily got up, and its price (one shilling) brings it within the reach of everyone. We wish it all the success it deserves, and shall be surprised if it does not obtain a large demand.

The tenth annual Brewers', Mineral Water Manufacturers' and Allied Trades' Exhibition was opened at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on Oct. 22, and continued till the 27th.

The Board of Trade have received two silver medals and their diplomas, which have been awarded by the French Government to Mr. William Garson, second mate, and John Neill, seaman, of the British steam-ship Richmond, in recognition of their services to the passengers and crew of the French vessel Ville de Victoria, which foundered in Lisbon Harbour on Dec. 24, 1885.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OYSTERS.

That window in the oyster-shop has always had a strange fascination for me, and I never contemplate the bivalves in its tanks without a sigh of regret that so much in the way of complex anatomy should glide over the human throat without exciting even a quiver to mark its sense of the social barbarity to which it has been subjected. It is curious, too, to note how different are the feelings with which we of these islands regard two nearly-related molluscs—the oyster and the snail. For the former we pay down cheerfully our two-and-six or three-and-six per dozen on Mrs. Driver's counter, while the dainty, vegetable-feeding snail (costing us, as imported, nothing like such prices) is eschewed as a Continental culinary and gastronomic eccentricity. I suppose it always will be so in the matter of our food. We are terribly insular, in a dietetic sense. I do not aspire to the free ideas of John Chinaman, who despises nothing which is edible, and to whom a rat or a dog may come with equal relish as does his trepan or bird's nest (for soup); but I do contend we might enlarge our daily bill-of-fare with great advantage to health and pocket alike. In my many journeyings to and fro over the surface of the earth it is my lot to sojourn frequently at hotels. I find the British waiter has invented a shibboleth which in the matter of breakfast is repeated over the length and breadth of the land. Inquire what there may be ready to offer you for the first meal of the day, and you are answered at hotel No. 1, "Chop-fish-steak-ham-and-eggs, Sir!" At hotel No. 2 it is, "Fish-chop-steak-ham-and-eggs, Sir!" At No. 3 it varies like the same old chimes—"Steak-fish-chop-ham-and-eggs, Sir!"—and so on, from Land's End to John o' Groat's, the refrain ceaseth never.

What this plaint of mine has to do with oysters may not, I confess, be apparent all at once; but my logical position is, luckily, secure. I contend that, as we have gone out of our (edible) way, ages ago, to devour the mollusc, we should progress a little further on the same (dietetic) lines. Why not enlarge and extend the British bill-of-fare? Here is a topic for my friend Mr. Payn. The oyster must have been "a great departure" in its time. Imagine the attitude of the solid and eminently respectable Britisher who first swallowed an oyster. It was, in truth, a great feat; it led to a great innovation in food delicacies, and I trust it may be repeated in the case of many of the products of marine zoology as yet limited to the aquarium. The late Mr. Gosse used to relate how once upon a time he cooked and ate a sea-anemone. In the days of my youth, fired with a strong emulation to imitate my masters in science, I went and did likewise. The experiment was not a success. The anemone was tough, and it wanted a nice *Sauce Hollandaise*, say, to make one fancy it was only cod-fish after all. Unfortunately I had to cook the animal myself (the head of the kitchen in those days refused to "mess about," as she put it, with "such filthy things"), and there were no directions in any of the estimable manuals of the culinary art at my command whereby I might be guided in my attempts in food-reform. Later on I may "return to my anemone"; but it will be rather in a literary than in a culinary sense, I fear. You get nice fresh cuttlefish on the Mediterranean borders, and it tastes like nicely-done tripe. Everybody has had (or thinks he has enjoyed) frogs' hind legs in Paris; but "you can never be sure," as the comic song has it, unless you go to the Halles Centrales and buy your frogs nicely skewered on those little bits of wood, each looking for all the world like a monkey on a stick. Anyhow, I always take mine oyster as a proof that once upon a time we did make a step in the direction of a fuller menu; and when one thinks of the endless reiteration of the "beef, pork, mutton," and of the "chop-fish-steak-ham-and-eggs, Sir!" I can only hope (without being a Sybarite) that when we next enlarge our dietary I may be there to see—and to partake likewise.

Our oyster is designated, somewhat unfeelingly, I confess, in natural history text-books, "a headless bivalve." Whether it ever possessed a head or not, the sequel doth not show. I can certainly hie back, if you will, in oyster-history, and trace for you its development; but even in its early days there is no appearance of a head. Hence it is an inferior creature in this sense to your snail or whelk, which not only possesses a head, but contrives to see a good deal of the world in the course of its somewhat laboured peregrinations.

The oysters lying in Mrs. Driver's tank this morning are gaping widely enough. You might almost think they had died in the night; but when you tap the shell ever so lightly you notice how it closes with a somewhat leisurely but highly determined motion. Now, this observation proves two things to the inquiring mind. It shows, first of all, that the bivalve exhibits a quick appreciation of the "tapping at its garden-gate"; in other words, it is provided with a very distinct nervous system. Then, secondly, you observe that it possesses a powerful muscle wherewith the shell is closed. Look at the empty valve or shell from which you have just removed its tenant. You see the oval impression on the valve showing where the muscle was attached, and you note on the other and companion valve, the neighbour impression. Between the two valves of the shell, then, there stretches this strong band of muscular fibres: so strong that it requires the deft hand of the oyster-opener to detach them. This muscle which closes the valves and keeps them shut is called the "adductor"; and while our oyster has but one, the mussels themselves possess two. It is a voluntary muscle this of the oyster, and quite as much at the command of the animal as your own biceps is placed under your behest. But the adductor muscle of the oyster is not an organ which is frequently in use. If the shell is closed by its action, how, you inquire, are the valves opened? Look once again at the empty shell. You observe at its beak or apex the remains of a brownish substance. That is the "ligament" of the shell. It is an elastic band, which is put on the stretch when the shell is closed by the adductor muscle. If that muscle relaxes, you see what will happen. The elastic ligament will come into play, and by that elasticity will keep the shell open. Now, as an open shell is the oyster's natural condition, we can see in this contrivance a saving of power. The shell is kept unclosed by the purely elastic and mechanical action of the ligament. The oyster has no need to bother itself over this duty. But it is when the more unusual work of closing the shell has to be accomplished that the vital and muscular act comes into play. Then the muscle acts, and "shuts up shop," so to speak, without delay. Nature is always economical in her distribution of power, and our oyster is kept gaping without the expenditure of any vital activity.

I may not linger to-day to tell you of the gills of the oyster (otherwise the "beard"), with their countless cilia, which waft in currents of water perpetually for food and breathing, and as perpetually sweep out these currents laden with the waste of the molluscan body. But perchance I have said enough to convince you that the oyster-shop exhibits many interesting problems in science in the contents of its tanks; and to suggest that, as oysters contribute largely to the material nutrition of mankind, they may also be found not less wholesome when regarded from an intellectual point of view.

ANDREW WILSON.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XVI. COBHAM HALL.



1. The Alley in the Private Gardens.

2. From the Terrace of the Gardens, showing the Communication Bridge between the House and Gardens.

3. Corner View, from the Entrance.

THE BLUE LION DEBATING CLUB.

The old-fashioned tavern in Bustle-street, which anciently displayed for its sign the painting of a ferocious King of Beasts, fabulously called blue, rampant in a scarlet field, as true to Nature as the ideas and speeches of some tavern debating clubs are true to fact and common-sense—retains

two of its founders when those great demagogues were most admired. Below them, on a little raised platform, with a little separate table, is an arm-chair, now occupied by Mr. Soggins, who presides over the feast of reason and the flow of soul, but does not contribute to either. His flow pours down his silent throat; reason to his stomach is an indigestible feast. He is a second-hand furniture dealer in Bag-lane, with

based on despotic tyranny, consecrated by hypocrisy, and bearing the fruits of moral anarchy, servility, and widespread misery, shall forthwith be superseded by arrangements more conducive to the progress of mankind. Proposed by Mr. Sadface."

The rising of Mr. Sadface, one of the most frequent and lengthy speakers of this society, is but faintly cheered, or



"Mr. Chairman, the learned opener of the debate has told us that"—

merely its name as the Blue Lion, with its license to sell wines and spirits and malt liquors, and with a respectable sort of custom. Passing through the bar, where glasses clink merrily on the broad zinc-covered counter, behind which a potman and two barmaids ply the brass-handled engines that pump up streams of refreshing liquids from the cellar, you may, if you have nothing better to do, at eight or nine o'clock on a Monday evening, find an odd kind of mutual amusement going on, to which listeners are freely welcome, though only members



"Mr. Chairman, I denounce"—

no particular family call to spend his evenings at home. The landlord of the Blue Lion is an old friend of his, and Mr. Soggins gets his brandy-and-water free of cost. Every half-hour the rap of a hammer is sounded, and you may observe the Chairman looking at the clock; this happens regularly from half-past eight till eleven. He does not look at the waiter, but the waiter understands this glance at the clock as a signal, and instantly brings to the Chairman's little table another "six of brandy," with a fresh jug of hot water. The Chairman is armed, as we have noticed, with a handy wooden hammer of cylindrical shape, with which he knocks to enforce order. When his fifth glass of brandy-and-water is nearly finished, he knocks very decisively, and calls out, "Time! gentlemen! Time!"

This is all that Mr. Soggins, the Chairman, has to do;

rather is not cheered at all, but is saluted by a slight rapping of spoons on the table. With a visage bearing the dismal expression of a convicted criminal just awaiting his sentence to be hanged, his stream of oratory, in forced monotonous utterance like the tones of a cow's-horn, begins and proceeds for nearly five-and-twenty minutes. Among the forty or fifty members present, some are furtively chatting with each other, some are loudly giving their orders for "Scotch" or "Irish," brandy, gin, or "bitter;" some are busily filling and lighting their pipes, while several, being near the door, escape with a sly wink into the bar, promising to return directly. Mr. Sadface, absorbed in the recollection of a train of tremendous thoughts and terrible phrases, to which he has previously devoted long hours of solitary study, glares at the wall-space between the two pictures above the Chairman's head, unob-



"Downright robbery, gentlemen—robbery and confiscation!"—

of a recognised society take an active part in the performance. The visitor, however, will soon be courteously asked by a Blue Lion waiter to mention what he prefers in the way of stimulating drink; and, if he likes also to smoke, will be encouraged by neighbouring examples.

The large inner room, entered from the bar through swing-doors, has a divan of green leather seating at the upper end and along two sides, except at the ample fireplace; and there are tables, marked with many a dint and stain by the setting down and spilling of thousands of pots, jugs, and tumblers, or the burning ashes of thousands of pipes and cigars. The wall at the upper end is adorned with portraits of John Wilkes and Tom Paine, which attest the historic boast that the Blue Lion Debating Club has existed a hundred years, being the gift of

except that, when he takes his seat, at half-past eight, and gets his first glass, he rises and says, "Gentlemen, Mr. White," or "Mr. Black," or "Mr. Brown," "will address you on the question of which he has given notice." The question, or abstract proposition, or assertion of "policy," to be debated, with the name of its propounder, written on a sheet of paper, has been publicly set on view in the bar-window of the Blue Lion, during four days of the preceding week. Anybody stopping for a moment in Bustle-street might have read the following:—

"That the present crisis in the affairs of the human race imperatively demands the total and immediate abolition of the existing system in all its ramifications, social, political, religious, industrial, and commercial; and that institutions



"But, gentlemen, let us be serious"—

servant of the demeanour of his audience. He is an attorney's copying clerk, and a furious philosophic reformer. His speech is a convincing exposition of the notorious rottenness of all that is established—legal, traditional, or customary—in this and every other so-called civilised nation. Church and State, Law and Gospel, the Court, the House of Lords, the Bench of Bishops, the Bench of Judges, Landed Estate and Trade

Capital, Finance and Credit, all Corporations, all officials, all professions, all who seek gain by trade or investment of money, are denounced as the crafty enemies and robbers of the working classes. "Mr. Chairman, I denounce," he exclaims with a solemn gesture; and he stands still denouncing—

Until the Chairman's hammer is heard; for it is nine o'clock, and the Chairman is going to signal for his second

capital, there would be no trade and no wages; what would become of the working classes then? "Property, in fact, gentlemen, supports and provides for all."

But Mr. Backstead has an inveterate personal antagonist, Mr. Trounce, one of the People's Grievances' Reform Association, who is the next speaker. He attacks the management of local and parochial business, and declares that it is

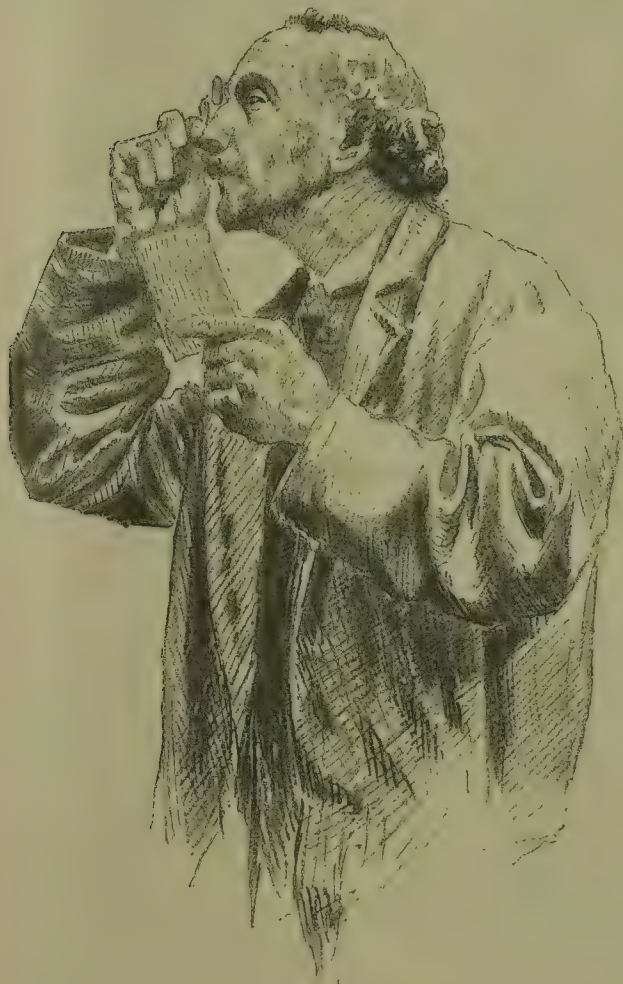
interrupted the speaker, and a voice at the lower end of the room, beginning timidly in subdued tones, was heard trolling the notes of an old rollicking chorus, "For we always are so jolly oh—Slap, bang, here we are again, what jolly dogs are we!"

The whole assembly, within three minutes, had assumed a convivial aspect; fresh orders were shouted to the waiters;



"That question, Mr. Chairman, is doubtless full of difficulty and"—

glass of brandy. Then Mr. Sadface indignantly sits down; and to him rises Mr. Backstead, a retired tax-collector, who has, with his wife's money, bought up the leases of the dilapidated old dwelling-houses in Mugsby's-alley, and screws £300 a year of weekly rents out of the wretched tenants overcrowding those squalid abodes of filth and disease. He is, of course, a member of the Select Vestry of his parish, and a



"There was one subject, Mr. Chairman, that—er—er—I—er—would like to mention—er—er—er—one other matter that—er—er"—

practised debater. "Mr. Chairman," he says, "the learned opener of the debate has told us that"—property is robbery; but Mr. Backstead can prove that it is not; for if there were no property, nobody could get anything; if there were no rents, there would be no houses to live in; if there were no



"And this is the man, gentlemen, who has the effrontery to tell you"—

often perverted, "worse than our National Government, I say, bad as that is," by private jobs and corrupt transactions. Then he relates an instance in which a Select Vestry was prevailed on by intrigue to rescind a resolution passed in consequence of its surveyor's report, ordering some ruinous and unwholesome dwellings to be put in repair. "I will tell you, gentlemen, those dwellings and their owner; they were in Mugsby's-alley, and he was Mr. Backstead! And this is the man, gentlemen, who has the effrontery to tell you that private property is held for the benefit of all!"

After Mr. Trounce's exciting harangue, which dealt with various local topics, a slowly-moving, honest-looking, elderly man, recognised as Mr. Waite the shoemaker, stood up, carefully feeling his chin to make sure that his head was upright. He could not agree with the sweeping denunciations of everything in this country that Mr. Sadface, who was a gentleman who had had a much superior education to himself (Mr. Waite) had so strongly expressed. But he believed that the prosperity of the country might be improved by an amendment of the Land Laws. "That question, Mr. Chairman, is doubtless full of difficulty"—so Mr. Waite candidly confesses that he has not yet made up his mind whether it would be more desirable to repeal the antiquated "Statute of Primogeniture," or to decree the summary confiscation of all estates hitherto settled in perpetuity on male heirs under the iniquitous "Law of Entail."

But Mr. Bangham, the sturdy gentleman with an intensely earnest countenance, who makes the table shudder under the blows of his muscular fist, has inexorably made up his mind to wipe out that huge national scandal, the infamous and accursed Pension List, by which, as he proves from printed figures in the *Democratic Almanack*, the vast sum of two millions and three quarters sterling is yearly paid by the British taxpayer among ninety-seven descendants of the illegitimate offspring of that base and profligate Monarch, King Charles II. "It is downright robbery, gentlemen—robbery and confiscation!"

When so much vehemence and portentous gravity seem to have fatigued the company, they are relieved by the bland jocosity of Mr. Felix Smothers. He is a personal friend of Mr. Sadface, and sits with him all day at an opposite desk in the same office. "I deeply regret," he says, "that I have come here too late this evening, and have missed the rich treat you have all enjoyed in hearing my honourable and learned friend's brilliant exposition, set off, as I can fancy, by the flashes of wit, the genial glow of humorous pleasantry, the soft touches of delicate irony, the charming graces of a refined and captivating eloquence, that we appreciate in his frequent discourses. Mr. Sadface, gentlemen, is blessed with a temperament of airy cheerfulness. There he sits, with a glass only of water before him, as you observe, sufficiently exhilarated by the internal radiance of his delightful imagination; we, less gifted minds, are fain to imbibe a slight inspiration of hopeful benevolence through the medium of whisky or brandy or whatever it may chance to be. But, gentlemen, let us be serious"—Cries of "No, no!"

there was a clattering of pots and a tinkling of spoons in glasses, a loud chattering of tongues in many sociable groups of laughing talkers, brief snatches of song from different quarters, and a growing cloud of tobacco-smoke filling the hall of debate. Amidst this festive turmoil, the figure of Mr. James Priggins, one of the most punctual attendants of the club, was discerned rising with a written paper in his left hand, while his right manipulated a double eyeglass. He feebly uttered the following syllables:—

"There was one subject, Mr. Chairman, that—er—er—I—er—would like to mention—er—er—er—one other matter that—er—er"—



"Time! gentlemen! Time!"

But the Chairman saw, at that moment, the bottom of his fifth glass of brandy-and-water. He drained its last drop, and put down the glass. He lifted the official hammer, exclaiming "Time! gentlemen! Time!" The hammer fell with such force that fifty glasses jingled on the tables. Mr. Soggins left the chair, and the Blue Lion Debating Club presently went home to bed.

T.W. Coulter

HALLOWMAS EVE.

"The good old customs of the country are passing away."

No speech, perhaps, is oftener heard than this when, over the walnuts and the wine about Christmas time or Hallowe'en, the talk has turned upon the subject of old-fashioned festivities. And the sentiment seldom fails to evoke a sigh of regret, and to awake recollections of frolic mirth enjoyed in lighter-hearted days. But while there is, without doubt, truth in the remark, happily it is not altogether true. The portly old gentleman who animadverted upon the subject is generally too apt to take for granted that, because for some decades he has ceased to share in these festal sports, the sports themselves have ceased to be observed. If, however, the speaker were to return upon such a night as All Hallow's Eve to the village where perchance his youthful years were passed, he might find that the quaint and merry customs he laments do not altogether belong to the golden dusk of long-forgotten days. Though he himself has grown older and graver, the great heart of the world has remained ever young; and ever still, as the traditional occasions come round, there breaks forth amid its long-accustomed scenes the ancient madcap carnival of mirth.

Not, indeed, quite as in bygone times is this festival of Hallowe'en now observed. The witches no longer, as in days of yore, are believed to hold their revels then upon the green-sward, and something of the ancient superstition which otherwise lent awe to the eve of All Saints' Day has been dispelled by modern education. But enough remains of uncanny feeling to lend interest to the more mysterious proceedings of the night; and the spirit of simple enjoyment may be trusted to keep alive for its own sake most of the mirth-giving functions of the feast. An institution which took its

origin probably from some strange rite of far-back pagan times, and which has managed to survive countless changes of thought, and, like a rolling snowball, to incorporate in itself traces of the Crusades, of the Mediæval Church mysteries or miracle plays, and of later witchcraft and elfin superstitions, must have a strong hold somewhere upon human nature, and is not likely to disappear quite at once even before the blast of the steam-engine and the roll of the printing-press.

If one wishes to know how lads and lasses spent their Hallowe'en in Ayrshire a hundred years ago, he has but to read the famous description of the occasion written by the glowing peasant-pen of Burns; and cold indeed must be his imagination if he does not catch from that description something of the madcap frolic of the night. In these lines he may hear the timid lasses "skirl" as their sweethearts surprise them pulling the fateful corn-stalks; he may watch Jamie Fleck secretly sowing his handful of hemp-seed, and waiting for the image of his destined true-love to appear behind him in the act of harrowing it; he may see Meg in the empty barn, weighing her "wechts o' naething," and likewise waiting for her true-love's presentment; and he may laugh at the mishap befalling the wanton widow as she dips her left sleeve in the rivulet at the meeting of three lairds' lands. But one must not think that these time-honoured frolics are all unpractised now.

Let him step into some great farm-kitchen of the Lothians, with its red fire roaring up the chimney, its plate-racks gleaming on the walls, and dressers, tables, and chairs clean as scrubbing can make them, and he will find, in practice, bits of traditional folklore and traits of human nature equally worthy of the poet's pen.

The place for the moment is empty, the lamps shining

from their bright tin sconces on the walls upon unoccupied wooden settles and chairs; for lads and lasses together have betaken themselves to pull each his particular prophetic stock in the kailyard at hand. But presently, with shouts of laughter, they come streaming in out of the darkness; and shrieks of merriment greet the discovery of the fortune which has befallen individual members of the company. For, according as the stock lighted on in the dark turns out to be straight or crooked, and its taste sweet or bitter, so the appearance and disposition of its possessor's future mate will be; and according as earth has clung to the upturn root or not will the pockets of the future pair be well-filled or the reverse. A merry party these men and maidens make, bringing in with them as they enter a breeze of the cool night air, and a breath of the sweet, fresh-smelling earth. And from the flaming cheeks and sparkling eyes of at least one of the laughing girls it is to be doubted that she has met outside with somewhat warmer and more certain assurance of the personality of her future partner in life than is likely to be afforded by her stock of curly kail.

Another method of divination, however, presently engrosses all attention indoors. Three bowls are set out on the hearth—one full of clean water, one muddy, and the remaining vessel empty. One after another each lad and lass is blindfolded, the position of the bowls is changed in thimble-rigging fashion, and he or she is led forward and invited to place a hand in one. According as the dish chosen proves dirty, clean, or empty will the inquirer of the Fates marry a widow or a maid, or remain a bachelor; and shrieks of merriment are occasioned by the appropriate mishaps which befall the most confident.

Then there is the burning of nuts to be done in the great kitchen-fire—a method of discovering whether the future



1. The feast, with Hawaiian female attendants bearing fans of feathers.

2. The "houlah-houlah," or native dance, in the presence of the King.

ENTERTAINMENT GIVEN TO BRITISH AND AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICERS AT HONOLULU (SANDWICH ISLANDS).

wedded state is to be one of peace or discord. And it is amusing to see the quietest of the maids drop two nuts side by side into a red corner of the coal, blushing at the guesses made by her merry companions, but shyly whispering to herself, "This is Patey and this is me," and watching with bashful eagerness as the two take fire together. Puff! Alas for her hopes, poor child! "Patey" has shot away from her side; and the hot tears are woefully near her eyes as she notices that he has settled down to burn by the nut of her neighbour. May her sorrows, sweet lass, never have darker cause than this imaginary presage of losing a fickle lover!

And now, by way of supper, a mighty platter of "champed" potatoes is placed upon the table—a pile mountain-high, in which are hidden somewhere a ring, a sixpence, a thimble, and a button. The lamps are put out, each person is armed with a spoon, and in the uncertain light of the glowing fire the mystic procession moves round the table in single file. Each one as he passes the platter takes a spoonful of potatoes, and he or she who finds the ring is fated to be first married. The sixpence is an augury of wealth, and the finding of the thimble or button is, according to the sex of the finder, an indication that he or she will marry a maiden spouse or will die single.

But, listen! There is a sudden loud knocking at the door. It heralds the time-honoured visitation of the Guizards, a ceremony annually renewed by each succeeding generation of village boys. In they stalk, got up in grotesque improvisations of mumming costume, and each armed with a wooden sword, and carrying a ghostly lantern hollowed out of a giant turnip. "Here comes in Galoshin," as that individual himself informs the company—being doubtless the traditional representative of some forgotten Templar Knight; and presently he is engaged in a sanguinary hand-to-hand encounter with another wooden-sworded champion upon the floor. Many are the bold words that are said and the doughty deeds that are done; and through the whole performance one may see, as Scott remarked in a note to Marmion, traces of the ancient monkish plays and the revels of the medieval Lord of Misrule. At the

end the players are contented with a reward of apples and nuts, and a share in their elders' merriment.

Tubs full of water are placed on the floor, and dozens of red-cheeked apples set swimming in them; and immediately a wild scene of revel ensues as all and sundry, men and maids, on their knees, seek to snatch the floating apples with their teeth. Many an unexpected ducking is got, and shrieks of laughter greet each mishap and each ineffectual effort to secure a prize. Then there is a wild game of blindman's buff, led off by Galoshin himself, who turns out, now that his burnt cork and whiskers have been washed off, to be one of the younger men of the house, and the soul of all the fun. And from the sly fashion in which he avoids other quarry and keeps hemming one rosy little maid into corners, compelling her to spring shrieking over settles and chairs, it may be gathered that the knowing fellow is no more blinded than he wishes himself to be.

And so the night goes on, a night of whole-hearted and innocent mirth—enough to prove that the spirit of old-fashioned revelry is by no means dead, and that, for at least one night in the year, the young blood of Lowland and Lothian still can wake as much and as joyous merriment as ever did its progenitors a hundred years ago.

G. E. T.

Lady Shelley, accompanied by Sir Percy Shelley, on Oct. 17, started an engine which drove in a pile in connection with a new pier to be erected at Boscombe, about a mile and a half to the eastward of the present Bournemouth pier. The new pier, the first portion of which will be 400 ft. long, is to be completed before the next summer season, and will cost £6000.

In Edinburgh, on Oct. 17, the Marquis of Huntly's Aberdeenshire estates were for sale in eight lots. The upset price was over a quarter of a million pounds sterling. The only sale effected was the estate of Dess, which sold at the upset price of £18,000. The far-famed deer forest of Glentanar, and Birse Forest, with fine grouse-shooting, were unsold. Dumbbarrow estate, in Forfarshire, fetched £16,500.

A ROYAL ENTERTAINMENT IN HAWAII.

The island kingdom of Hawaii, formerly called the Sandwich Islands, in the middle of the North Pacific Ocean, has made considerable progress in civilisation since Captain Cook was killed there a hundred years ago. Its position, in the highway of commercial navigation between San Francisco and China and New Zealand, secures to it an increasing amount of intercourse with the most prosperous nations of the world. The natives, who are probably of a race akin to the Maoris of New Zealand, have been converted to the profession of Christianity by American missions, and there are numerous churches and schools. The King, who not long ago visited Europe, is a Constitutional monarch, and his habits of life are quite European. In August last, when two British ships of the Pacific Squadron, H.M.S. Hyacinth and H.M.S. Espiegle, were in the harbour of Honolulu, with two of the United States Navy, the Vandalia and the Dolphin, his Majesty gave an entertainment to the officers of these ships. Our illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant A. W. Smith-Dorrien, R.N., of H.M.S. Espiegle. The feast took place in a tent made out of flags and palm-leaves. All the guests were decorated with garlands of flowers, in accordance with the pretty custom of the country. The table was covered with ferns, and most of the delicacies were carefully wrapped in green leaves. There was both seaweed and raw cuttle-fish on the table, and many other luxuries. The guests at table were fanned by women holding great feather fans. After the feast a native dance, called a "houlah-houlah" was given in the garden. This scene is represented in the smaller Engraving. His Majesty is standing in front with a wine-glass, while a few natives with guitars and banjos are playing and singing Hawaiian music. In the distance is the band, which played at intervals, and behind the dancers are some natives climbing up coconut-trees for a prize. In the foreground are native Princesses and naval officers, served with champagne by a waiter.



NOW! IS THE CONSTANT SYLLABLE TICKING FROM THE CLOCK OF TIME.

NOW! IS THE WATCHWORD OF THE WISE. NOW! IS ON THE BANNER OF THE PRUDENT.
NOW! YOU CAN CHANGE THE TRICKLING STREAM BUT TO-MORROW YOU MAY HAVE THE RAGING TORRENT TO CONTENT WITH.

IN THE BATTLE OF THIS LIFE ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is an imperative hygienic need, or necessary adjunct. It keeps the blood pure, prevents fevers and acute inflammatory diseases, removes the injurious effects of stimulants, narcotics, such as alcohol, tobacco, tea, coffee, by natural means; thus restores the nervous system to its normal condition, by preventing the great danger of poisoned blood and over-cerebral activity, sleeplessness, irritability, worry, &c.

DON'T GO TO SEA WITHOUT A BOTTLE OF ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."—"From a Town in British Guiana, South America.—J. C. Eno, Esq., London.—Sir,—After two years' trial of your excellent 'FRUIT SALT,' I can safely say that it has saved me much misery from colonial fevers, indigestion, and impaired appetite, to which I have been subject during eleven years' residence in the tropics. It is invaluable to travellers as a preventive of sea-sickness, and a relief from the other ailments of life aboard ship; and for myself I would as soon think of going a voyage without my tooth-brush as my bottle of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' With ordinary care it does not get hard and caked as other effervescent preparations do in warm and humid climates, and this is greatly in its favour.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully, W. J. B."

HEAD WINDS AND HEAVY SEA CROSSING "THE BAY."—"I have recently returned from a trip in a P. & O. Company's ship, and consider it a duty incumbent upon me to make known to you that, during a nautical career extending over a period of thirty years, I have been invariably a sufferer from sea-sickness, more or less, according to the weather; but on the last occasion, I am happy to say (although we experienced strong head winds and heavy sea crossing 'The Bay'), I entirely escaped; and this I attribute to my HAVING PROVIDED MYSELF with ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' which I can most conscientiously recommend to all who may be similarly afflicted, whose business or pleasure may cause them to 'go down to the sea in ships.'—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, A. PURSER."

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AUSTRALIA.—Important to all Travellers.—"Please send me half a dozen bottles of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' I have tried ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in America, India, Egypt, and on the Continent for almost every complaint, fever included, with the most satisfactory results. I can strongly recommend it to all Travellers; in fact, I am never without it.—Yours faithfully, AN ANGLO-INDIAN OFFICIAL, June 26, 1878."

"I used my 'FRUIT SALT' freely in my last severe attack of fever, and I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. Eno."

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked "ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'" Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

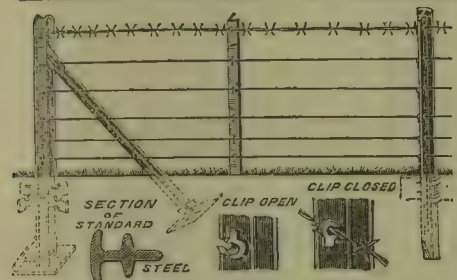
PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

DISORDERED STOMACH AND BILIOUS ATTACKS.—A Gentleman writes: "Dec. 27, 1887.—After twelve months' experience of the value of the 'VEGETABLE MOTO,' I unhesitatingly recommend their use in preference to any other medicine, more particularly in bilious attacks; their action is so gentle, and yet so effective, that nothing equals them in my opinion. They have never failed to give the wished-for relief. I take them at any hour, and frequently in conjunction with a small glass of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'—Yours gratefully, 'ONE WHO KNOWS.'"

WEST INDIES. To Mr. J. C. Eno, London.—"Please send me further supply of your 'VEGETABLE MOTO' to the value of the P.O. inclosed (eight shillings). The first small parcel came fully up to what is written of them.—St. Kitts, West Indies, Oct. 11, 1887." THE SAME CORRESPONDENT, in ordering a further supply of the "VEGETABLE MOTO," in July, 1888, writes as follows: "I cannot help telling you that the 'MOTO' is a valuable addition to your 'FRUIT SALT,' and ought to be as generally known as the latter."

ENO'S "VEGETABLE MOTO," of all Chemists, price 1s. 1d.; post-free, 1s. 3d.

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY-STREET, NEW CROSS-ROAD, LONDON, S.E.



CATALOGUES FREE ON APPLICATION.

BAYLISS, JONES, & BAYLISS, WOLVERHAMPTON.
 London Show-Rooms: 139 & 141, CANNON-STREET, E.C.

BENHAM & SONS

CHIMNEY-PIECES, STOVES, TILES,
 COOKING APPARATUS, KITCHENERS,
 LAUNDRIES, LIFTS, ENGINEERING,
 ELECTRIC LIGHTING, ELECTRIC BELLS.
WIGMORE-STREET, LONDON.

MELLIN'S

FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

FOOD.

THE MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

Show-Rooms: **112, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.** (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

Supply the Public Direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.

THE COMPANY SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT

With Goods of their own Manufacture at a minimum profit for cash; all intermediate profits are thereby avoided, and

**THE PURCHASER
 IS PLACED IN DIRECT
 COMMUNICATION**

**WITH
 THE PRODUCER.**

An advantage not to be obtained at any other house or store, and effecting

**A Saving varying from 25 to 50
 per cent.**

CATALOGUE

Containing over Five Hundred beautifully
 Illustrated Designs,

Gratis and Post-free to all parts of the World.

CAUTION.—The Company regret to find that many of their designs are being copied in a very inferior quality, charged at higher prices, and inserted in a similar form of advertisement, which is calculated to mislead the public.

They beg to notify that their only London retail address is 112, REGENT-STREET, W.

"A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS."

"We know of no enterprise of recent years which has been crowned with greater success than the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent-street, who eight years ago opened their show-rooms to place the productions of their workshops direct before the public, thus saving purchasers the numerous intermediate profits which are obtained by 'middlemen' on high-class goods. Such has been the appreciation by the public that the Company have now the largest business in England, and are quite supplanting the old-fashioned houses that pride themselves upon having been established so many decades, but have utterly failed to keep pace with the times, and find it impossible to depart from their long credit system, entailing bad debts, for which cash buyers have to compensate."—Court Journal.



Jewellery and Diamond Mounting Workshops, Clerkenwell, in Direct Communication by Telephone with the Show-Rooms, GOLDSMITHS' AND SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT-STREET.

HIGH-CLASS JEWELLERY.

The Stock of BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, NECKLETS, &c., is the largest and choicest in London, and contains designs of rare beauty and excellence not to be obtained elsewhere, an inspection of which is respectfully invited.

DIAMOND ORNAMENTS.—A

magnificent assortment of Rings, Stars, Sprays, Files, Necklaces, &c., composed of the finest White Diamonds, mounted in special and original designs, and sold direct to the public at merchants' cash prices.

NOVELTIES.—A succession of

Novelties by the Company's own artists and designers is constantly being produced to anticipate the requirements of purchasers.

BRIDAL PRESENTS.—Special

attention is devoted to the production of elegant and inexpensive novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents. Original designs and estimates prepared free of charge.

WEDDING PRESENTS.

COMPLIMENTARY PRESENTS.

APPROBATION.—Selected parcels of goods forwarded to the country on approval when desired. Correspondents not being customers should send a London reference or deposit.

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS have

through this means the advantage of being supplied direct from an immense London stock, containing all the latest novelties, and which are not obtainable in provincial towns.

OLD JEWELLERY, Diamonds,

and Plate taken in exchange or bought for cash.

TESTIMONIALS.—The numerous

recommendations with which the Goldsmiths' Company have been favoured by customers is a pleasing testimony to the excellence and durability of their manufactures.

MEDALS.—Awarded Seven Gold

and Prize Medals and the Legion of Honour, the highest distinction conferred on any firm.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (as contained in writings marked B and A), with a codicil, of Mr. Edward Young, J.P., late of Thornleigh, Richmond-hill, Bournemouth, who died on Aug. 31, at Hoylake, Cheshire, was proved on Oct. 17 by Mrs. Betsey Young, the widow, Reginald Young, the son, Mrs. Mary Field, the daughter, and the Rev. Reginald Gunner, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £110,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the Bible Society, and the Liverpool Scripture-Readers' Society; £500, all his household furniture, plate, &c., consumable stores, horses, and carriages to his wife; £100 each to his nieces, Emma Barrow and Elizabeth Woodward; £50 to each executor; annuities of £30 each to his sisters Mary Woodward, Anne Young, and Elizabeth Woods; and specific gifts of pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, to his children. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one eleventh thereof to each of his children by his former wife—viz., Mrs. Emelyn Drury, Mrs. Mary Field, Mrs. Dora Edmonds, the Rev. Vincent Young, Sydney Young, and Reginald Young—and the remaining five elevenths, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and on her decease to her five children, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 18, 1873), with four codicils (dated April 6, 1882; Sept. 23, 1884; and Jan. 5 and 20, 1888), of Mr. James Easton, formerly of No. 37, Norfolk-square, Hyde Park, but late of No. 44, Prince's-gardens, a member of the firm of Easton and Anderson, civil engineers, of Whitehall-place and Erith, who died on Aug. 28, was proved on Oct. 17 by John Easton, M.D. (the brother), John Edward Compton Bracebridge, and Charles Thomas Arnold, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £91,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to each of his children; annuities of £100 each to his sisters-in-law Louisa, Mary, and Margaret during the life of their uncle John Chambers; and £500 and his household furniture, plate, jewels, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Anne Devonshire Easton. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; but in the event of her again marrying she is to receive an annuity of £500, and subject thereto for his children in equal shares.

The will (dated Oct. 7, 1881) of Mr. George Bramwell, late of 73, Chester-square, Pimlico, who died on Sept. 15 last, was proved on Oct. 13 by Miss Emma Bramwell and Miss Cecilia Bramwell, the daughters and executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £57,000. The testator states that he has made settlements on his four children, George, Blanche, Mrs. Alice Mary Rae, and Mrs. Frances Rawdon, and under the powers contained in his marriage settlement, assigned to the trustees of the settlements of Mrs. Rae and Mrs. Rawdon (subject to the life interest of his wife) two fifths of the funds therein named. He bequeaths, subject as aforesaid, the remaining three fifths of the said funds, and also his leasehold house, and the furniture, plate, &c., therein, to his two daughters, Emma and Cecilia; an annuity of £140 to his daughter Agnes, and £250 to his wife, Mrs. Mary Spark Bramwell. The residue of his real and personal estates he leaves between his said two daughters, Emma and Cecilia, but charged with any amounts he may have, during his lifetime, covenanted to pay to his other children.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1886) of Mr. Thomas Christopher Burrow, late of Buckstone House, near Burton, Westmorland, who died on June 14 last, was proved in the Lancaster District Registry, on Sept. 4, by Robert Carlyle, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £46,000. The

testator devises part of his real estate, including his residence, upon trust, for his sister, for life, and then to Anne Burrow; and the other part thereof, upon trust, for Robert Sanders Bateson, and at his death to Mary Brooks. He bequeaths £1000 each to Mary Ann Wishart, Mary Wishart, Elizabeth Wishart, Anne Moses, Isabella Carlyle, William Carlyle, Mary Brooks, and the Rev. William De Bomville; and £500 each to Robert Sanders Bateson and the widow of Anthony Bateson. The residue of his property he leaves to the above-mentioned legatees in proportion to their legacies.

The will (dated March 4, 1885), with four codicils (dated March 31 and June 6, 1885; June 25, 1886; and July 12, 1887), of Mr. Philip Richard Falkner, late of Upton Hall, Upton, Nottinghamshire, who died on May 19, was proved on Oct. 16 by Evelyn Sherard Falkner, the son, the Rev. William James Peacock, Sir William Henry Houldsworth, Bart., and Lucas Brodhurst, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £41,000. The testator gives £50 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Church Missionary Society; and large legacies to his children (in addition to settlements made on them in his lifetime), clerks, and servants. He devises his Manor of North Scarle, Lincolnshire, with the mines, minerals, chief rents, cottages, &c., and his mansion at Newark-upon-Trent, to his son Evelyn Sherard Falkner. The residue of his property he leaves, as to two twentieths, to his daughter Jane Houldsworth Browne; six twentieths to his son Evelyn; seven twentieths to his son Alfred Sydney; four twentieths between his daughter Margaret Ann Peacock and her husband, the Rev. William James Peacock; and the remaining one twentieth to Lucas Brodhurst.

The will (dated June 24, 1885) of Mr. John Joseph Reynolds, J.P., late of No. 14, Dorset-square and Hereford, who died on Aug. 17 last, at The Shafberg, in the Salzkammergut District, Austria, was proved on Oct. 15 by Mrs. Maria Reynolds, the widow, and Mr. Charles Hardwick, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to Anne Hardwick, Charles Hardwick, and Emma Hardwick; £50 each to Alice Reynolds and William Allen; and all his furniture and household effects to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £420 per annum to his wife so long as she shall remain his widow, or until his youngest child attains the age of twenty-one; and, upon further trust, out of the remainder of the income to educate and maintain his children. On the coming of age of his youngest child he gives to his wife, in lieu of the annual payment, a sum of £6000 if unmarried, and £3000 if married; and the ultimate residue to his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 24, 1883), with two codicils (dated May 21, 1883; and Jan. 14, 1887), of Mr. William Adam, late of No. 3, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, who died on July 27 last, at Forfar, was proved on Oct. 11 by Robert Whyte, the nephew, and James Guthrie, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to St. George's Hospital (Hyde Park-corner), King's College Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), and Charing-Cross Hospital; £600 to the Hospital for Incurables (Putney); £400 to the Association for the General Welfare of the Blind; £300 each to the Hospital for Epilepsy and Paralysis (Regent's Park), St. Thomas's Hospital, the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat (Golden-square), the infirmary at Forfar, and the Cancer Hospital (Brompton); £200 to St. John's Episcopal Church (Forfar); £1000 each to his sister, Margaret Whyte, and her

daughters, Margaret and Elizabeth; £1300 to his niece, Annie Whyte; £1500 to his nephew Robert Whyte; £1000 to his nephew George Whyte; £600 to John Whyte; £500 to William Whyte; £1500 to Mrs. Charlotte Wilhelmina Whyte; £300 to each executor, and other legacies to relatives. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his niece and god-child, Mrs. Charlotte Wilhelmina Whyte.

ART NOTES.

At the Hanover Gallery (47, New Bond-street) Messrs. Hollender and Cremetti have brought together a more than usually interesting collection of cabinet pictures, chiefly by artists of the French school. As they do not limit themselves to the works painted within the last year or two, we are enabled to judge of the French school in a catholic spirit, and to contrast the widely different aims of men like Corot, Diaz, Roybet, J. F. Millet, and of that talented lady, Rosa Bonheur. From her we have the well-known "Troupeau de Moutons," with its strong effects of light and shadow—a characteristic work in all respects, and more attractive than Millet's "Dénicheurs"—peasants or poachers knocking down from their roosting-places the birds suddenly awakened by blazing torches. The lady who paints under the name of A. Brandeis sends a number of clever miniature studies of Venice, of which we may say that the smallest are invariably the best; and Mr. Gilbert Munger is almost as fertile in his productions of sylvan and riverside sketches in the valley of the Seine. Amongst the other exhibitors may be named Messrs. De Haas, Th. Weber, Madrazo, A. Stevens, Lybaert (his "Caligula" is a masterpiece of colour), Mellery, and Backhuysen, who inherits more than the name of his possible ancestor.

Miss Dora Noyes, who has already gained notice by her pictures, chiefly of peasant life, at the Royal Academy, the Institute, and elsewhere, has just completed a set of paintings for the reredos for St. Luke's Church, in the Uxbridge-road. The lateral panels exhibit the Nativity and the Road to Calvary, respectively; and the centre, which is flanked by two figures of St. Luke, as the physician and the artist, represents the Lamb, bearing a red-cross banner, surrounded by angels and cherubs. In the figure of the Virgin-Mother, Miss Noyes has been especially successful; and into the treatment of the two scenes—the morning and evening of the Saviour's life—she has infused a spirit of poetry and sentiment which is deserving of high praise. The more conventional figures of the cherubs, on a gold ground, have presented difficulties to an artist who has wished to avoid a slavish imitation of Fra Angelico, and it must be admitted that Miss Noyes has acquitted herself with credit. The competition was open to the public, and the trustees of St. Luke's Church are to be congratulated on the selection they made. The reredos will be placed in the church in the course of the week.

The Home for Crippled Boys, Kensington, has received £250 from the executors of the late Miss Louisa McKellar.

Mr. S. D. Muttelbury, of the third Trinity Boat Club, has been elected president of the Cambridge Boat Club, which office he held last spring.

Mr. Henry Irving, on Oct. 17, laid the memorial-stone of the new Theatre Royal, Bolton, in the place of the old building, which was destroyed in January last by an incendiary fire. Subsequently the visitor was entertained at a public banquet, and, in responding to the toast of his health, spoke of the services which the drama had rendered to humanity.

MAPLE and CO., Manufacturers of DINING-ROOM FURNITURE. The largest assortment to choose from, as well as the best possible value. Three more houses have just been added to this important department. Half a century's reputation.

MAPLE and CO.'S NEW SPECIMEN DINING-ROOMS, decorated and fully appointed with furniture in pollard oak, brown oak, Chippendale mahogany, antique carved oak, American walnut, and other woods, are now open to the public, and should be seen by all intending purchasers.

THESE ROOMS are not only helpful as showing the effect of the furniture when arranged in an apartment, but also most suggestive as regards decorative treatment, as well as a guide to the entire cost of furnishing in any selected style.



THE SEVILLE LADY'S EASY CHAIR, In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £3 15s.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

MAPLE and CO. devote special attention to the production of high-class DINING-ROOM FURNITURE that will afford permanent satisfaction in wear. The numerous recommendations with which Messrs. Maple and Co. have been favoured by customers who have used the furniture for years is a pleasing testimony to the excellence of the articles.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM SUITES. THE LICHFIELD SUITE, in solid oak, walnut, or mahogany, consisting of six small and two elbow chairs in leather, dining table with patent screw, also Early English sideboard with plate glass back; and fitted with cellaret, 16 guineas.

MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM SUITES.—The STAFFORD SUITE, comprising six small chairs, two easy chairs in leather, telescope dining table, sideboard with plate glass back and cellaret, and dinner wagon, in light or dark oak, walnut or ash; very substantial in character; 23 guineas.

FURNITURE FOR EXPORTATION.

VISITORS as well as **MERCHANTS** are INVITED to INSPECT the largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the world. Hundreds of Thousands of Pounds' worth of Furniture, Bedsteads, Carpets, Curtains, &c., all ready for immediate shipment. Having large space, all goods are packed on the premises by experienced packers—very essential when goods are for exportation so as to insure safe delivery. The reputation of half a century.

MAPLE & CO

TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, LONDON, W.

THE LARGEST AND MOST CONVENIENT
FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT
IN THE WORLD.

INDIAN CARPETS.

INDIAN CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE and CO. receive all the finest qualities of INDIAN CARPETS direct from their Agents, and sell them at Importers' Prices, thus saving buyers of Indian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.

MAPLE and CO. have also a great number of really fine Indian Carpets, measuring about 12 ft. by 9 ft., which they are offering at the low price of 7 guineas, as well as a varied assortment of other sizes at proportionate prices.

PERSIAN CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—All these goods are bought by MAPLE and CO.'S Agents in Persia, and sold at Importers' Prices, thus saving purchasers of Persian Carpets at least two intermediate profits.

TO BUYERS of ORIENTAL CARPETS.—MAPLE and CO. offer exceptional facilities to buyers of ORIENTAL CARPETS. The goods are exhibited in ware-rooms, some of which are more than a hundred feet long, so that the very largest carpets can be fully displayed and minutely examined.

TURKEY CARPETS.

A TURKEY CARPET is, above all others, the most suitable for the Dining-room, its agreeable warmth of colouring enhancing the effect of the furniture and decorations, and indicating alike the good taste and comfortable circumstances of its possessor.

TURKEY CARPETS AT IMPORTERS' PRICES.—MAPLE and CO. are not only the largest Importers of TURKEY CARPETS, but having a Branch House at Smyrna, with Agency at Ouchak, the centre of the weaving district, are able to exercise close supervision over the whole process of manufacture which is the only way that excellence of colouring and workmanship can be guaranteed. In this way, Maple and Co. save Turkey Carpet buyers at least two intermediate profits.

MAPLE and CO.—PARQUETERIE

MAPLE and CO.—PARQUETERIE FLOORING for Dining, Billiard, or Smoking Rooms; also for Ball-rooms, Public Halls, Vestibules, as well as for surrounds to central carpets. Maple and Co. are now showing all the New Designs and Combinations of Wood at Greatly Reduced Prices.

THE SEVILLE SUITE IN SADDLEBAGS AND VELVET.



THE SEVILLE SETTEE, Persian Design and Coverings, mounted on velvet, £7 10s.

MAPLE and CO., Upholsterers by Special Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen. The reputation of half a century. Factories: Beaumont-place, Euston-road; Southampton-buildings, Liverpool-road; Park-street, Islington.

HUNDREDS of THOUSANDS of POUNDS' WORTH of Manufactured GOODS ready for immediate delivery. All Goods marked in plain figures for net cash—a system established 50 years.

MAPLE & CO., London, Paris, Smyrna, & 134, Calle Florida, Buenos Ayres.

MAPLE and CO., Upholsterers by Special Appointment to her Majesty the Queen. The system of business is as established fifty years ago—namely, small profits on large returns for net cash. Acres of show-rooms for the display of first-class manufactured furniture.

MAPLE'S FURNISHING STORES are the largest in the world, and one of the sights of London. Acres of show-rooms. The highest class of furniture, carpets, and curtain materials. Novelties every day from all parts of the globe. Half a century's reputation.

MAPLE and CO., Timber Merchants and direct Importers of the finest Woods. Manufacturers of Dining-Room and other Furniture by steam power and improved machinery. Tottenham-court-road. Factories: Beaumont-place, Euston-road; Southampton-buildings; Liverpool-road; Park-street, Islington; &c.



THE SEVILLE GENT'S EASY CHAIR, In Saddlebags of rich Persian design and colourings, mounted on velvet, £5 10s.

BED-ROOM SUITES.

500 IN STOCK.

MAPLE and CO.—BED-ROOM SUITES. The WHITBY SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, consisting of wardrobe with plate-glass door, toilet table with glass affixed, washstand with marble top and tile back, pedestal cupboard, and three chairs, £10 15s. Illustration free.

MAPLE and CO.—BED-ROOM SUITES. The SCARBOROUGH SUITE, in solid ash or walnut, including wardrobe with plate-glass doors, and new-shaped washstand, £12 15s.; or, with bedstead and spring bedding, £17 10s. Designs and full particulars free.

MAPLE and CO.—BEDSTEADS.

MAPLE and CO. have seldom less than Ten Thousand BEDSTEADS in stock, comprising some 600 various patterns, in sizes from 2 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 6 in. wide, ready for immediate delivery—on the day of purchase, if desired. The disappointment and delay incident to choosing from designs only, where but a limited stock is kept, is thus avoided.

POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT. Messrs. MAPLE and CO. beg respectfully to state that this department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in furnishing, at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent and quotations given free of charge.



"I'm weak and weary!"—
 so the maiden sighed—
 My spirits droop, of late—my
 roses pine!
 Oh, for the days when I might
 row or ride!
 And glowing health made light
 this heart of mine!
 Are there, no medicines that can recall
 My fresh young strength, and
 rid me of my ills?
 I sometimes think that
 I have tried them all—
 But stay—I have not
 yet had
 Beecham's
 Pills!"

Beecham's Pills



And thus,
 by hope and
 doubt alternate
 swayed,
 She, tired
 with musing,
 sought her
 couch once
 more;
 When dreams
 of gladness
 came to cheer
 the maid
 And tell how
 Beecham's
 Pills
 could
 yet
 restore!

Oh, kindly vision!
 And oh, maiden wise,
 Who flew to this ne'er failing friend
 in need!
 Her merry laugh, bright cheeks,
 and sparkling eyes,
 Now prove that Beecham's Pills
 brought strength, indeed!
 And gaily can she ride or row, to day,
 For health from every hour new
 joy distils;
 Her happy face remains—so people—
 say—
 The best advertisement of
 Beecham's Pills



THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Lord Mount-Temple's decease is a great loss to many of the more gentle charities and humane "movements" of the day. He was always found ready, in company with his now bereaved lady, to give aid of any kind to attempts to help the suffering and oppressed. I have not seen in any obituary notice of him a mention of the fact that the medical education of women owes its present legal position mainly to Lord Mount-Temple, who, when he was in the House of Commons, got an Act passed making it permissible for any examination for a recognised degree to be thrown open to women, at the option of the governing bodies granting diplomas. This was rendered necessary by the decision of the highest Scotch Court that the Statute of the University of Edinburgh had no power to admit women to sit for medical degrees. It was known that some out of the seventeen doors to the medical profession would be immediately opened to women if it were once declared to be legal for the authorities to admit female students, so that a Permissive Bill would be, and in fact turned out to be, all that was required. In this action Lord Mount-Temple was influenced no less by the belief that female doctors would often be a boon to suffering womanhood than by a desire to give women a free course in life.

His Lordship himself had the advantage (I know that he held it so) of being related to women of more than common distinction and excellence. He was the son of the famous Lady Palmerston by her first husband, Earl Cowper; and Lady Mount-Temple is revered for her goodness by all who have the honour of her acquaintance. It makes a great difference to a man of naturally fine disposition when the women belonging to him are singularly admirable for wisdom or goodness, or for moral and intellectual qualities combined.

How do ladies put on their watches now? Amongst the little changes of fashion that are readily noted by people "in the movement," but are perplexing to those who live quiet lives, such a little matter as this comes in. The newest of all new notions in this regard is the outcome of the Directoire fashions in dress. For the coats and bodices made in that now familiar and popular style, a watch-pocket, and even a watch tucked into the bodice, are impossible. The proper thing, therefore, is to have a tiny pocket put in the skirt, quite near to the front, but towards the left side, and as high up towards the waist-band as the short vest will allow. The watch being snugly placed therein, a short chain hangs over outside, just as it did from the gentlemen's fob-pockets in olden days. At the end of the few inches of gold

chain is either a jewelled or engraved ball of the same precious metal, or a little cluster of seals and trinkets on a ring. Similar short chains are used for the wearing of a watch with an ordinary bodice, only then the timepiece nestles between two of the fastenings of the dress, and allows the tiny chainlet to hang its inch or two of length and its jewelled ball over the bodice. Watch wristlets of leather or bracelets of gold and silver, enclosing the timepiece in the centre, are a good deal worn, too.

Another new fashion. There prevails in town just now a modern and approved method of shaking hands, the which if you are ignorant of, you receive a sort of electric shock on greeting by an initiate. This silly salutation *à la mode* is achieved by elevating the right elbow as high in the air as possible and delivering the one or two short abrupt shakes which alone are then convenient as near the level of the chin as may be. Only remember, if your hand is opposite your chin your elbow must be as high as your ear! This amiable and elegant vagary of fashion does not, of course, commend itself to the elder and the more highly-placed fraction of society. It is simply one of those shibboleths, like the talking of a peculiar and ever-changing slang, and wearing of "the newest things out" as rigidly as though they were a uniform, by which a certain large but rather feeble-minded class of folk strive to obtain and to confer a sort of distinction that they are well aware their own social and personal merits will not award to them. It is the kind of persons who a couple of years ago spoke of "swells" and now always talk of "smart people"; who call their dresses "frocks" one season and "gowns" the next; who scarify their chins with "masher" collars, or who (if of the other sex) wear "the colour of the year," however unsuited to their complexions; whose hair is smooth and dark when they are twenty years old, and becomes fair and crimped when they are twenty-five, or the other way round, according as "the style" may be—this large class of social sheep it is who are indulging in the latest fashion in handshakes.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has sailed for the land of her adoption: for such America is, she being by birth and bringing-up English; by marriage and residence American. The day before she sailed, the presentation was made to her of an address from her brother and sister novelists, to which I referred when it was in embryo. The address was signed by nearly a hundred authors. It thanked her for the protection which she had secured for novelists, preventing a writer's plot and language being turned into a drama without his consent; and these pretty words were accompanied by a gift of a

diamond bracelet. Mrs. Burnett, in her reply, had the tact and good sense to recognise that the whole affair, though graceful and justifiable enough, was really an instance of the truth of the severe prophecy—"Men shall speak well of thee if thou doest good unto thyself." She says that she was encouraged in her legal struggle to prohibit the representation of a pirated version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" by the reflection that even if she failed she would have drawn attention to that grievance of novelists: "but to have been allowed to aid through success, and to receive such a generous tribute of sympathy, is to be fortunate indeed."

The private view on Oct. 20 of the Pastel Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery showed that, though the fashionable world still does not think fit to show its presence in town, literary and artistic London is quite full. The most striking figure at the private view was Mrs. Bernard-Beere, who looked perfectly charming in a grey faille française Directoire coat, with white silk front and cut-steel buttons, and a big broad-brimmed hat almost covered with white and grey plumes, and having one of the new long white feather boas hanging from the back and twisted two or three times round the throat. A pretty costume was of black silk with epaulettes of alternate gold and jet fringes, and a band of trimming to match passing right across the shoulders back and front—quite an old fashion revived. Cloth dresses were the most general wear. Lady artists are excellently represented on the walls, pastel drawing, which is done with coloured chalk used dry, appearing to suit them. Mrs. Jopling has one of her fine frank women's heads, Miss Hilda Montalba a capital study of a middle-aged lady, and Miss Elizabeth Armstrong some good country figures and scenes. The most remarkable contributions from a woman, however, are several works by Mlle. Anna Belinska—strong and individual and realistic to a degree. This lady had a striking painting at the Academy two years ago, which attracted the attention of many good judges by its force and realism, though it was the reverse of lovely. Everybody interested in female art should look at Mlle. Belinska's pastels.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Sir Arthur Sullivan gave the presidential address and presented the prizes, in connection with the Birmingham and Midland Institute, on Oct. 19. He took "Music" as his subject.

The Bishop of Bedford has acknowledged the receipt of £100 3s. from Mr. Richard Mansfield, being the result of the benefit given at the Lyceum Theatre on Oct. 19 in aid of the Home and Refuge Fund.

Silver Cases,
£1 5s

BENSON'S
"FIELD"

Gold Cases,
£2 5s



BENSON'S
"LUDGATE."

Gold Cases,
£2 12s



BENSON'S WATCHES
ARE THE BEST TIMEKEEPERS.

PURCHASERS IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD using these Watches under most trying conditions testify to their strictly accurate timekeeping qualities.

BENSON'S
LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH
Is now fitted with a Three-Quarter Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and with strong keyless action, thus making it the best and cheapest Watch ever made at the price, and far superior for strength and timekeeping to the Swiss Horizontal Watches sold by all other firms. The Cases are 18-ct. gold, very strong and well made, either Hunting or Half-Hunting, engine-turned, richly engraved all over, or plain polished with Monogram engraved gratis. Price £10; or, in Sterling Silver Cases, £5.

Silver Cases,
£1 5s

LADY'S GOLD ALBERT CHAINS, to match, from **£1 15s.**

Gold Cases,
£1 10s

New Edition of BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (the most complete of its kind published), containing full particulars of these and all other Watches from £2 2s. Clocks and Electro-plate, post-free on application.

Any of these Watches sent free, at our risk, to all parts of the world, on receipt of draft, cash, or P.O.O., payable at G.P.O.

J.W. Benson
SOLE MAKER,
THE STEAM FACTORY: 62 and 64, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C.;
And at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; and 25, OLD BOND-STREET, W.

ENGLISH KEYLESS HALF-CHRONOMETER.
Best London Make, for Rough Wear, with Breguet spring to prevent variation when worn on horseback, &c. Specially adapted for Hunting Men, Colonists, Travellers, Soldiers, and Sailors. HUNDREDS of TESTIMONIALS from all parts of the world. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, 18-ct. Gold Cases, £25; or Silver £15.
The Hunting Editor of the "Field" says:—"I can confidently recommend Messrs. Benson's Hunting Watch as one that can be depended on."—Field, March 22, 1884.

Excels all Others at the price for Accuracy and Value.
Description.—THREE-QUARTER PLATE ENGLISH LEVER WATCH (Patent No. 4658), of BEST LONDON MAKE, with chronometer balance, jewelled throughout, and Patent Protection from dust and damp. Keeps better time than, and is double the strength and value of any Watch made. Made in Four Sizes—Ladies; Gentlemen and Youths (as Illustrated); Working Men generally; and specially large and strong for Miners and Railway Men. In extra strong Sterling Silver Crystal Glass Cases, £5 5s.; or in 18-ct. Gold Crystal Glass Cases, £12 12s. Lady's Size, £10 10s.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.
AMSTERDAM
EXHIBITION, 1883.

CHOCOLAT MENIER in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. PACKETS.
For
BREAKFAST,
LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.—Awarded Twenty-Eight PRIZE MEDALS.
Consumption annually exceeds 20,000,000 lb.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.
Paris,
London,
New York.
Sold Everywhere.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR
IS A WORLD-WIDE NECESSARY.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR
FOR THE NURSERY.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR
FOR THE FAMILY TABLE.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR
FOR THE SICK-ROOM.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR
HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to
JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

COCKLE'S
ANTIBILIOUS
PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.
FOR HEARTBURN.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?—Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. Pedigrees traced. The correct colours for liveries. The arms of husband and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals and dies, 8s. 6d. Book plates engraved in ancient and modern styles.—25, Cranbourn-street, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of STATIONERY—a Ream of Paper and 500 Envelopes, stamped with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel dies. Wedding and Invitation Cards. A CARD PLATE and fifty best Cards, Printed, 2s. 8d., post-free, by T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), W.C.

NEW LEGITIMATE TEACHING METHOD.
GILHAM'S KEYBOARD INSTRUCTOR.
Patented throughout the World. Price 2s. 6d.; Post-free, 2s. 9d.
HOW TO PLAY THE PIANO, ORGAN, or HARMONIUM
In the shortest time and easiest and simplest manner.
WALTER SCOTT, 24, Warwick-lane, London; and FELLING, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.



MAPPIN & WEBB'S
ILLUSTRATED BAG CATALOGUE (No. 2) POST-FREE.
OXFORD-STREET, W.; POULTRY (MANSON HOUSE BUILDINGS), CITY, LONDON.

TRAVELLING BAGS & DRESSING CASES
with all their latest Improvements.

FAULKNER'S CELEBRATED DIAMONDS. SPANISH CRYSTALS.
DETECTION IMPOSSIBLE.
KNOWN all over the WORLD as the FINEST STONES ever Produced.



These Magnificent Stones are set in GOLD, HALL-MARKED, and made by most experienced workmen; detection impossible; and I defy the BEST JUDGES to tell them from DIAMONDS. The brilliancy and lustre are most marvellous, and equal to BRILLIANTS.

WORTH TWENTY GUINEAS.
The Stones being real Crystals, and splendidly faceted. They will resist acids, alkalis, and intense heat. All stones set by diamond-setters, and beautifully finished.

Single-stone Earrings, from 10s. per pair; Scarf Pins, Shirt Studs, Pendants, Necklets, &c., 3s. to 25s. Much worn for Court and other occasions. Testimonials from all parts of the World. These stones are daily receiving great reputation throughout the World, and have been awarded Three Prize Medals from the Great Exhibitions.

The Public are earnestly invited to INSPECT our marvellous collection now on view, with catalogues all Visitors. Catalogues post-free.

NOTICE.—These stones cannot possibly be had elsewhere at any price, and are only to be obtained of the SOLE IMPORTER and MANUFACTURER.

ARTHUR O. FAULKNER,
167, REGENT-STREET,
LONDON, W.

Established 1860.
Two Doors from Burlington-street.

NEW MUSIC.

PEPITA, at TOOLE'S THEATRE.
Just produced with enormous success, after a run of 700 nights in the provinces.
PEPITA. LECOCO'S POPULAR OPERA.
Vocal Score, 5s. net.
Pianoforte Score, 3s. net.
"Pepita" is a big success; and people who wish to hear tuneful music, replete with humorous and dramatic effects, ought to visit Toole's Theatre.—Standard.
PEPITA WALTZ and LANCERS.
Arranged by BUGALOSSE. 2s. net.
PEPITA QUADRILLE.
Arranged by CHARLES COOTE. 2s. net.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

CHAPPELL and CO'S PIANOFORTES,
HARMONIUMS, and AMERICAN ORGANS, for Hire, Sale, or on the Three-Years' System. New or Secondhand.

CHAPPELL and CO'S IRON-FRAMED
OBELIQUE PIANOFORTES, Manufactured expressly for extreme climates, from 35 Guineas. Testimonials from all parts of the World.

CHAPPELL and CO'S STUDENTS'
PIANOS, Compass Five Octaves, from 16 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO'S NEW ORGAN
HARMONIUMS, with Octave Couplers, from 11 guineas to 80 guineas.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S CELEBRATED
AMERICAN ORGANS, from 6 guineas to 250 guineas. Pronounced by the highest judges to be superior to all others in quality of tone. ILLUSTRATED LISTS, post-free.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street; and 15, Poultry, E.C.

Ask your Music-seller for
W. MORLEY and CO'S NEW SONGS
Worth Singing.

ASK NOT. Maude Valerie White's
Last and finest Song.
"A brilliant success."

THE RIPPLE OF THE RIVER. F. Moir's
Last and prettiest Song
(Composer of "Best of All").

THE ARAB'S TROTH. T. Hutchinson's
Vigorous New Ballad or Baritone Song
(Composer of "Fetters of Gold").

A RIBBON AND A FLOWER. Barnby's
Last and most beautiful Song.
Keys for all voices. 2s. each. Lists free.

BELLE ÉTOILE VALSE.
"The prettiest valse ever written."

BELLE ÉTOILE VALSE. By Bonheur.
Played by all the finest Bands
with the greatest enthusiasm. 2s.

LA POMPADOUR. (A Court Dance.)
By BOGGETTI.
"Suggestive of the stately minuet."
"The success of the season." 1s. 6d.

NEW SERIES OF ONE SHILLING BOOKS.
ST. JAMES'S SONG-BOOKS.
Contain the best and prettiest songs.
12 Books, now ready.

ST. JAMES'S SONG-BOOKS. 1s. each.
Book 1. contains new songs by C. P. Pinatti.
Full music size. Post-free 13 stamps e.ch.
List of Contents free.

W. MORLEY and CO., 127, Regent-st., W.

LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM. LINDSAY
LENNOX.

LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM (LINDSAY
LENNOX).—This charming song will be SONG by Mr. SIMS REEVES during the coming season. 2s. net. "A charming new waltz-song, sure to become popular, and will probably become a rage this season. It is one of those pretty little morsels of which one does not tire in a hurry."—Northamptonshire Guardian.—LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), 54, Great Marlborough-street, W.

MR. SIMS REEVES will Sing LINDSAY
LENNOX'S popular Song, "Love's Golden Dream," during the coming season. 2s. net.—LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, 54, Great Marlborough-street, W.

Knight Commander of VILLA VICOZA, 1883.
GOLD MEDALS at the Principal International Exhibitions.
JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS'

PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOFORTES
are for Sale, for Hire, and on the Three-Years' System. The Perfection of Touch, Tone, and Durability.
18, 20, and 22, Wigmore-street, London, W.

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS,
33, Great Pultney-street, London, W.
GOLD MEDAL INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.
GOLD MEDAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, 1885.
PIANOFORTES for SALE at from 25 to 250 guineas.
PIANOFORTES for HIRE.

ERARD'S PIANOS.—Messrs. ERARD, of
18, Great Marlborough-street, London, and 13, Rue de Mail, Paris, makers to her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales, CAUTION the Public that Pianofortes are being sold bearing the name of "Erard" which are not of their manufacture. For information as to authenticity apply at 18, Great Marlborough-st., where new Pianos can be obtained from 50s.

ERARD'S PIANOS.—COTTAGES, from
50 guineas.
OBELIQUE, from 85 guineas.
GRANDS, from 125 guineas.

Founded, 1833; Rebuilt, 1887.
MOORE and MOORE.—Pianos from 16½ gs.
to 108 gs. Organs from 7 gs. to 80 gs.; Three-Years' System, from 10s. 6d. per Month, or Cash. Lists free.
101 and 105, Bishopsgate-within, London, E.C.

J. B. CRAMER and CO., 207 and 209,
Regent-street, London, W., have a choice selection of upwards of 100 SECONDHAND Grand, Oblique, Cottage, and Square PIANOFORTES and PIANETTES, by the great makers, at exceptionally low prices; also Fifty Church, Chamber, Clannet, and Cabinet Organs, Harmoniums, and American Organs, either for cash, by easy payments, or on their Three-Years' System.

INVENTIONS EXHIBITION.—The
SILVER MEDAL has been awarded to J. B. CRAMER and CO. for "general good quality and moderate price of pianos." Price Lists free on application.—Regent-street, W., and Moorgate-street.

£10 BROADWOOD GRAND PIANO.
Sound good Instrument, suitable for a School. Will stand any amount of wear. Descriptive Lists sent free of the Great Sale of Pianos at
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S, 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£20 BROADWOOD GRAND.—Full Grand
Pianoforte, suitable for a Choral Society. Should be seen at once. Illustrated Catalogues free; and all Pianos packed free at THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S Great Sale of Pianos, 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£25 COLLARD.—Rosewood Cottage Piano,
incised and gilt panel front. Ivory keys, metallic plate, sources, &c. Very cheap. Descriptive Lists free of the Great Piano Sale at
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S, 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£28 BROADWOOD COTTAGE PIANO.
Full compass of seven octaves, handsome rosewood case, and all the latest improvements. Catalogues free, and all Pianos packed free, at the Great Sale of Pianos at
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S, 27, Baker-street, London, W.

£35 GENUINE ERARD OBELIQUE PIANO.
Seven octaves and trichord throughout, in rich Italian wood-veneer. A magnificent Instrument, and offered at one-third of its original cost. Should be seen at once, at the Great Sale of Secondhand Pianos at
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO'S, 27, Baker-street, London, W.

NEW MUSIC.

BOOSEY and CO'S NEW SONGS:
Season 1888-89.

STEPHEN ADAMS.—MONA.
Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd at the Promenade Concerts with immense success.

MARZIALS.—NEVER LAUGH AT LOVE.

MARZIALS.—BY THE SHINING RIVER.
Sung by Madame Antoinette Sterling.

HOPETEMPLE.—INSWEET SEPTEMBER.
Sung by Madame Clara Samuel, Mr. Henry Guy, Mr. Orlando Harley, &c.

BEHREND.—THE OLD WHERRY.
Sung by Madame Valleria.

LÖHR, F. N.—MARGARITA.
Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd.
2s. each net.—Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

BOOSEY and CO'S POPULAR SONGS.

HOPE TEMPLE.—AN OLD GARDEN.

HOPE TEMPLE.—MY LADY'S BOWER.

HOPE TEMPLE.—A MOTHER'S LOVE.

STEPHEN ADAMS.—THEY ALL LOVE JACK.

STEPHEN ADAMS.—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

STEPHEN ADAMS.—THE GOODWIN SANDS.

MARZIALS.—THE RIVER OF YEARS.

MOLLOY.—LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.
2s. each net.—Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

NEW NUMBERS OF
THE CHORALIST. Price 1d. each.
Six Original Four-Part Songs by J. Barnby.
Two Specimen Numbers post-free for one stamp.
Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

VIOLIN GEMS.
Classical and Popular Violin and Piano Music.
Vol. III. contains 12 pieces:—Les Marmures du Rhône, three Nocturnes by Burgmüller; Romance, Gondelle, and Lullaby by David; Romance by Reber; Legende by Wieniawski; Three Romances by Ries, Becker, and Smetana; and Grossmutterchen, Langer. Price 2s. 6d. net, full music size.
Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

VIOLIN GEMS.
Vol. IV. contains 15 pieces:—Blumenlied, Edelweiss, and Herzlieb by Lange; and 12 Italian Melodies, arranged by De Bériot. Price 2s. 6d. net, full music size.
Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

D'ALMAINE and CO'S PIANOS AND
ORGANS.—Re Senior Partner deceased.—Absolute Sale previous to new Partnership. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Good Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 12 guineas, &c. Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 3, 25 guineas. Class 6, 35 guineas. Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 7, 40 guineas. Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 5, 30 guineas. Class 8, 45 guineas. American Organs, by the best makers, from 45 guineas up to 100 guineas. N.B. The railway return fare will be refunded to any purchaser of an Instrument exceeding 16 guineas whose residence is within 200 miles of London.—91, Finsbury-pavement, E.C. (Established 163 Years).

PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO'S PIANOS.
EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE OR HIRE.
Illustrated Lists Free.
Sole Agency, 170, New Bond-street, W.

AIX-LES-BAINS.—Grand Hôtel Europe.
One of the most renowned and best conducted in Europe. Patronised by Royal Family, 300 sunny chambers. Refined table. Large gardens; lawns, tennis.—BRINSMEAD, Proprietor.

LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and
Lucernerhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 500 rooms; no charge for lighting or service.
HAUSER FRERES, Proprietors.

WINTER RESIDENCE IN THE ENGADINE.
The Maloja Kursaal (9000 ft. above sea-level), open for the whole Winter. New ice rink and sun gallery. Milanese band, snow-shoeing, skating, tobogganing, and sleighing. Vide "Alpine Winter in its Medical Aspects" (Churchill).

M O N T E C A R L O
AS A SUMMER RESORT.

For a summer stay, Monte Carlo, adjacent to Monaco, is one of the most quiet, charming, and interesting of spots on the Mediterranean sea-coast. The Principality has a tropical vegetation, yet the summer heat is always tempered by the breezes. The beach is covered with the softest sand; the Hotels are grand and numerous, with warm sea-baths, and there are comfortable villas and apartments, replete with every comfort, as in some of our own places of summer resort in England.
Monaco is the only sea-bathing town on the Mediterranean coast which offers to its visitors the same amusements as the Establishments on the banks of the Rhine—Theatre, Concerts, Venetian Fêtes, &c.
There is, perhaps, no town in the world that can compare in the beauty of its position with Monte Carlo, or in its special fascinations and attractions—not only by the favoured climate and by the interesting scenery, but also by the facilities of every kind for relief in cases of illness or disease, or for the restoration of health.
As a WINTER RESORT, Monaco occupies the first place among the winter stations on the Mediterranean sea-border, on account of its climate, its numerous attractions, and the elegant pleasures it has to offer to its guests, which make it the rendezvous of the aristocratic world, the spot most frequented by travellers in Europe; in short, Monaco and Monte Carlo enjoy a perpetual spring. Monte Carlo is only thirty-two hours from London and forty minutes from Nice.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY,
SWITZERLAND.

The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express Trains from London to Milan, eight times a week. Excursions to the Rigi by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages, Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cooks' and Gaze's Offices.

THE HIGHLANDS OF BRAZIL
SANATORIUM, in one of the finest all-the-year-round climates known. Inland, bracing, 2900 ft. above sea-level, just within the Southern Temperate Zone; good summer and winter alike; no change of residence forced on the invalid by the vicissitudes of the seasons. English society, English church. The voyage from England or the United States is a favourite fair-weather ocean trip. Terms, 10s. to 12s. per diem. Circular, with further particulars, from CHARLES WILLIAM JONES, Esq., 39, Drury-buildings, Liverpool; or ARTHUR R. JONES, The Sanatorium, St. Paulo, Brazil.

AUTUMN TOUR IN THE
MEDITERRANEAN.

The Orient Company will dispatch their large, full powered Steamship GAIKONNE, 370 tons register, 300-horse power, from FLEURY DOCKS, London, on NOV. 15, for a Five Weeks' Cruise, visiting Lisbon, Tangier, Gibraltar, Algiers, Palermo, Naples, Leghorn, Genoa, Nice, for Riviera, Malaga, &c., arriving in London on Dec. 22.
The GAIKONNE is fitted with the Electric Light. Hot and Cold Baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order. Number of passengers strictly limited.
An experienced Surgeon will be carried.
Managers: F. GREEN and CO., ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., Fenchurch-avenue, E.C.
For Terms and other particulars apply to the latter firm; or to West-End Agents, Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-st., S.W.

AUTHOR'S AUTOGRAPH EDITION OF MISS BRADDON'S
NOVELS.
Price 2s. 6d., cloth gilt.

MISS BRADDON'S NOVELS. N.B.—The
whole of the Novels always ready.—London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.; Bookstalls; Booksellers.

CHEAP EDITION OF MISS BRADDON'S NOVELS.
Price 2s., picture cover; 2s. 6d., cloth gilt.

LIKE AND UNLIKE: A Novel. By the
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," &c.
"Like and Unlike" is by far the most effective of Miss Braddon's stories.—Morning Paper.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, and Co.

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER and CO'S LIST.

MUSIC.
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
MUSIC.

LAWRENCE KELLIE'S SONG ALBUM,
Containing
TEN NEW SONGS.
Price 4s. net.

LAWRENCE KELLIE'S SONGS.
YOU ASK ME WHY I LOVE .. 2s. 6d. net.
SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRIED WAYS .. 2s. 6d. net.
THINK NOT OF IT, SWEET ONE, SO .. 2s. 6d. net.

ALFRED CELLIER'S SONGS.
THERE ONCE WAS A TIME, MY DARLING .. 2s. 6d. net.
O LOVE THAT'S TRUE .. 2s. 6d. net.
THE KING'S JESTER .. 2s. 6d. net.

J. L. MOLLOY'S SONGS.
MASKS AND FACES .. 2s. 6d. net.
MISTRESS PRUE .. 2s. 6d. net.
SWEET LAVENDER .. 2s. 6d. net.

PLEASE SING ME A SONG.
An Album of Children's Songs. Composed by R. D. ADDISON. Words by Mary Chuter and Ellis Walton. Price 2s. 6d. net.

METZLER'S VIOLIN and PIANO MUSIC.
STEPHANIE GAVOTTE (B. Tours) .. 2s. 6d. net.
SWING SONG (B. Tours) .. 2s. 6d. net.
REVE CHAMANT (B. Tours) .. 2s. 6d. net.
BALLET MUSIC (LA REINE DE SABA) .. 2s. 6d. net.
BOOKS I and II, (B. Tours) .. each 2s. 6d. net.
CARMEN (Fantasia on Aïre; H. Farmer) .. 2s. 6d. net.
SIX ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS (H. M. Higgs) .. 2s. 6d. net.
YELLOW JASMINE GAVOTTE (B. Tours) .. 2s. 6d. net.
LA COLOMBE EXTRAITE (B. Tours) .. 2s. 6d. net.

METZLER'S RED ALBUM.
A new series of Vocal and Instrumental compositions. Each number contains thirty-two pages, full music size. Price One Shilling each. No. 1 contains nine Songs; No. 2 contains eight Songs; No. 3 contains Pianoforte Compositions; No. 4 contains six Violin and Pianoforte Compositions.

METZLER and CO'S NEW THEMATIC
CATALOGUE of Vocal and Instrumental Music (seventy-two pages), sent gratis and post-free.

MASON and HAMLIN American Organs.
NEW DRAWING-ROOM MODELS.

MASON and HAMLIN American Organs.
NEW CHURCH MODELS.

MASON and HAMLIN American Organs.
NEW CONCERT MODELS.

MASON and HAMLIN American Organs.
NEW SCHOOL MODELS.
Prices £8 to £400. Liberal discount for cash.
New illustrated Catalogue sent gratis and post-free.

RÖNISH PIANOFORTES.
The New Upright Model. The New Boudoir Grand. The New Upright Grand.

METZLER'S ORGANO-PIANO.
Intending Purchasers of Pianofortes should hear the Organo-Piano, as the effect of Organ and Piano either separately or in combination is easily obtainable. The value of this wonderful invention of continuous vibration of the string cannot be too highly estimated. Full descriptive list sent post-free.

VIOLINS, CORNETS, FLUTES,
CLARIONETS, VIOLONCELLOS, BANJOS, GUITARS, ZITHERS, DRUMS.

METZLER and CO'S MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS and FITTINGS of every Description for Military, Brass, and Drum and Pipe Bands, large and small Orchestras. Toy Instruments for the Toy Symphonies. Descriptive list sent post-free.

METZLER and CO.,
42, GREAT MARLBOROUGH-STREET, LONDON.

MUSICAL BOXES.—Messrs Nicole Frères
invite inspection of the Perfect Interchangeable Musical Box (Registered), by which an endless variety of delightful airs can be produced at pleasure.—21, Ely-place, London, E.C. Geneva, established 1815. Write for Price-List No. 6, free. Musical Boxes repaired.

SMITH, ELDER, and CO'S NEW BOOKS.
VOLUME 7 OF THE NEW and UNIFORM EDITION
OF THE
COMPLETE WORKS OF ROBERT
BROWNING.

Ready this day, with a Portrait of Mr. Browning,
IN A BALCONY: And DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.
This Edition will consist of 16 Volumes. A Volume is published Monthly.

POCKET EDITION OF THE LIFE AND
WORKS OF CHARLOTTE, EMILY, and ANNE
BRONTË.

To be completed in 7 Monthly Volumes, each containing a Frontispiece, bound in half-cloth, with cut or uncut edges. Price 1s. 6d. per Volume.
Volume I., JANE EYRE, by Charlotte Brontë, is ready this day.

NEW EDITION OF TURNER'S "T LEAVES."
Ready this day, the Fifth Edition, crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

T LEAVES: A Collection of Pieces for
Public Reading. By EDWARD F. TURNER, Author of "Tantler's Sister," "More T Leaves," &c.
POPULAR EDITION OF "RICHARD CABLE."
Ready this day, Popular Edition, crown 8vo, 6s.

RICHARD CABLE: The Lightshipman.
By the Author of "Melmoth," "John Herring," "Court Royal," &c.

NEW NOVEL BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOLLY BAWN."
Ready this day, at all the Libraries, in 3 vols., post 8vo.

UNDERCURRENTS. By the Author of
"Molly Bawn," "Aïry Fairy Lillian," "Mrs. Geoffrey," &c.

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 65,
THE CORNILL MAGAZINE for
NOVEMBER, Containing FRENCH JANET, Chaps. VII.—IX.—NOT UNDERSTANDING OF THE PEOPLE.—A COACH DRIVE AT THE LAKES (not included).—NOTES BY A SAPPHIRIST: an Autumn Romance in Surrey; and A LIFE'S MOULDING, by the Author of "Denos," "Thyza," &c., Chaps. XXI.—XXIII., &c.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

WELDON'S LADIES' JOURNAL. Price 3d.;
by post, 4d. Paper Pattern of the Dorothy Mantle given away, also a Coloured Plate of Mantles, Costumes, Smocked Gowns, Dressmaking Lesson, How to cut-out and make the Adeline Patti Bodice, &c.

WELDON'S DRESSMAKER. Price 1d.;
post-free, 2d. A charming Coloured Plate of Winter Fashions given away. Fifty Illustrations of Latest Winter Designs, Dressmaking, How to cut-out and make Kilts.

WELDON'S BAZAAR OF CHILDREN'S
FASHION. Price 1d.; post-free, 2d. A Paper Pattern of a Girl's Pajama given away; Seventy Illustrations of Winter Styles, for Boys and Girls.

WELDON'S KNITTER. How to Knit
useful Garments for Ladies and Children.
Price 6d.; post-free, 7d.; or Parts 1 to 12 of the Series, 10s. 6d. net.

Weldon's Knitting (3 Parts). Weldon's Stocking Knitter.
Weldon's Crochet (2 Parts). Weldon's Art Needlework.
Weldon's Crochet (2 Parts). Weldon's Crochet Macramé.
Weldon's Patchwork. Weldon's Macramé Lace.
Weldon's Smocking.
WELDON and Co., Southampton-street, Strand, W.C.

The "Globe" says: "This practical work should be in the hands of every lady."

MRS. LEACH'S FANCY WORK BASKET.
Part 12. Price 6d.
Containing over 100 Illustrations, with Practical Lessons in Smocking, Home Decoration, Crochet Macramé, Knitting, Tatting, Crochet, &c.

May be had of all Booksellers; or, by post, seven stamps. Handsomely-bound Volume, 50 Illustrations. Price 3s., by post, 3s. 6d.

Mrs. LEACH, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.

CASSELL and COMPANY'S

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CASSELL'S NEW

POPULAR EDUCATOR.

Now ready, Part I., price 6d.

CASSELL'S NEW POPULAR EDUCATOR.

NEW TEXT. NEW SIZE. NEW ILLUSTRATIONS. NEW TYPE. NEW COLOURED PLATES. NEW MAPS IN COLOURS. With PAINT I. is issued a large and striking PRESENTATION PLATE, entitled "A Popular Educator of the Olden Time—Christopher Columbus and the Council of Salamanca." Prospectuses will be forwarded in any number desired for distribution on application to the Publishers.

CASSELL'S

PICTURESQUE

AUSTRALASIA.

Published in Monthly Parts, price 7d. An Entirely New Work.

CASSELL'S PICTURESQUE

AUSTRALASIA. A Delicately by Pen and Pencil of the Scenery, the Towns, and the Life of the People in Town and Bush, throughout the Colonies of Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and the adjacent Islands. By EDWARD P. MORRIS, M.A., Oxford, Professor of English, &c., in the Melbourne University, assisted by Eminent Writers in the various Colonies.
With upwards of ONE THOUSAND ILLUSTRATIONS executed expressly for the work.

Now ready, Part I. (To be completed in about 40 Parts). Prospectuses at all Booksellers, or post-free from the Publishers.

THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE.

Now ready, Part II., price 7d.

THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE, with

Several Hundred Original Illustrations. In consequence of the widespread and increasing demand for "The World of Adventure," two large Editions of Part I. have been exhausted. A Third Edition has been printed, and copies may be had at all Booksellers, price 7d., including a large Presentation Plate, handsomely printed in tint, entitled "On the Brink of the Pre-epoch."

HALFPENNY WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED

BIBLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF THE BIBLE, IN HALFPENNY WEEKLY NUMBERS. With a view of meeting a national requirement for a popular Illustrated Edition of the Bible at such a price and in such a form that the humblest homes may be able to possess it, Messrs. Cassell and Company have arranged to publish, in Weekly Numbers, price One Halfpenny,

THE HOLY BIBLE. With Gustave Doré's magnificent Illustrations. No. 1 ready Oct. 31, price 4d. To be issued also in Monthly Parts. Part I. ready Nov. 20, price 3d.

THE QUIVER.

UPWARDS OF

200,000 MORE PARTS OF THE QUIVER

HAVE BEEN SOLD DURING 1888 THAN LAST YEAR.

This Magazine, for Sunday and general reading, which is now acknowledged to be "unapproachable," commences a New Volume with the November issue, containing Eighty pages and Coloured Plate, price 6d.

Now ready, price 6d.,

THE QUIVER for NOVEMBER, being the

FIRST PART OF THE NEW VOLUME,

CONTAINING:
1. A HANDSOME COLOURED PICTURE.
2. AN AMICABLE ARRANGEMENT, A Story in Seven Chapters. By Annie S. Swan.
3. THE SEVEN LEAVES OF THE VINE. By the Lord Bishop of Derby.
4. FIRMNESS OF FAITH: An Interview with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. By Our Special Commissioner.
5. COMPANIONSHIP: Good and Bad. By the Rev. Henry Allon, D.D.
6. A WALK DOWN A CHINESE STREET. By the Rev. W. T. A. Barber, M.A.
7. "THAT IMPUDENT RUTH." Complete Story. By the Rev. M. A. B. Gordon.
8. "HARK, THE NOTES OF ANGELS SINGING." Music by C. Hubert H. Parry, Mus.D.
9. A SORROWFUL FORFEIT. By the Rev. Frederick Hastings.
10. WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE. By the Rev. Tryon Edwards, D.D.
11. MEMORABLE LETTERS AND THEIR WRITERS. By the Rev. Robert Shindler.
12. "The Quiver" appears in a new and enlarged form, greatly improved.—Guardian.
13. "TIS A GREAT MISTAKE TO GROW OLD." By the Rev. P. B. Power, M.A.
14. A NEW YORK PHILANTHROPIST.
15. MY MASTER'S MAN. By Felix Ferry.
16. WHITTIER'S RELIGIOUS POEMS. By a Member of the Society of Friends. Illustrated.
17. NOT FORGOTTEN. By the Rev. B. G. Johns, M.A.
18. SCRIPTURE LESSONS FOR SCHOOL AND HOME. (International Series.)
19. THE STORY OF A SILVER KEYLESS WATCH. Short complete Story.
20. MISTS OF MEMORY.—TRIANGLES. By G. Weatherly.
21. LYCH GATES. With 16 Illustrations.
22. SHORT ARROWS. Notes of Christian Life and Work in all Fields. Illustrated.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

The exhibition with which Sir Coutts Lindsay proposes to fill up the interval between now and the date of the ordinary winter exhibition has at all events the merit of novelty. Nothing of the sort has, we believe, been attempted before in this country; and we may congratulate both the manager of, and contributors to, the present exhibition on the ease and rapidity with which they have adopted and revived a branch of art which, except in a few hands, has in this country at least fallen into neglect. The limits of pastel-painting, if we may use the term, leave little room for anything more than the display of certain technical skill, which we gather comes almost naturally, though in different degrees, to every painter in oils or water-colours. Further than the production of a certain surface it seems difficult to go—and consequently the pictures, chiefly portraits, must be wanting in dramatic expression.

The art of the "pastellists," a recognised body in French art, is so little known in this country, that we may be excused if we briefly refer to its history—of which we hasten to add very little is known with certainty; for whilst some authorities refer it back to the ancient Egyptians, others assert, with no less confidence, that it was never practised, as a recognised form of art, until the early part of the last century.

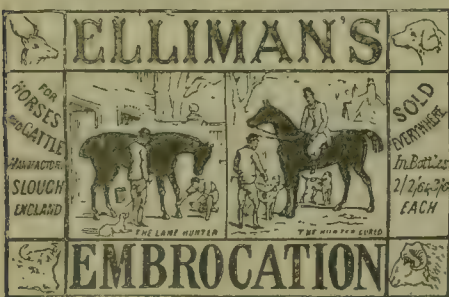
Pastels hold a sort of middle place between drawings and painted pictures. They are executed with coloured pencils on rough paper, and occasionally on specially prepared canvas. Three sorts of pencils are usually employed by artists in this work—hard and medium ones for the outline and more strongly-marked traits; and soft ones, of which the chalk is crumbled and spread with the finger, so that the result is, in fact, nothing more than a light coating of coloured dust, which adheres more or less to the paper. The perishable nature of all pastels has been recognised by artists of all times and in all countries, and many attempts have been made to fix their work; and in Italy paper is specially prepared with marble powder rubbed into the surface, which has the quality of attaching the chalk subsequently applied. In spite, however, of the difficulties which would seem to stand in the way of making pastels permanent, there are numerous collections of the highest interest both in this country and on the Continent. At Castle Howard, at Windsor, and at Wilton House are to be found specimens which certainly date from the sixteenth century, and in many cases the colours are fresh and the likenesses well preserved. Most of these works are attributed to French artists, but there is little doubt that Holbein also worked with this medium. Historically, however, the invention of pastel-painting is attributed by most authorities to the Germans—the honour being divided between two ladies of Dantzic, Madame Vernerin and Fräulein Heid, and Herr Thiele, of Erfurt, all of whom lived in the first half of the eighteenth century. The Louvre contains some portraits of the kind which go back to the times of Charles IX., although it was not until after the accession of Louis XV. that the pastellists became fashionable, and were sought after by the ladies of the Court who desired to sit for their portraits. Amongst the artists of that time Maurice Quentin de la Tour was the most noteworthy, and after him may be mentioned Vivien, Liotard, Russel-Nattier, Vigée, Greuze, and others. Amongst the Italians the works of the Venetian lady Rosalba Carriera are the most sought after by amateurs; and those of Lundberg among the Germans. Amongst the modern artists in this style are Fless, Bouquet, Riesener, Vidal, &c.; and among contemporaries we may mention Madame de Léoménil, M. Perrogis, M. Steuben, and Mlle. Allain.

Of these pastellists there are no specimens at the Grosvenor Gallery; but, for all that, the French school is strongly represented in both its realistic and impressionist phases, although, as Frenchmen, they will scarcely be gratified at the attention and well-deserved admiration which Mr. Otto Scholderer's "Master Victor" (38) will obtain—a delightful boy in a Cavalier suit standing firmly on his little legs, and looking every inch a boy of force and character. If we compare this with M. J. E. Blanche's most effective work, the portrait of Donna Olga Caracciolo (24) in a brown frock and white spotted pinafore—the stiffness of which is a parody rather than a triumph of realism—we must feel that the less affected school of which Herr Scholderer is a disciple produces the pleasanter impression. In absolute technique, possibly M. Blanche is far above all other competitors. His portrait of Mlle. Bartet (52) shows what he can achieve with simple black and white, and, it must be added, what the lady also—well known as an actress—can do with very simple materials. It is, at the same time, disfigured by the repetition of the same curves throughout the whole of the drapery; and by the still greater fault of making the lady in all respects subordinate to her clothes. With another portrait (153), a young lady in a painfully ugly pink dress, the same fault cannot be found. M. Machard is another recognised master in pastels amongst our neighbours, and he excels in flesh colour, with a slight exaggeration of its green reflections, as seen in his "Juno" (28) and "Soap Bubbles" (20), where the figure, however, is admirable in pose. It requires a long apprenticeship to foreign art—and, we may add, to foreign climate—to appreciate M. P. Roll's not very elegant nor gracefully-proportioned nymphs "Resting" (44) and "Bathing" (60); and we honestly confess our inability to discover wherein the beauty of such work resides. We infinitely prefer M. Dubufé's portrait of a lady (23) in black, where the surface of the flesh is produced with far greater regard to truth, and is far more complimentary to the lady; and in his other smaller work, a study of a boy's head (14), the colour is stronger and the expression of character more strongly marked. M. Emile Lévy's portrait of his daughter (25), and that, apparently, of his wife (90), and of Madame D. (249); Madame Louise Abbema's portrait of M. Paul Mantz (163), Théodore Roussel's admirable "Pierrot" (174), a true harmony in white, are amongst the best figure pictures of the foreign school. The impressionists—who, for the most part, are brought together in the East Gallery—must be judged by another standard; but their principal exponent, Mr. P. Helleu, is not seen at his best in his "Spanish Lady" (148), clever though it be, or by the "Young Lady" (150) in evening dress. Of the more intricate difficulties which landscapes and groups offer to the pastellist we have some very interesting examples—especially "The Sunset" (75) and "Le Rocher du Dombier" (77), by M. Pointelin; M. Montanard's "Road in the South of France" (22), and M. Léon Lhermitte's "Confirmation Day" (6), Mr. J. L. Brown's "Battle-field" (73), strewn with dead horses, and his less gruesome "Hunting-Scene" (167). We should not, perhaps, quit the French school without mentioning the name of Mlle. Anna Belinska, whose numerous works show a very decided individuality, which, in many cases, has no sympathy with French art. She is always firm and vigorous, and sometimes as uncompromising in colour as in pose.

Another lady, who is well represented in this exhibition, Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, also belongs to two schools. In sentiment she is thoroughly English, but in her treatment of colour she is ultra-French, as seen in "One, two, three, and away we go" (43), a band of merry children in full sunlight playing in the fields; and again in the "Maids in the

Garden hanging out the Clothes" (59). In these and other works Miss Armstrong pushes pastel-work to such an extreme that we are inclined to ask why they were not painted in oils, which would have given her far more freedom, and permitted greater finish? But amongst the English exhibitors Mr. George Clausen deserves almost, if not quite, the foremost place. In "The Harrow" (39), although too obviously a reminiscence of F. J. Millet, there is a delicacy of touch combined with an honest rendering of nature, which stamps it as a true work of art; and we meet these characteristics again in his "Child's Portrait" (178) and the "Girl's Head" (210). It is difficult to fix accurately Mr. Hubert Vos's nationality, but he has settled himself amongst us, and we are only too glad to welcome so accomplished an artist. His skill in rendering attractive the somewhat attenuated Mlle. De Staal (12) shows no less cleverness than his thoroughly French rendering of such preeminently English scenery as is to be found in the neighbourhood of Porlock (36). Mr. Vos has also two "political" pastels "Home Rulers" (139) and "In Dreamland" (233), which will attract notice. Mr. W. Llewellyn's "Waiting" (37), a lady dressed for a walk in a green dress against a green background, is *très chic*, and the success which the artist has achieved justifies his boldness; and with it we may compare Mr. Jacob Hood's "Lady Artist" (57) and Mr. George Harcourt's portrait of Madame H. (65), both of which show great refinement as well as deftness in manipulation. Mr. Whistler and Mr. Holman Hunt, essentially different in their use of pastel, belong to an older school of workers; but we scarcely think the latter's portrait of Mr. T. Coombe (78) will provoke admiration, for it lacks that quality of colour in which Mr. Holman Hunt excels. Mr. Whistler is as delicate as ever in his little bits of Venice, of which, by-the-way, we seem to have seen some at his own exhibition a year or two back. If this be so, it is only fair to say that they have not deteriorated by keeping; and if they are fresh fruit from his store, we can honestly compliment him on maintaining his high position amongst contemporary "pastellists." Mr. Solomon I. Solomon's full-length portrait of Miss Ethel Wright (72), which occupies one of the places of honour in the large gallery, in spite of its cleverness, betrays too much effort to obtain a simple result, and, like Mr. J. J. Shannon, he seems to have taken to this style of work almost *en dépit de lui-même*. In fact, when we look through the catalogue and recognise the familiar names of those who have achieved a reputation in oils and water colours, without once, so far as the public knows, suspecting their own talent for pastel, one is inclined to be a little sceptical of the spontaneity of much of their work. In time, doubtless, we shall see the English school take its place, and possibly it will distinguish itself by some special features; but at present the artists in pastel, for the most part, are imitators of the French, or simply bring to their easel the ideas and aims which inspired them when at work in oils or water colours. We do not say this in any depreciation of the exhibition or of its object. Many of those who send works are deserving of high praise, and amongst such we may name Mr. W. E. F. Britten, Mrs. Stokes, Miss E. M. Osborne, Miss Florence Small, and others. It is, perhaps, needless to add that Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, finds in pastel-work an admirable means of filling his frames with wide expanse of sand and water; but the result is hardly more attractive, to the initiated, than in his more ordinary medium. In conclusion, we should say one word of commendation for the admirable hanging of the rooms. M. Deschamps has shown not only judgment, but excellent taste, in the grouping of English and French artists; and, whilst keeping in view the general effect, he has managed to do full justice to the claims of individual works.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT



FOR SPRAINS, CURBS, AND SPLINTS WHEN FORMING.
FOR OVER-REACHES, CHAPPED HEELS, WIND GALLS.
FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.
FOR SORE THROATS AND INFLUENZA.
FOR BROKEN KNEES, BRUISES, CAPPED HOCKS.
FOR SORE SHOULDERS, SORE BACKS.
FOR SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS.

"I can strongly recommend it for many purposes."

PHILIP GEORGE BARTHOLOP.

Master of Essex and Suffolk Hounds.

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.

Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.
Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., Slough, Eng.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

FOR RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SPRAINS.

UNIVERSAL ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

BRUISES, CHEST COLDS, SORE THROAT from COLD, STIFFNESS.

Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS & Co, Slough, Eng.

THE GROSVENOR CLUB,

135, NEW BOND-ST., W.

This Club, which is proprietary and on a non-political basis, numbers 1100 members. It contains the usual Club-Rooms, has been recently redecorated, and is lighted throughout by means of Electricity. To meet the expenses of further proposed improvements, by an influx of members, the Committee has resolved to temporarily suspend the entrance fee.

Members have free admission to the Galleries during the Exhibition.

All members have the privilege of subscribing to the large Circulating Library, for the use of their families, at a reduced rate. For reading in the Club, books are supplied free of expense to members. The Club Reference Library is exceptionally fine.

High-class Smoking and other Concerts have been successfully inaugurated.

The long association of the Grosvenor Gallery with art should render this Club attractive to artists as well as to professional, literary, scientific, and other gentlemen.

The Subscription is Five Guineas for town, Three Guineas for country members, and One Guinea for residents abroad, whether military or civilian. Subscriptions paid after Oct. 1, 1888, will hold good until Dec. 31, 1889.

The following names have recently been added to the Committee:—

The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres; Lord Wintour of Lockinge, V.C., K.C.B., &c.; Sir Coutts Lindsay, Bart.; Sir Chas. H. Stuart Rich, Bart.; Rev. A. Wellesley Batson, Mus. Bac. Oxon; Edmund Yates, Esq.; Joseph Barnby, Esq.; Chas. Wyndham, Esq.; F. C. Burnand, Esq.

Applications for membership should be addressed to the SECRETARY.

GOLDSMITHS' ALLIANCE

(LIMITED),

JEWELLERS, WATCH AND CLOCK MAKERS,

11 & 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.



The Stock of Jewellery is the largest and choicest in the City of London, and contains the newest and most approved designs.

GOODS FORWARDED INTO THE COUNTRY ON APPROBATION.

Illustrated Pamphlets of Prices sent, gratis and post-free, to all parts of the world.

By Special Appointment.

LADIES' DRESSES.

NEW PATTERNS FREE.

SPEARMAN
AND
SPEARMAN,
PLYMOUTH.

EXQUISITE DRESS MATERIALS

AND ROYAL NAVY SERGES.

The highest taste; best qualities, and cheapest prices. In Pure Wool only.

Orders are Carriage Paid; and any length is cut.

These beautiful Goods are supplied to Ladies themselves, not through Agents or Drapers.

BUY DIRECT FROM

SPEARMAN AND SPEARMAN,
PLYMOUTH, DEVON.



"They fit perfectly, and are superior to all the other Corsets I have tried."—Signed, MARIE ROZE

THE Y&N
PATENT
DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Exquisite Model, Perfect Comfort, Guaranteed Wear. Beware of worthless imitations. Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal" and "THREE GOLD MEDALS!" Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

Seam Corset, No. 116, in oval. THREE GOLD MEDALS!

TIME-CHECKING MACHINES.

ABSOLUTE ACCURACY.

GREAT ECONOMY.

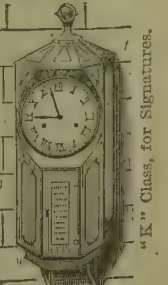
CHECKS OVERTIME WORKED.

Indicating, Counting, and Clock-work mechanism a specialty.

Experimental Work for Inventors undertaken on reasonable terms.

Patent Business transacted by W. M. Llewellyn, C.E.

LEWELLAN MACHINE CO., BRISTOL.



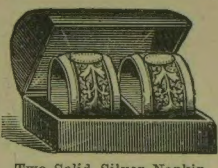
MAPPIN & WEBB

Have the largest and most Artistic Stock of **STERLING and ELECTRO SILVER PRESENTS** in the Kingdom.

WEDDING PRESENTS.



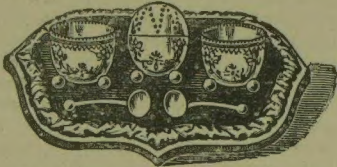
One Pair Grape Scissors, Nutcrackers, and Picks, in Morocco Case, Electro-Silver, £1 5s.



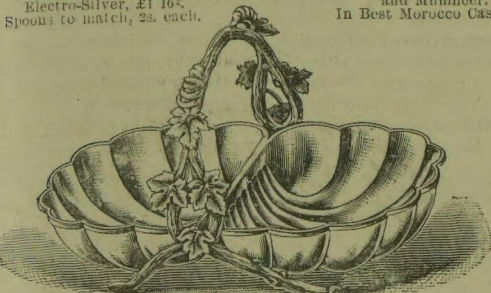
Two Solid Silver Napkin Rings. Neatly Engraved, in Case, 34s.



"Just Out" Cruet (Regd.). Electro-Silver, £1 16s. Spoons to match, 2s. each.



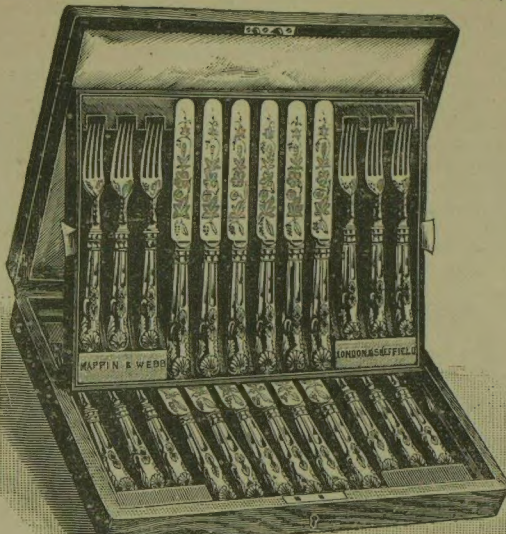
Two Sterling Silver Salt-Cellars, Spoons, and Mulliner. In Best Morocco Case, £2.



Rich fluted-design Double Biscuit or Cake Basket, inside richly gilt, £4 4s.



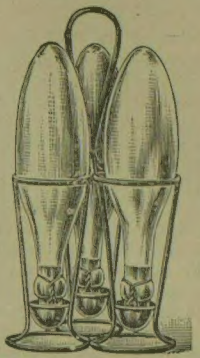
Dot Mulliner. Electro-Silver, 2s. Sterling Silver, 10s. 6d.



Mappin & Webb's £5 Case of Dessert Knives and Forks, containing 12 pairs, richly chased, as illustrated. The same, with Plain Blades, £4 5s. The same, with Pearl Handles, engraved, £5; plain, £4 10s.



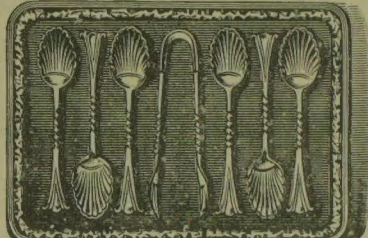
Ice Pail, with Electro-Silver mounts and drainer, 10s. 6d. Tongs to match, 5s.



Electro-Silver Soda Water Stand. 1-bottle, 6s. 3-bottle, 25s. 2-bottle, 18s. 4-bottle, 38s.



Cut Glass Claret Jug, Solid Silver Mounts, £3 10s.



Six Solid Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in best Morocco Case, £2 15s.



Escallop Butter Shell and Knife, with glass lining. Electro-Silver, 12s. 6d. Sterling Silver, £2 2s.

OXFORD-ST., WEST END, 158, POULTRY, CITY, 18, LONDON.

Manufactories } 34, King-street, Covent-garden, W.C.
and Show-Rooms } Royal Plate and Cutlery Works, Sheffield.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST-FREE.

BUTLER'S MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.



G. BUTLER,
29, HAYMARKET, LONDON.
Illustrated Price-List (Sixty Pages) post-free.

IZOD'S PATENT CORSETS ARE THE BEST.

Prepared by a New and Special Scientific Process. Medical opinion recommends them for the Health. Public opinion all over the world unites in saying that they are unsurpassed for Comfort, Style, and Durability. Sold all over Europe, and everywhere in India and Colonies. Name and Trade-Mark Anchor on every pair and box. Ask your Draper or Out-fitter for IZOD'S make; take no other, and see you get them, as bad makes are often sold for sake of extra profit. Write for our sheet of drawings.

E. IZOD & SON,
30, Milk-street, London.
Manufacture: LANDPORT, HANTS.

Beetham's Glycerine and Cucumber

Is the most perfect Emollient Milk for PRESERVING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN EVER PRODUCED. It soon renders it Soft, Smooth, and WHITE; entirely removes and prevents all ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, SUNBURN, TAN, &c., and preserves the SKIN from the effects of the SUN, WIND, or HARD WATER more effectually than any other preparation. No Lady who values her complexion should ever be without it, as it is invaluable at all Seasons for keeping the SKIN SOFT and BLOOMING. BEWARE OF INJURIOUS IMITATIONS. "BEETHAM" is the only genuine. Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d., of all Chemists. Free for 3d. extra by the Sole Makers, **M. BEETHAM and SON, CHEMISTS, CHELTENHAM.**

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS.
COLLARS: Ladies' 3-fold, from 3s. 6d. per doz. Gent's 4-fold, from 4s. 11d. per doz.
CUFFS: For Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, from 5s. 11d. per doz.
Price-Lists and Samples, post-free.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

"O'CONNELL" MONUMENT WHISKY (IRISH).
"WALLACE" MONUMENT WHISKY (SCOTCH).
THE "BALLYHOOLEY" WHISKY (IRISH).
(REGISTERED BRANDS.)
Wholesale and Export of J. & J. VICKERS & Co., Ltd., LONDON and DUBLIN.

Allen & Hanbury's Castor Oil
Tasteless. Pure. Active.
Sold everywhere at 6d., 1/1, 1/9 & 3/1.
"It possesses all the advantages claimed for it."—Lancet.

FLORILINE. For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best Liquid Dentifrice in the world: it thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living animalcules, leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke: being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants, it is perfectly delicious to the taste, and as harmless as sherry. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
E P P S'S
(GRATEFUL-COMFORTING)
C O C O A
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

ADVICE TO DYSPPEPTICS
Now Ready. Tenth Edition. CONTENTS:—Symptoms of Dyspepsia and Indigestion; Special Advice as to Diet and Regimen; Diseases Sympathetic; Notes for Dyspeptics; Beverages, Air, and Ventilation; Particulars of numerous Dyspeptic Cases. Sent for one stamp.
Address: Publisher, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY for the HAIR. If your hair is turning grey, or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer" for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots, where the glands are not decayed. "The Mexican Hair Renewer" is sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere, at 3s. 6d. per Bottle.

ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
Samples and Price-Lists, post-free.
Ladies' .. 1/2 Hemstitched .. 2/11 Per Doz.
Gent's .. 3/6 Ladies' .. 4/11 Per Doz.
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

ADAMS'S FURNITURE POLISH.

Ready Oct. 29.
ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK FOR 1889.
SIX PICTURES IN CHROMO.

1.—TOM TITS.
2.—ROBIN REDBREASTS.
3.—DOROTHY.
4.—THE CAPTIVE.
5.—MICHAELMAS GEESSE.
6.—WAITING FOR DINNER.
Monthly Calendars—Tables of Duration of Sunlight—Diagrams of Duration of Moonlight—High-water Tables—Festivals, Seasons, Terms, Symbols, &c.—Astronomical Occurrences for 1889—Eclipses, &c.
By JAS. GLAISHER, Esq., F.R.S., &c.
Useful Statistics for Reference throughout the Year—National Income and Expenditure—Government Offices—Postal Information—Stamps, Duties, and Licences—Public Acts passed during 1888—Notable Occurrences, Events, and Obituary during 1887-8—Hospitals and Charities of London.
By JABEZ HOGG, Esq.
ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT.
In Pictorial Cover.
Price ONE SHILLING; Postage, Twopence-Halfpenny.
Published at the Office of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand. Post-Office Orders, &c., Payable to INGRAM BROTHERS.

WORTH ET CIE., ARTISTES EN CORSETS.

"ART STEPS IN WHEN NATURE FAILS."
CORSETS made from measurement, and specially fitted, from 2s. to 10 guineas.
CORSETS and SUPPORTING STAYS, for Deformities, Curvatures, Spinal Complaints, and Defects of the Figure, under medical supervision.
SELECTED FRENCH CORSETS, from 1 guinea.
Full Descriptive Circulars and Measurement Forms on application.
134, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.

THE OLDEST AND BEST. "THE QUEEN"
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers, Oilmen, &c.
MANUFACTORY: VALLEY-ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

FASHIONS FOR THE SEASON.

PETER ROBINSON'S COURT and FAMILY MOURNING WAREHOUSE.
256 to 262, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.
ON RECEIPT of LETTER or TELEGRAM Mourning Goods will be forwarded to any part of England on approval—no matter the distance—with an excellent fitting Dressmaker (if desired), without any extra charge whatever.
Address—PETER ROBINSON, Mourning Warehouse, Regent-st.
INEXPENSIVE MOURNING, as well as the Richest Qualities, can be supplied by PETER ROBINSON, upon advantageous terms, to Families. Good fitting Dressmakers are sent to all parts of England with a full assortment of goods, and to take orders, immediately on receipt of letter or telegram.
Regent-street, Nos. 256 to 262.
FRENCH and ENGLISH DRESSMAKING at very moderate charges.
SILKS, VELVETS, BROCADES, an immense Stock of New Goods, the latest productions, for Mantles and Dresses. Patterns free.
OUR SPECIAL "Good-Wearing" MAKES of BLACK SILKS. A fresh delivery from "Como," 3s. 11d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 3d., to 10s. 6d. Patterns free.
EVENING and DINNER DRESSES. A superior and superb variety, all very moderate in price, varying from 1 to 10 guineas.
NEW BLACK MATERIAL COSTUMES. A beautiful variety of New Designs from 14 to 6 guineas.
BEAUTIFUL FRENCH MILLINERY, entirely New and Novel.
PETER ROBINSON, the COURT and GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
256 to 262, REGENT-STREET.



PETER ROBINSON { MOURNING WAREHOUSE, REGENT-STREET, LONDON.

THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD and FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE is the original and only recognised medium for High-class Introductions. The largest and most successful Matrimonial Agency in the World. Price 3d.; in envelope, 4d. Address, Editor, 49, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.

Eleventh Edition, 1s.; post-free, 12 stamps.
THE HUMAN HAIR: Why it Falls Off or Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By PROFESSOR HARLEY PARKER. Published by E. MILLS, 21, Chancery-lane, S.W. "Everybody should read this little book."—Scotsman.

UMBRELLAS.
S. FOX & CO. LIMITED.
SEE THIS NAME ON EVERY UMBRELLA FRAME YOU BUY.
S. FOX & CO. LIMITED
PATENTEES & SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF ALL STERLING IMPROVEMENTS IN UMBRELLA FRAMES.
PARACON TRADE MARKS.

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, have added to their celebrated frames decided improvements (protected by Letters Patent) which give increased Stability and greater Neatness to the Umbrella.

SAMUEL FOX & Co., Limited, manufacture the Steel specially for all their frames and are thus able to provide exceptional quality at a merely nominal price over inferior makes.

TORPID LIVER
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated-Tongue, Pain in the Side, etc. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. 40 in a phial. Purely Vegetable, and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. Established 1856. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 11d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.
Illustrated pamphlet free. British Depot, 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

KROPP RAZOR
WARRANTED PERFECT. NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.
From all Dealers. Wholesale, 51, Frith-street, London, W.

BENEDICTIN'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE
DELIGHTFUL TO USE. PREVENTS DECAY of the TEETH. Purifies the Breath. Leaves the mouth in a state of delicious and durable freshness. GOLD MEDALS—Paris, Brussels, London, &c.
World-famed Preparations of the Reverend Benedictine Fathers of Soulae (Gironde).
Elixir Dentifrice, 2s., 4s. 6d., and 8s.; Tooth Powder, 1s. 6d., 2s., and 3s. 6d.; Tooth Paste, 1s. 6d. and 2s.
FROM ALL PERFUMERS OR CHEMISTS.
Wholesale only, 51, FRITH-STREET, LONDON, W.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

On Saturday, Oct. 20, a new theatre was opened, and, luckily, without any mishap. The paint was dry, the staircases suited, nobody had got wet outside—for the very good reason that the night was uncommonly fine—no rights had been abused, and no privileges taken away: and the success of the new Shaftesbury Theatre was acknowledged without one dissentient voice. The pit was so large and excellent; the architectural arrangements and improvements so good, thanks to clever Mr. Phipps; the refreshments, served by the management itself, of such good quality, that it would have been ungracious indeed to bait an author, to groan at an iron curtain, or to attack the defenceless. All went off with flying colours, so far as the management was concerned; and though the entertainment itself was a little tedious and lasted until close upon midnight, there was a cheer still left for that excellent Lancashire man, Mr. Lancaster, who was cordially summoned, and brought on smiling by his charming wife, Miss Wallis. The play selected was "As You Like It," the one particular poem by Shakspeare that requires, not only an intelligent direction, but a guiding hand and brain not wholly destitute of poetry, imagination, and fancy. Something more than smart dresses, silks and satins, gorgeous foresters and elaborate courtiers is needed to do justice to "As You Like It." We want first the heart and soul—the breathing spirit of the play. In a certain sense this can be supplied by an intelligent director: the poetic weakness of the company can be in a measure concealed by the scene-painter and decorator. For instance, one can conceive how "As You Like It" would be presented at the Lyceum with Mr. Hawes Craven to revel on the woodland pictures, with Mr. Irving to direct—and oh! if it were possible to play not Touchstone but Jaques—and, best of all, with Miss Ellen Terry as Rosalind. That, of course, would be something like an ideal revival; but we must not banish the play from the stage because it is not always presented as the mind can picture it. In this instance, however, most unfortunately, very few engaged in the preparation of the play seem to understand the dominant idea of the poem: they, one and all, get away from Shakspeare and the text as far as they possibly can. The scene-painter considers that the wild carol of an English springtime is to be depressed with the fading leaves and intense melancholy of autumn; he makes Rosalind and Orlando wander under beech-trees whose yellow leaves are scattered on the ground; the designer of costumes, being an Italian, naturally goes as far away from England and English characteristic dresses as he possibly can. We all desire to get back to Shakspeare's day and the English woods of Warwickshire; to imagine this fantastic scene as Shakspeare imagined it; but the decorator, with his dresses, drives us away from England as far as possible, and arrests the imagination. An incongruous mixture is the result. We have foresters who look like court cards, and peasants the least picturesque ever presented; and castles of modern design, surrounded by the newest Hampton-Court ribbon beds; and old Adam issuing from a modern villa that might have been built yesterday at Brixton or Balham. It

will be said that these are very small matters: on the contrary, they are most important things when an attempt is made to stimulate the imagination, and to suggest an atmosphere of poetry. Some may consider it a very insignificant thing whether or not Phebe or Silvius look pretty or ugly. It is apparently the object of the decorator to make them hideous. He swatches them in clothes and oppresses them with bandages. Phebe looks as if she had just come from a day's washing; and Silvius appears to be attired for an Arctic expedition. They have so many wraps on them—poor creatures!—that they can scarcely waddle. Phebe looks, thanks to the clever designer, five times her age; and Silvius might be, apart from his young voice, a veritable Methuselah. Now, here we maintain that the supposed realism, or scheme of design, or whatever it may be, positively destroys the pleasure of the play, and is as inimical to the success of the actor. The idea of the poet is to make Phebe and Silvius a pretty pastoral pair. They ought to be romantic and charming. Far better see them dressed up as Dresden china shepherd or shepherdess, than bundled on to the stage in woollen stuff and padded calves. The best actors in the world cannot utter poetical sentiments when they look ridiculous. To the retort that the swains and maids in Shakspeare's day did not look romantic, we may reply nor did the foresters look so uncommonly smart. If it be worth while to make a forester picturesque, who blows "the lusty, lusty horn," why on earth not extend the same favour to the very characters in the play whose every utterance teems with poetry? It would appear as if the style of the poem to be illustrated is the last thing considered by the illustrator. As it turned out, the best performances were those of Miss Wallis as Rosalind and Mr. Arthur Stirling as Jaques. Both these artists understood how to deliver the text of Shakspeare. Both were distinct and audible. Both have studied the play, and made the most of every line intrusted to them. This was not the general rule. Mr. Forbes Robertson made Orlando a flippant young gentleman who sneered at love and treated Rosalind with insolent disdain—a petulant boy, who was positively bored and disgusted with the attentions of his innamorata. This may be a new reading, but is scarcely a defensible one; and it is not recorded that it was adopted by the same actor on other memorable occasions. The Touchstone of Mr. Mackintosh was a painstaking, conscientious performance, but quite barren of the requisite called "humour." Mr. William Farren as old Adam did not succeed in touching the emotions of his audience; Miss Annie Rose made a pretty Celia; and Mr. Seymour Jackson sang with some effect several Shakspearean and non-Shakspearean songs in the character of Amiens. The elocutionary failures in the play were really quite remarkable. They displayed an utter inability to produce the voice or to do justice to the text. In the dull history of modern elocution on the stage it is not conceivable that the beautiful lines allotted to Oliver were ever so unintelligently spoken. We sometimes wonder why Shakspeare is not more attractive. The reason is that the modern actor does not take the trouble to read the text or understand it. How can we appreciate Shakspeare if we cannot hear the speeches that he has put into the mouths of the players?

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, went to Aberfeldie on Oct. 17, and took leave of the Princess of Wales, who, with Prince Albert Victor and the three Princesses, left for the south shortly afterwards. Her Majesty, again accompanied by Princess Beatrice, drove in the afternoon to Braemar, and honoured Lady Cochrane with a visit at Kindrochit. The Marquis of Lansdowne had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On the 18th her Majesty went out with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Frederica. The Marquis of Lansdowne kissed hands on his appointment as Viceroy of India, and took leave of the Queen. On the 19th her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Frederica, drove to the Glassalt Shiel, where they were joined by the Duchess of Albany, attended by Fräulein Von Riedel. The Queen and Princess Beatrice went out from Balmoral on the morning of the 20th; and in the afternoon her Majesty drove out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Mr. Ritchie, Minister-in-Attendance, had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family. On Sunday morning, the 21st, her Majesty, with Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Frederica, with Baron Von Pawel Rammingen, was present at Divine service at the parish church of Crathie. The Communion was dispensed. Mr. Ritchie dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Major-General Sir John McNeill arrived at the castle on the 22nd, and, with Mr. Ritchie, had the honour of dining with the Royal family.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, arrived at Marlborough House on Oct. 18 from Aberfeldie Castle. Next evening the Princess and her three daughters witnessed the performance of "The Yeomen of the Guard" at the Savoy Theatre. On Sunday morning, the 21st, the Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, was present at Divine service. The Prince arrived at Marlborough House early on the morning of Monday, the 22nd, from Paris. The Duke of Cambridge visited the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the evening their Royal Highnesses witnessed the performance of "L'Abbé Constantin" at the Royalty Theatre. Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton Probyn represented the Prince and Princess at the funeral service which was held for the late Italian Ambassador (General Count di Robilant) at the Roman Catholic Church in Warwick-street, Regent-street. The Prince of Wales travelled to Newmarket on the 24th to witness the contest for the Cambridgeshire Stakes.

Prince Albert Victor of Wales fulfilled a series of public engagements, on Oct. 20, at Manchester, where he was the guest of the Corporation. He was first presented with a loyal address from the citizens, and was subsequently entertained at luncheon in the Townhall. Afterwards his Royal Highness opened a public recreation-ground at Rusholme, laid the foundation-stone of a new wing of the Ancoats Hospital, and opened a new club for working lads. On the 22nd his Royal Highness shot over the Ashley estates, and next day hunted with the North Cheshire hounds.

THE BRIGHTON SEASON.

Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge. Also Trains in connection from Kensington, Chelsea, &c. Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available eight days. Cheap Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets. Available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Pullman Drawing-room Cars between London and Brighton. Through bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

BRIGHTON EVERY WEEK - DAY.—A First Class Cheap Train from Victoria 10 a.m. Day Return Tickets 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car, available to return by any Train from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victoria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Returning from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton by any Train the same day. Fare, First Class, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing-room Car is run in the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central Station) by the 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s., also available for return (First Class) by any other Train same day from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.

BRIGHTON.—THE GRAND AQUARIUM. EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria 10.40 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction; and from London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12 noon, calling at East Croydon.

Return Tickets, available to return by any Train same day, from Brighton (Central Station) or West Brighton.—First Class, Half-a-Guinea, including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Book and Handbills to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Luggage-circus Office. (By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

LAST DAY, OCT. 31.

ITALIAN EXHIBITION. Admission to the Exhibition, 1s. Open 10 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. VINCENT A. APPLIN, Secretary.

LAST DAY, OCT. 31.

LAST DAY, OCT. 31.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mr. RICHARD HENRY IRVING. Mr. RICHARD HENRY IRVING. EVERY EVENING AT 8.15, PRINCE KARL. Mr. Richard Maude as Prince Karl, his original character. Preceded at 8.15 by ALWAYS INTENDED. MATINEE, SATURDAY, at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) Open Daily from Ten to Five.

CHEQUE BANK, Limited. Established 1873.—Cheques available as remittances to all parts of the world.—4, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall; 3, George-yard, Lombard-street, City.

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

is a soothing preparation for the Skin; it REMOVES REDNESS, Tan, Freckles, Roughness of the Skin, Chaps, &c., renders the Skin Soft, Smooth, and Delicate, and produces a fair and DELICATE COMPLEXION. Bottles, 4/6. Half Bottles, 2/3. ASK ANYWHERE FOR ROWLANDS' KALYDOR.

VAN HOUTEN'S PURE Soluble BEST AND GOES FARTHEST. COCOA EASILY DIGESTED.—MADE INSTANTLY.

LANCET.—"Delicate aroma."—"PURE and unmixed."
BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.—"It is admirable."
"Flavour is perfect" and "so PURE."
HEALTH.—"PURITY is beyond question."
"ONCE USED, ALWAYS USED."

C. J. VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, WEESP, HOLLAND.

Now ready, price 9d.; post-free 10d.
PARIS ILLUSTRÉ. Beautifully illustrated in colours. A New Edition of this matchless Paper, with English text, now appears every week. It is published in England simultaneously with the French Edition in Paris.
Sole Agents for the English Edition of "Paris Illustré" through the World, THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS COMPANY, Bream's-buildings, Chancery-lane, London, E.C. (and New York).

SIMS REEVES: His Life. By HIMSELF. "The book of the season."—Vienna News. 1 vol., demy 8vo, 10s. 6d.
LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY (Limited), 54, Great Marlborough-street, W.

Just published, price 1s.; by post, 1s. 2d.
A WORLD IN WHITE, AND OTHER POEMS. By LINDA MEADOWS, Author of "The Adventures of Maurice Drumore, Royal Marines," &c.
WILLIAM RIDGWAY, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

Just published, 2s. 6d., post-free.
TUMOURS OF THE BREAST, AND THEIR TREATMENT AND CURE BY MEDICINES. By J. COMPTON BURNETT, M.D.
J. Epps and Co., 170, Piccadilly; and 48, Threadneedle-street.

1s., post-free.
COLD-CATCHING, COLD-PREVENTING, COLD-CURING. By JOHN H. CLARKE, M.D.
London: JAMES EPPS and Co., 48, Threadneedle-street; and 170, Piccadilly.

By Dr. BARR MEADOWS, Physician (20 years) to the National Institution for Diseases of the Skin. Post-free 13 stamps.
ERRORS OF HOMŒOPATHY. London: G. HILL, 151, Westminster Bridge-road.

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" there is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough, try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere, in 184d. Tins.

THROAT IRRITATION and COUGH. Soreness and dryness, tickling and irritation, inducing cough and affecting the voice. For these symptoms use EPPS' GLYCERINE JUJUBES. In contact with the glands at the moment they are excited by the act of sucking, the glycerine in these agreeable confections becomes actively healing. Sold in Tins 1s. 14d., labelled "James Epps and Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London."

TOWYN, NORTH WALES.—TO BE LET, for three or six months, an attractive VILLA RESIDENCE, handsomely furnished. The House stands in about an acre of ground, commands magnificent marine and mountain views, and contains a superior entrance-hall, handsome staircase, three reception-rooms, study, lavatory, seven bedrooms, dressing-room, bath-room, water closet, and the usual domestic arrangements, gas, hot and cold water services throughout, large tennis lawn, coach-house, and stabling (loose box, &c.) for three or four horses, three minutes' walk from the beach or railway station. For further particulars apply MORRIS JAMES, Towyn.

JEPHTHA'S VOW, by Edwin Long, R.A. "Jephthah's Return." "On the Mountains," and "The Martyr"—ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxippe's Oration," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six Daily. One Shilling.

THE NEW GALLERY, Regent-street. ARTS and CRAFTS EXHIBITION SOCIETY.—The first Exhibition is NOW OPEN. Admission 1s.—WALTER CRANE, President. ERNEST RADFORD, Secretary.

VITREMAINIE (Stained Windows). By this simple process WINDOWS may be quickly and richly decorated at small cost. Illustrated Guide, 1s., post-free. WILLIAM BARNARD, 119, Edgware-road, London.

NURSES (MALE).—The Hamilton Association for Providing Trained Male Nurses, 22, South Audley-street, London, W., supplies Experienced Male Attendants, with Hospital Training, for medical, surgical, and mental cases in town or country. For terms and particulars apply to the Medical Superintendent as above.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of a principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world. Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.

TOWLES' PENNYROYAL and STEEL PILLS FOR FEMALES. Sold in Boxes, 1s. 14d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the LINCOLN and MIDLAND COUNTIES DRUG CO., Lincoln.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most eminent Skin Doctors. Post-free. Send 14 or 36 penny stamps. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.

WARD, LOCK, and CO.'S NEW SERIAL PUBLICATIONS.

Catalogue and Prospectuses post-free on application.
IN MONTHLY PARTS, SIXPENCE EACH.
Part I. now ready. (To be completed in about 20 Parts.)
ENGLAND'S BATTLES BY SEA AND LAND.

With Full-page Illustrations.
The Publishers have great pleasure in announcing a Re-issue, in a cheap and attractive form, of the valuable work, "ENGLAND'S BATTLES BY SEA AND LAND," which will be found replete with information about the notable events of the campaigns by which the British power has been built up, conveyed in an interesting, full, and intelligible style. With Part I. will be PRESENTED GRATIS a PRESENTATION PLATE, representing "THE DECISIVE CHARGE OF THE LIFE-GUARDS AT WATERLOO." From the celebrated Picture by Luke Clennell. Specimen Copy of Part I., with Plate, post-free, 7d.

RE-ISSUE IN SIXPENNY MONTHLY PARTS.
Part I. now ready. (Complete in 18 Parts.)
GOD'S GLORIOUS CREATION; or, The Wonders of Land, Sea, and Sky. Translated from the German by J. W. MINSHULL.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL HIGH-CLASS ENGRAVINGS.
The Publishers feel, in announcing a new and cheap issue of "GOD'S GLORIOUS CREATION," giving an account of the wonders of the Earth, Sea, and Sky, that it is scarcely necessary to commend the work to a large section of the public. Suffice it to say that whatever quarter of the globe the reader may seek information about as to its surface, its seas, its rivers, its animals, its plants, its climate, he will find it in this work. Specimen Copy, post-free, 7d.

IN SIXPENNY MONTHLY PARTS.
Part I. now ready. (To be completed in about 10 Parts.)
THE LAND OF THE BIBLE: Its Holy Sites and Sacred Story. PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH MAPS AND WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

This well-known work is woven into a Connected Narrative of Bible Events, with EXPLANATORY DESCRIPTIONS, and incidentally gives accounts of the Great Empires of the East in their connection with the Jews. Sunday-school teachers, as well as scholars and fathers and mothers who give their own children religious instruction, will find this work capable of affording them much help. Specimen Copy, post-free, 7d.

NEW WORK ON MODERN NURSING.
Just ready, crown 8vo, wrapper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

OUR NURSES AND THE WORK THEY HAVE TO DO. By H. C. O'NEILL and EDITH A. BARNETT.
The Subjects treated include:—Our Nurses, and the Work they have to do; The Ideal Nurse; Nursing as a Fine Art; Amateur Nursing; The Patient and what is the Matter with him; Symptoms, and how to observe them; Methods of Treatment; The Room; The Bed; The Patient and how to take care of him; Feeding and Feeding; Cleanliness; Infection and Disinfection; Convalescence; Mental Cases, and how to treat them; Old Age and Mortal Diseases; The Survivors; Malakias; Outward Appearances.
London: WARD, LOCK, and Co., Salisbury-square, E.C.

H. RIDER HAGGARD'S NEW STORY.
Now ready, 6s. cloth, with sixteen full-page illustrations.
MR. MEESON'S WILL. By the Author of "She," "Dawn," "The Witch's Head," &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAME DURDEN."
Cheap Edition, Picture boards, 2s., cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.; postage 4d.
CORINNA. By "RITA," Author of "Two Bad Blue Eyes," "Darby and Joan," &c.
SPENCER BLACKETT, Successor to J. and R. Maxwell, 33, St. Bride-street, E.C.

THE LADIES' TREASURY. SEVENPENCE MONTHLY. CONTENTS OF NOVEMBER NUMBER: MEMOIR OF JENNY LIND. With Portrait. THE DOCTOR'S STORY. SIR G. A. MACPARREN. With Portrait. OUR NEW NEIGHBOURS. A RATH-HAUS. Illustrated. HOW I WRITE MY BOOKS. By Willie Collins. THE PINK TERRACE OF NEW ZEALAND. Illustrated. THE SLEEPING BEAUTY. DR. BLIZA DUNBAR'S ADDRESS TO WOMEN DOCTORS. OUR NEW MUSICAL KNIGHTS. By J. Curliert Hadden. THOSE FRIDAY NIGHTS. By Dix Lyon. NEEDLEWORK: Richelieu Embroidery applied to Dresses; Cheese-Cloths Embroidered; SUPPLEMENT OF YOKE BODICE in HEM-STITCH. SEVEN FASHION ENGRAVINGS OF NEWEST COSTUMES AND WINTER MANTLES. A COLOURED FASHION-PLATE of LATEST PARIS FASHIONS. GARDENING—COOKERY—SPECIALTIES—CHESS—LITERARY NOTICES—ON DITS—AND CORRESPONDENCE. London: BENROSE and Sons, 23, Old Bailey; and Derby.

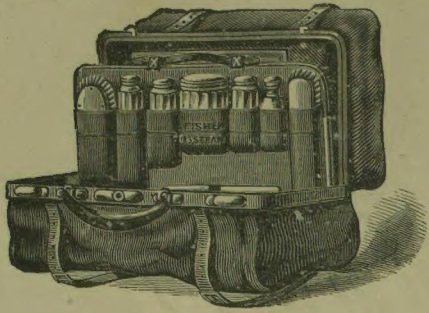
CHERRY BLOSSOM

PERFUME
TOILET POWDER
&
SOAP

NUN NICER

IN THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE.—Gosnell v. Durrant—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction, with costs, restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from Infringing Messrs. John Gosnell and Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark, CHERRY BLOSSOM.

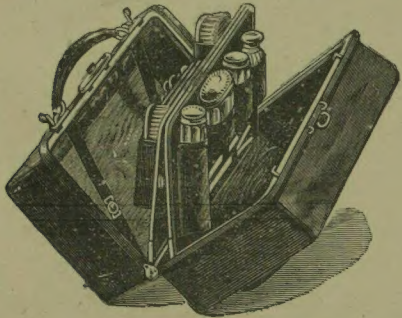
FISHER'S GLADSTONE BAG.



18-in., Plated, £6; Silver, £7 10s.

In Black or Brown Cowhide, with Strong Lock and Brass Catches, Removable Centre, fitted complete with Comb, Hair-brush, Clothes and Hat Brushes; Tooth, Nail, and Shaving Brushes; Razor-Strop, Paper-Knife, Scent-Bottle, Jar; Soap-Dish, Writing-Case, Penholder, Pencil, Inkstand, Match-Box, Looking-Glass, Two Razors, Scissors, Nail-File, and Button-Hook, Price, complete, £6, with Plated Fittings; £7 10s., with Silver Fittings.

FISHER'S BEATRICE BAG.



The New Lady's Bag, Removable Centre, Morocco Leather, fitted complete, Silver Mounts, Ivory Brushes, Very Elegant. A small Fitted Bag, contains Soap-Box, Jar, Scent-Bottle, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Paper-Knife, Glove Stretcher, Comb, Hair-Brush, Velvet-Brush, Looking-Glass, Scissors, Button-Hook, Nail-File, Knife, Corkscrew.

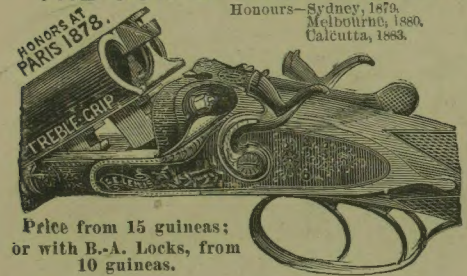
Price £4 15s.

S. FISHER, 188, STRAND.



HALL-MARKED SILVER BRIAR PIPE, beautifully engraved or plain, in leather-covered case. Free by Parcel Post, 3s. 6d. A. W. ABRAHAM, 29, Edgware-street, Birmingham, Wholesale Manufacturer. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE to July, 1888, now ready. "THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

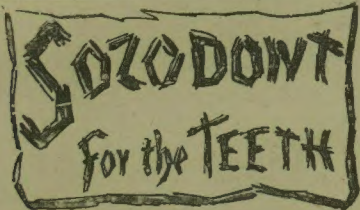


Price from 15 guineas; or with B.A. Locks, from 10 guineas.

THIS Gun, wherever shown, has always taken honours. Why buy from Dealers when you can buy at half the price from the Maker? Any gun sent on approval on receipt of P.O.O., and remittance returned if, on receipt, it is not satisfactory. Target trial allowed. A choice of 5000 Guns, Rifles, and Revolvers, embracing every novelty in the trade. B.L. Guns, from 50s. to 50 guineas; B.L. Revolvers, from 6s. 6d. to 100s. Send six stamps for New Illustrated Catalogue for season 1888, now ready, embracing every Gun, Rifle, and Revolver up to date; also Air-Guns, and Implement Sheets. For conversions, new barrels, P.F. to C.F., M.L. to B.L., re-stocking, &c., we have a staff of men second to none in the trade.

SPECIAL.—We sell Guns, &c., at one profit on first-cost of manufacture; Re-stocking, from 15s.; Pin Fires altered to Central Fires, from 3s.; New Barrels, from 2s. to £10; M.L. altered to C.F. B.L., from 6s., with B.A. Locks; and from 80s. with Bar Locks, including new hammers, and making up as new; Altering Locks to Rebound, 12s.

G. E. LEWIS, 32 & 33, Lower Loveday-street, BIRMINGHAM. Established 1850.



SOZODONT, the Fragrant Liquid Dentifrice, is a botanical preparation of wondrous efficacy in Preserving and Beautifying the Teeth, Rescuing them from Decay, and rendering them as White as Alabaster. It is a Toilet Luxury of which all should avail themselves. The unpleasant odour communicated to the breath by catarrh, bad teeth, &c., is entirely obviated by this fragrant and salutary antiseptic. Price 2s. 6d. Sold everywhere.

Certain HARNESS' Cure. ELECTROPATHIC BELT

FOR Rheumatism.

Major PAKENHAM, Longstone House, Armagh, writes:—"The Electropathic Belt has completely cured me of rheumatic gout. I suffered intense agony for two years. I now feel strong and active."

Guaranteed to generate a mild continuous current of Electricity, which speedily cures all Disorders of the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands of Testimonials. Pamphlet & Advice free on application to Mr. C. B. Harness, Consulting Electrician, the Medical Battery Co. Ltd.

Only Address, 52, OXFORD ST. LONDON, W. (Corner of Rathbone Place.) Call to-day, if possible, or write at once

DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Incontestably proved by Thirty Years' Medical Experience to be THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN.

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

Dr. PROSSER JAMES,

Lecturer on Materia Medica, London Hospital.

"Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil contains the whole of the active ingredients of the remedy, and is easily digested. Hence its value, not only in Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, but in a great number of cases to which the Profession is extending its use."

JOSEPH J. POPE, Esq., M.R.C.S.,

Late Staff-Surgeon, Army, India.

"The value of 'hydro-carbons' in all debilitated states of the system is now becoming thoroughly recognised. Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil places in everyone's reach a reliable and valuable remedy."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; by all Chemists and Druggists.

Sole Consignees—ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 210, High Holborn, London, W.C.

CAUTION.—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.

Dr. THOMAS NEDLEY,

Physician to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

"The most uniformly pure, the most palatable, and the most easily retained by the stomach, is Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Oil. I have habitually prescribed it in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, with very beneficial results."

LENNOX BROWNE, Esq., F.R.C.S.E.,

Senior Surgeon, Central London Throat Hospital.

"The action of Dr. DE JONGH'S Oil has proved, in my own experience, particularly valuable in many cases of Weakness of the Singing and Speaking Voice, dependent on Bronchial or Laryngeal Irritation."

CORPULENCY.

Recipe and notes how to harmlessly, effectually, and rapidly cure Obesity without semi-starvation dietary, &c. "Sunday Times" says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not lower but builds up and tones the system." Book, 116 pages (8 stamps).

F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House, 27, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

This Food should be tried wherever other nourishment has not proved entirely satisfactory. It is already Cooked—Requires neither boiling nor straining—is made in a minute.

SCHWEITZER'S

COCOATINA.

Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.

GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.

Sold in 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb., and 1 lb. Tins.

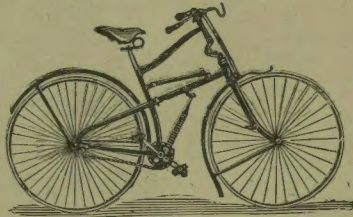
BY CHEMISTS, GROCERS, &c.

Allen & Hanburys' Infants Food

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Young Children, supplying all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this Food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted.

Medical Testimony and full directions accompany each Tin. Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s., everywhere.

WESTERHAM HILL-CLIMBING COMPETITION WON ON A WHIPPET SAFETY BICYCLE, AUG. 18, 1888.



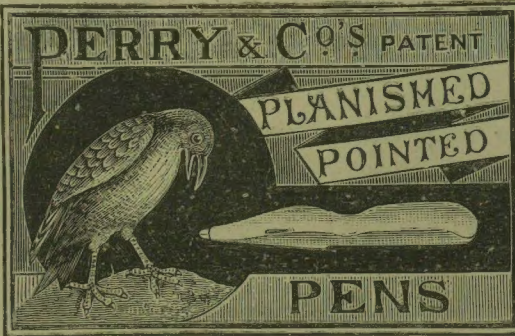
In the Competition, held by the Catford Cycling Club up this Hill, Mr. W. Chater Lea, of the North-road C. C., won on a WHIPPET, beating the second man by 28 1/5th seconds. Out of fifteen competitors, only five succeeded in riding the hill at all, out of which the FIRST and THIRD rode WHIPPETS.

MANUFACTURERS,

LINLEY & BIGGS, 29, Clerkenwell-road, London.

THE "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.

Every yard bears the name "LOUIS," and the wear of every yard, from the cheapest quality to the best, is guaranteed. Ladies should write for Samples of the New Shades to THOS. WALLIS and CO., Holborn-circus, London, E.C., who supply all shades and all qualities at most reasonable prices.



EVERYONE SHOULD TRY PERRYIAN PLANISHED POINTED PENS.

They are simply perfection for those persons who write rapidly. It is almost impossible to make them stick in the paper, spilt or blot, and they do not require dipping nearly as often as other pens.

N.B.—The Ladies' Pattern, No. 1203, price 1s. per Box of Two Dozen.

Price 1s. per Box, or 3s. per Gross.

SOLD BY ALL STATIONERS.

WHOLESALE: HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

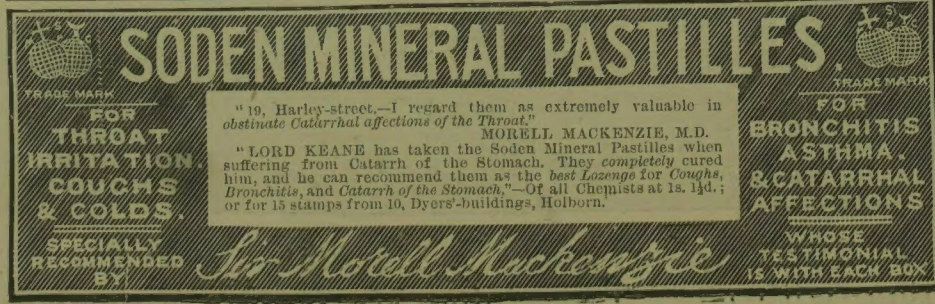
Needham's Polishing Paste



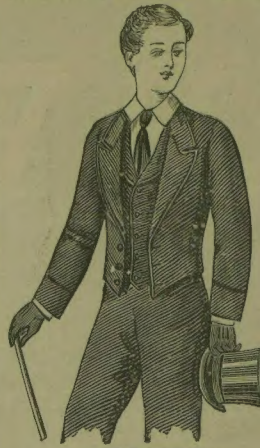
The reputation of nearly a Century as the most reliable preparation for Cleaning and Brilliantly Polishing BRASS, COPPER, TIN, BRITANNIA METAL, PLATINOID, &c.

Sold Everywhere, in 6d. and 1s. Pots, 2d. and 1d. Tins, and 1d. Cardboard Boxes.

Inventors and Sole Manufacturers, JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, Sheffield. London Wholesale Dépôt—ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.



SAMUEL BROTHERS. BOYS' SCHOOL OUTFITS.



Messrs. SAMUEL BROTHERS have ready for immediate use a very large assortment of Boys' and Youths' CLOTHING.

They will also be pleased to send, upon application, PATTERNS of MATERIALS for the wear of Gentlemen, Boys, or Ladies, together with their new ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of FASHIONS, containing about 300 Engravings. This furnishes details of the various departments, with Price-Lists, &c., and is a useful Guide to Fashionable Costume for Gentlemen, Boys, and Ladies.

Messrs. Samuel Brothers' "Wear-Resisting" Fabrics (Reg.) are especially adapted for BOYS' HARD WEAR.

SAMUEL BROTHERS, Merchant Tailors, Outfitters, &c., 65 & 67, Ludgate-hill, London, E.C.

USE FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

To secure this Article, please ask for "Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."

"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.



CAMOMILE PILLS Are confidently recommended as a simple but certain remedy for

INDIGESTION.

See Testimonial, selected from hundreds:—

"Croydon, 1885.

"Having been a sufferer from Indigestion for many years, I am happy to say that I have at last not only been relieved but perfectly cured by using Norton's Pills, and confidently recommend them to all suffering from the same."

"J. WILKINSON."

For other Testimonials, see Monthly Magazines. SOLD EVERYWHERE, price 1s. 1/4d., 2s. 9d., and 11s.



NUBIAN LIQUID WATERPROOF BLACKING No brushes required. Applied with sponge attached to the cork. Gives a brilliant polish, equal to patent leather, to Boots, Shoes, Harness and Leather articles, which lasts a week in all weathers. Mud can be washed off and polish remains. Sold everywhere.

